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THE LIFE

OF THE

RIGHT REV. DANIEL WILSON, D.D.,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA AND METROPOLITAN OF INDIA.

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS

JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BY THE REV. JOSIAH BATEMAN, M.A.,
Rector of North Cray, Kent.
HIS SON-IN-LAW AND FIRST CHAPLAIN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

WITH PORTRAITS, MAP, AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1860.

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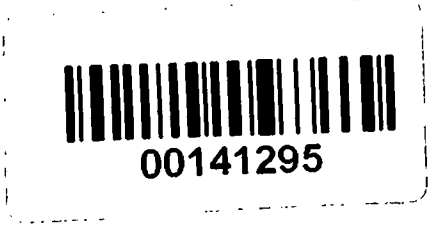

PREFACE.

In his preface, a biographer may be allowed to say a few words concerning himself, and I would fain use this privilege, to deprecate any charge of presumption in undertaking the present work, and to acknowledge my obligations to those friends who, by their contributions, have enriched it.

The late Bishop left the copyright of his works, and his private papers, to his son, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, and this would seem to have pointed him out as the Biographer; but the tie of relationship was deemed too close to admit of that freedom of speech, and impartial exhibition of character, without which the records of a life are valueless.

It was necessary, therefore, to select a substitute; and in this selection, the combination of personal knowledge, relationship near enough yet not too near, some ecclesiastical experience, and a familiarity with Indian life and customs, were deemed desirable, if not indispensable qualifications.

Thus it fell out that the duty was assigned to me; and, coming unsought, it was not declined.

The delicacy and difficulty of the undertaking were sufficiently obvious. To draw a likeness when the expression was

continually varying, to describe a character far above the common standard, to preserve a just balance between the inner life with God and the outer walk with man, to touch controversy on many points without awakening or at least embittering it, to discuss the proceedings of great religious Societies without doing harm, to speak of individuals without giving pain, to tell the whole story "without partiality and without hypocrisy:"—all this, and much more was requisite, and how could I not but painfully feel my own incompetency, and my need of that wisdom which is from above, and which is "first pure, then peaceable?"

For nearly two years, however, I have given myself to the work with all diligence, and in humble reliance upon the guidance and the grace of God. He has been pleased to continue the leisure, and bestow the health which were alike indispensable. May He now vouchsafe to give the blessing, and make the finished work tend to the good of His Church and the glory of His great name.

The various sources from whence the information wrought up into this Biography was derived, are pointed out in the book itself. It will suffice, therefore, here to say,—that every statement rests upon direct and undoubted testimony. To the counsel and advice of friends in doubtful matters, I have been much indebted, but the final decision in every case, and the undivided responsibility, rests with myself alone.

I wish that the name of my brother, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, could have appeared with my own upon the title-page, as calculated to give authority to the work, and confidence to the reader; but he was unwilling to take (as he was pleased to say)

the credit, without sharing the labour. Every word, however, has passed under his eye, and met, generally speaking, his approbation. This was his wish; and to this he was entitled, as the chief guardian of his father's honour.

The verdict of the public must necessarily be a subject of great uncertainty and some anxiety. Feeling the impossibility of pleasing all, I only venture to profess honesty of purpose, and to express a hope that the acknowledged difficulty of the undertaking will be allowed to plead on my behalf, and procure pardon from those who may detect faults, and indulgence from those who may feel disappointment.

It only remains for me gratefully to acknowledge my obligations to those who have so readily placed letters and papers of various kinds at my disposal, and have been otherwise assisting during the progress of this work. I am indebted to the Marquis Cholmondeley for many important letters: to the family of the late Rev. Dr. Pearson, Dean of Salisbury, to Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Ashby, surviving daughters of the late Rev. John Eyre, and to Mr. Vardy, Jun., for access to early and authentic documents: to Lady Malkin, Mrs. Foljambe, Miss Wilson and Mrs. Drew, daughters of the late George Wilson, Esq., to my own immediate relatives, to the representatives of the late Rev. C. Jerram and Rev. William Jowett, to H. Harford, Esq., of Blaise Castle, to Miss Cecil, to the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, the Rev. Francis Cunningham, the Rev. Henry Venn, the Rev. Henry Elliott, the Rev. John Hambleton, the Rev. S. C. Wilks, the Rev. Thomas Harding, the Rev. George Clayton, and the Rev. J. Tarlton for numerous letters, valuable advice, and interesting anecdotes: to the venerable

Dr. Marsh, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Clifton, and Mr. Woodward for oral communications: and above all to Archdeacon Pratt for two thousand five hundred folio pages of important records, copied at my request and under his own eye, from the archives of the diocese of Calcutta. To all these friends, I would desire to express grateful acknowledgments. They will find, I trust, that their confidence has not been abused, nor their advice neglected.

J. BATEMAN.

North Cray Rectory, Kent,
November 17, 1859.

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THE

LIFE OF DANIEL WILSON, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

1778—1796.

The Wilson family—Parentage of Daniel Wilson—School days—Apprenticeship—William Wilson—Employments—Journals—Leisure hours—Account of himself and of others—Important conversation—Religious convictions—Letters to Mr. Eyre—To his mother—Breakfast with Rev. John Newton—State of mind—Second interview with Mr. Newton—His pious grandfather—Joseph Wilson—Sympathy and instructions of Mr. Eyre—Letters—Clouds—First Communion—Sunshine.

THE name of DANIEL WILSON has been more or less prominently before the Church for fifty years. He was the eldest son of Stephen Wilson and Ann Collett West, and was born in Church Street, Spitalfields, on July 2nd, 1778.

For many generations the WILSON family has been settled at Stenson, a hamlet of Barrow-cum-Twyford, near Derby.[1] In the register books of the parish it may be traced up to the year 1657, when, those records ceasing, the clue is lost: and as a somewhat curious coincidence, in connection with this biography, it may be noted that in the year 1682-3, there is the entry of a marriage solemnised "per dominum Danielem Wilson." Prosperous in their affairs, they gradually rose from tenant farmers, to be landowners in their own right, and free-

[1] One of the last acts of the Bishop of Calcutta was to send 50*l.* as a donation towards the erection of a vicarage house in the parish above referred to, on the application of Ambrose Moore, Esq., a near relative.

holders of the county. The custom seems to have been, always to keep the eldest son at home to succeed in due time to the farm; and then, giving the younger sons the best education possible, to send them into the wide world of commerce. Participating in the growing spirit of enterprise which has pervaded the country during the last century, and upholding the family character for integrity and ability, many of these younger sons have attained high rank in the commercial world, realised large fortunes, and become possessors of considerable landed estates.

Amongst them, STEPHEN WILSON, held an honoured place. He lived for some years in Spitalfields, carrying on the business of a silk manufacturer. From thence he removed in the year 1798, to No. 12, Goldsmith Street, Cheapside. For some time he had a country house, called Marsh Gate, at Homerton; and finally resided till his death in New Ormond Street, Russell Square. He was a gentleman, a true Christian, a kind father, and a good master; methodical in his habits, and somewhat quick in his temper. In middle life he was grievously afflicted with asthma, and died of that complaint on the 7th of December, 1813; aged 60 years.

His wife, Ann Collett West, before referred to, survived him many years. She belonged to a highly respectable family, who had been intimate with the Rev. George Whitfield; and her father, Daniel West, was appointed one of his trustees. In early life she had chosen "the better part," and subsequently became an exemplary wife, an affectionate mother, and a careful mistress. She died in the faith of Christ, on the 3rd of June, 1829.

At his birth their son DANIEL was a weakly child, and was placed out to nurse in the country. But after a few years this early delicacy entirely passed away, and he grew up a healthy vigorous boy, with a firm step, buoyant spirits, and a handsome, intellectual countenance.

A few traditionary stories of his early days still linger in the memory of friends, but they are not worthy of preservation. He himself records the fact that when at school, and sensible of some transitory impressions of religion, he used to get upon a chair, select a text, and preach sermons to his schoolfellows.

BISHOP WILSON'S BIRTHPLACE, IN SPITALFIELDS.

When he returned to England for his health in 1845-6, he visited on one occasion the house where he was born, pointing out the broad oak railing of the staircase down which he used to slide, and enquiring as to the fate of one of a group of mulberry trees at the bottom of the garden, which he instantly missed. It was one of those good, roomy, and comfortable houses which abound in the old-fashioned parts of London; and the sight of it seemed to recal to his mind many of the pleasing reminiscences of childhood.

At the age of seven years he was sent to a preparatory school at Eltham in Kent, kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Searle: and from thence, in his tenth year, he was removed to Hackney, and placed under the care of the Rev. John Eyre.

Mr. Eyre had been curate to the Rev. Richard Cecil at Lewes, for a short time, about the year 1778; and was now the pious and highly respected minister of an episcopal chapel at Homerton, erected in 1729, and commonly called "Ram's Chapel," from Mr. Ram, who had built and endowed it for the service of the Church of England.

There were but six or eight pupils in the school when Daniel Wilson joined it. His master soon appreciated his character, and said, "There is no milk-and-water in that boy; he will be something either very bad or very good." A fit of idleness and perversity one day seized him, and he would neither do his accustomed work, nor an imposition which had been set him as a punishment. His master, passing through the room, saw him idling at his desk, and said, "Daniel, you are not worth flogging, or I would flog you." Not worth flogging! It stirred the boy's pride, and he was never in similar disgrace again during all the years he stayed. He became persevering and indefatigable. Finding himself unable to do his appointed work one morning, he stedfastly refused to join the family at dinner, saying, "No; if my head will not work, my body shall not eat." Before long he became the delight and pride of his master, who always spoke of him as possessing an intellect of the highest order, and used to tell how, when his own theme was written, he would sit down and write themes for the duller boys, varying the matter, but keeping to the point, in all. Under Mr. Eyre, Greek, Latin,

and French, were grappled with, and the usual elements of a sound and useful education acquired. The affection manifested on the one side, was thoroughly reciprocated on the other; and his "dear master" was often consulted by Daniel Wilson in the emergencies of after-life. He remained at school till June 1792, when he had nearly attained the age of fourteen; and on the 4th December in the same year, was taken into the warehouse of Mr. William Wilson, and bound to him in the way then usual, for seven years. A new world thus opened before him; he had but to follow in the track already marked out, and stores of wealth lay at his feet.

Mr. William Wilson was his near relative by blood, and his maternal uncle by marriage. He was an extensive silk manufacturer and merchant. A strict and just man, he claimed "unlimited obedience" from all who served him; and expected the same industry and perseverance which he manifested himself. He was a widower with seven children, and resided at his place of business in Milk Street, Cheapside, ordering his household in the fear of God, keeping holy the Lord's Day, and conscientiously availing himself of the ordinances of the Church. In his establishment, preferment followed merit. Every one was honourably dealt with; but very little allowance was made for boyish levity or impulse. As an illustration of the strict discipline enforced, one who entered the warehouse soon after this time, testifies, that sometimes for weeks together he never put his hat on; and that more than three years elapsed before his first holiday was granted.

But Daniel Wilson himself shall speak of these times, for they have an important bearing on his early life.

'My parents' he says, 'for the first years of their marriage, were a kind of loose Church people, from the want of piety in their parish ministers, attending regularly at Mr. Romaine's of Blackfriars Church in the morning of the Sunday, and at the Tabernacle, I suppose, in the evening. When their young family made the distance from Blackfriars inconvenient, they attended at a dissenting meeting-house in their neighbourhood in the morning, and at Spitalfields Church in the evening. My schoolmaster, however, being a clergyman, though not

strictly regular, I was accustomed to the Church service during the four years of my residence with him. When I went to live with my uncle, before I was fourteen, an entire change took place in these respects, for he was a strict and conscientious Churchman, attending first Mr. Romaine, and after his death Mr. Crowther of Christ Church, Newgate Street, Mr. Cecil, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Basil Woodd. My prejudices therefore (for I had no religion) were then in favour of the Church of England, and though the predilection was slight before I went to college, it became from the moment I entered the university, so deeply conscientious, that I have never done any one act inconsistent with the bonds of that communion from that period.'

The records of his first three years of service are somewhat scanty. His daily duties are described in the following letter to a school companion, named Vardy, with whom for a short time he carried on an active correspondence:—

'*Feb.* 16, 1797.

'My individual employment is not laborious, but it is constant. Our usual hours of work are from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock in the evening in the summer; and from seven o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening in the winter. So that you see I have but little time to myself. After eight o'clock, in general, I am at liberty to read or write alone, till supper time, which is at half-past eight o'clock, or a quarter to nine, and after this I sit reading with the family till ten o'clock, when my uncle calls them to prayers, and all go to bed. But as my leisure moments were by these regulations exceedingly circumscribed, I have always been accustomed to spend a couple of hours in my room before I retired to rest. Then I used constantly to study my Latin and French, so that I was making considerable progress in both.'

The Journals of a cousin who was his intimate friend at this time, and who still happily survives, will give a further insight into his movements at this time. The following are extracts:—

'1794, Dec. 30. Went with Daniel to Messrs. Goslings in Fleet Street.

'Tuesday. Daniel called, went with him to Wood Street.

'Saturday. Went with Daniel to Cornhill with a bill, which was returned.

'Tuesday. Daniel called, went with him to the Chapter Coffee-house.

'Wednesday. Daniel called, he went with me to the banker's.'

Thus we have a glimpse of him in the City. We may also see him at the desk; for in the hours stolen, as he mentions, from sleep, not only were Latin and French kept up, but English composition was diligently practised. An old manuscript book affords the proof. It is filled with essays of various kinds, some on the truth of the Scriptures, and some on moral subjects, after the manner of the Spectator, with appropriate mottos. There are also various translations from old devotional Latin works. All are written in the clearest hand, as if prepared for the press; and they manifest a love of literature and a skill in composition very unusual under similar circumstances. The ore would crop out.

In another point of view, however, his character during these three years appears to have developed itself unfavourably. The following is the account he gives of himself in the year 1796:—

'As far back as I can remember, my whole heart was given to sin. Even when a boy at school, when particular circumstances recur to my mind, I am shocked at the dreadful depravity of my nature as it then discovered itself. I have indeed proceeded in a regular progression from the lesser sins of bad books, bad words, and bad desires, to the grosser atrocities of those emphatically known by "the lusts of the flesh." I was constantly acting against a better knowledge. I had received a religious education, and had been accustomed to a regular attendance on public ordinances. I could criticise a sermon, and talk and dispute about particular notions; but I loved my sins, and could not bear to part with them. I never had gone so far as to deny any one doctrine of the Gospel. I acknowledged them to be true, but for want of that necessary attendant, self-application, I could hear whole sermons—but

not a word belonged to me! I took a false idea of the Gospel, and from this distorted view, dogmatically pronounced it out of my power to do anything; and so, hushing my conscience with "having done all I could," I remained very quietly the willing slave of sin and Satan.'

This witness against himself may no doubt be true; and it is to a certain extent confirmed by the testimony of cotemporaries. One of these was himself in early life an attendant at the Sunday evening lecture in Spitalfields Church, founded by the Weavers' Company, and preached alternately for three years at a time, by the Rev. R. Cecil and the Rev. J. Foster. This lecture, Mr. William Wilson and his family used to attend, sitting in the rector's pew. Our informant sat with them, and his attention was drawn to Daniel Wilson by the marked irreverence he showed during divine service. Whilst others were standing or kneeling, he would be sitting in a careless, lounging manner, and often laughing and talking. It was understood also at the time that he was sceptical in his views. He himself acknowledges that he lived entirely without prayer; others testify that he scoffed at it, saying that "it rose no higher than the ceiling."

If it was so, the fault was in the heart rather than in the head. Religion was disliked, not disbelieved. The feelings were perverted, not the intellect. These considerations will afford a clue to some of the remarks which have gone before, and to others which will follow. The age in which he lived, was, in fact, characterised by coarse infidelity. He was surrounded by the temptations of a great metropolis. His temper was impetuous, his passions were strong, and his companions, more or less, like-minded. And there can be little doubt that, for a time, in early life, he "walked in the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat in the seat of the scornful." But a great change was at hand!

The full tide of business is flowing through the warehouse in Milk Street; five hundred weavers in succession, of all ages and both sexes, are depositing their finished work or seeking more, customers are hurrying in and out, books are being posted,

bills negociated, and a colossal fortune reared. The master's eye is everywhere, and in his presence all is order and decorum. But when the day draws to a close and he retires, restraint is thrown off and discipline relaxed. The young men gather together, conversation is let loose, jokes are practised, words are unguarded, disputation is aroused. The topic of religion is familiar to them, and is commonly discussed without reserve. One finds his amusement in it, a second quiets conscience by it, and a third excuses sin. Amongst them is Daniel Wilson, with high intellect, high powers, high aspirations—all checked and held down by SELF—in some of its linked forms of self-esteem, self-will, or self-indulgence. Such was his natural character. The *Grace of God* began to work upon this character; and a conflict ensued between the old nature and the new; between the flesh and the spirit; which never ceased till death.

It is this work of Grace, leading to true conversion, which has now to be considered; and Daniel Wilson shall himself describe the process.

He is writing to his friend Mr. Vardy on November 29, 1796, and he says:—

'One evening (March 9th, 1796) I was as usual engaged in wicked discourse with the other servants in the warehouse, and religion happening (humanly speaking, I mean) to be started, I was engaged very warmly in denying the responsibility of mankind, on the supposition of absolute election, and the folly of all human exertions, where grace was held to be irresistible. (I can scarcely proceed for wonder that God should have upheld me in life at the moment I was cavilling and blaspheming at his sovereignty and grace.) We have a young man in the warehouse whose amusement for many years has been entirely in conversing on the subject of religion. He was saying that God had appointed the end—he had also appointed the means. I then happened to say, that I had none of those feelings towards God which he required and approved. "Well, then," said he, "pray for the feelings." I carried it off with a joke, but the words at the first made some impression on my mind, and thinking that I would still say, that "I had done all I

could," when I retired at night I began to pray for the feelings. It was not long before the Lord in some measure answered my prayers, and I grew very uneasy about my state.'

This uneasiness led him to immediate action. There was none of that concealment or delay so common and so hurtful to the growth of conviction in the soul. On the 9th March it might be said of him, as it was said of St. Paul, "Behold he prayeth;" and on the third day after, that is, on the 11th March, he was conferring with Mr. Eyre, as with another Ananias, on the "things that accompany salvation." The effect of prayer was most strikingly manifested in his case. God heard in heaven his dwelling-place, and every religious feeling prayed for, was roused at once to life and action. But all was confusion. His eyes were opened, but he saw nothing clearly. And those very arguments which served to exclude truth before, now stood as stumbling-blocks in his search after it.

His first letter to Mr. Eyre under these circumstances, deserves an attentive perusal; for few young persons, when thus brought suddenly under conviction of sin, are able to describe the tumult of their minds so clearly.

'*March* 11, 1796.

'I hope you will excuse my freedom while I lay before you in a simple manner the state of my mind. In consequence of the religious education I have received, I am theoretically acquainted with the leading features of the Gospel, and though I acknowledge with shame how little practical influence they produce on my conduct, I have never rejected one doctrine of the Gospel, neither have I imbibed any of the pernicious principles of Socinians or any other heretical sect.

'But what is to me a great stumbling-block is the idea which I have entertained, on the supposition of its general reception among the Calvinists, concerning election. This doctrine I have conceived to mean that all the true children of God are elected by God before the foundation of the world. Now, my wicked heart argues thus:—If this be true, how can the endeavours of a weak man assist or impede the accomplish-

ment of the divine decrees? If God hath fore-ordained that I shall be brought to a knowledge of Himself, how can anything I do or say prevent the designs of His omnipotent will? Thus do I sometimes think to myself.

'Another thing which my mind works upon, is the idea, that good works are inefficacious to salvation, which depends on the conversion of the heart to God; and therefore, before any external reformation can be of any use, a change must be produced in my mind. In consequence of this idea impressing me, I venture to kneel before the Lord, and entreat Him, as sincerely as I can, to send those feelings into my heart, that it may be changed from its present pursuits to those of a heavenly nature. But alas! I find it extremely difficult to collect my thoughts, and when I utter words with my mouth, my heart seems but little engaged. When I rise from my knees and open the sacred Word of God, I endeavour to ejaculate a petition that God would open my eyes to understand His truth, and open my heart to receive it; but alas! I find it a dead letter. I scarcely know what part to refer to, and when I have read one or two chapters, I discover no sensible difference in my feelings. I then perhaps think of throwing off my concern about religion, and determine to mix in the world, and be as cheerful as I used to be; but my mind revolts at the idea. I ask myself, will such conduct last? When fifty or sixty years have passed over my head, what shall I think then?

'In a word, I know not what to do. I feel no love to God or Christ. I do not see the wickedness of my sins in such a hideous light as my conscience says I ought. My heart is hard. I find more pleasure in the enjoyments and levities of this world than in thoughts of futurity. What I have done, I am afraid is insincere. For though I refrain from any outward acts of sin, my mind is for ever mingling in the worst scenes of wickedness. I know not what to do. But I have resolved to write to you as a person who I have the greatest reason to think has a sincere regard for my present and future welfare, and I beg your consideration of my case, and hope you will pity and advise me.

'What I think that I most want to know is:—Whether a conscientious reformation of my outward life is in the least

accessory to my future safety? Whether the endeavouring to lift up my heart to God in prayer when it is cold towards Him, is not daring presumption? And what part of the Scriptures you would particularly recommend to my perusal?

'P. S. I scarcely know whether it be not too great a boldness in me to send you this; but trusting in your indulgent love towards me, I venture to send it, as I consider you the only friend I can unbosom myself to with freedom. I feel a backwardness in acquainting my dear parents with my feelings, and soliciting their advice. I can only add that if you think it would be better for me to speak to them, I certainly shall think myself bound to do it, for they have ever been to me most kind and indulgent.

'D. W.'

The anxious state of his mind may be gathered from the fact that although this letter was written on the 11th March, and he had since seen Mr. Eyre personally, yet he writes again on the 16th as follows:—

"Since I saw you on Monday my situation is but little altered. I feel the seeds of wickedness as strong as ever, and although they do not burst forth in profane or unbecoming expressions, or in wicked actions, yet my thoughts are too much allied to the world, and too little fixed on eternal things. If any worldly subject is talked of in my hearing, I find my vile heart hankering after it; and though I have been enabled (dare I say, by God's grace?) to abstain from opening my lips, yet my Bible says that God searcheth the heart, and if such be the case, I am sure my transgressions are infinitely increased every day I live.

'I often think of what you said, "Is not sin your burden?" But my heart answers, or I think it answers, "I would wish to feel this burden, but, woe is me, I do not." Sometimes in the daytime when sitting at the books, or walking in the streets, I endeavour to pray for an interest in the Saviour: but alas, I feel little need of Him, and my blind mind cannot discern how I am to know that God will accept me, and blot out my sins through the blood of Christ. In short, I utter words with my

lips; I groan and sometimes weep over my situation; and yet I can refer it to no cause.'

It might be expected that his parents would soon be made acquainted with the state of his mind; and so it was. An immediate and anxious enquiry seems to have been addressed to him by his pious mother, to which he responds as follows:—

'*April* 7, 1796.

'I have received your letter, and would answer in sincerity your solemn query, How is it between God and your soul?

'What shall I say? How is it between the great omnipotent God, the creator and preserver of my life, in whom I live and move and have my being; and the soul of me, a worm of the earth, who exists only at His will? Awful thought!

'But this is not all. How is it between a just and holy God; a God of infinite purity, and my soul full of corruption and pride? How can I answer such a query?

'But when I add to these considerations, that whilst this God has been blessing me with the blessings of His providence, whilst He has been continuing me in life and preserving me from every danger, I have been transgressing against Him in the most aggravated manner, against light and knowledge, and even now daily transgress against Him:—I say, when I think on this question in connection with these ideas, I am confounded and know not what to reply.

'This I know and feel: that I have forfeited His favour; that in me does not my help lie; that the curse of God is upon me; and that it is because He is God and not man, that it has not long ago been executed. This also I am sensible of, that the curse may be executed this night, that my breath is in my nostrils, and that if I this night should be cut off, I should sink—where? Into that tremendous place where the "worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

'But I have cried unto the Lord for mercy, and do endeavour still to cry unto Him from, as it were, the very mouth of hell. And I have some faint hopes that the Lord will be merciful unto me and bless me. And this pursuit I hope and

trust I shall never relinquish till I am blessed with an answer of peace.

'Oh! my dear mamma, it is not the pleasures of this life, nor the possession of its vain riches or honours which I seek after. No; but it is even the happiness of my immortal soul, which must exist for ever and ever. Oh! may the word ETERNITY never enter my ears without impressing my heart.'

On the 20th April, Daniel Wilson had an interview with the Rev. John Newton, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, to whom his uncle's family and his own were affectionately attached, and whose ministry they often attended. It was the custom of that excellent clergyman to open his house for religious purposes on every Tuesday and Saturday evening. On Saturday evenings, several of the London clergy regularly met there: on Tuesday evenings, he received (to use his own words) "Parsons, Parsonets, and Parsonettas." On these occasions some religious subject was freely discussed and conversed upon, and the meeting closed with prayer.

Mr. Newton had also his breakfast-parties, open to friends by invitation. They were perhaps the most edifying; for the good old man, in his velvet cap and damask dressing-gown, was then fresh and communicative, always instructive, always benevolent. His expositions of Scripture with his family, which consisted of a niece, some aged servants, and some poor blind inmates of his house, were peculiarly simple and devout. It was to one of these, no doubt, that Daniel Wilson was invited. He was greatly interested with what passed, and sent a very full account of it to Mr. Eyre, as follows:—

'I this morning breakfasted with Mr. Newton. I hope the conversation I had with him will not soon be effaced from my mind. He inculcated that salutary lesson you mentioned in your letter, of "waiting patiently upon the Lord." He told me, God could, no doubt, if He pleased, produce a full-grown oak in an instant on the most barren spot; but that such was not the ordinary working of His Providence. The acorn was first sown in the ground, and there was a secret operation going on for some time; and even when the sprout appeared

above ground, if you were continually to be watching it, you would not perceive its growth. And so, he said, it was in spiritual things.

'"When a building is to be erected for eternity, the foundation must be laid deep. If I were going to build a horse-shed, I could put together a few poles, and finish it presently. But if I were to raise a pile like St. Paul's, I should lay a strong foundation, and an immense deal of labour must be spent underground, before the walls would begin to peep above its surface.

'"Now," he continued, "you want to know whether you are in the right road; that is putting the cart before the horse; that is wanting to gather the fruit before you sow the seed. You want to experience the effects of belief before you do believe.

'"You can believe *a man* if he promises you anything, but you cannot believe Christ when He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' If you are cast out, it must be in some wise, but Christ says, 'in no wise.' If He had said, I will receive all who come except one hundred, then you might certainly think that you were of that hundred; but the 'in no wise' excludes all such arguing. There are few awakened sinners who doubt Christ's *ability* to save, but the fear seems to run on His *willingness*, which, of the two, is certainly the most dishonouring to our blessed Saviour. To illustrate my meaning:—Suppose you had promised to pay one hundred pounds for me, and had given me the promise in writing. Now, if you should refuse to pay the money when I sent for it, which do you think would involve the greatest impeachment of your character, to say, that you were perfectly willing to fulfil your engagement, but really had not the power; or to say, that no doubt could be entertained of your ability, but you were unwilling to be bound by your promise.

'"Unbelief is a great sin. If the Devil were to tempt you to some open notorious crime, you would be startled at it; but when he tempts you to disbelieve the promises of God, you hug it as your infirmity, whereas you should consider it as a great sin and must pray against it.

'"When Evangelist in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' asked Christian if he saw a wicket-gate at the end of the path, he said, No. Could he then see a shining light? He thought he could. That light was the Bible, and it led him to the wicket-gate. But when he had passed that gate, he still retained the burden. It was not till he looked to the Cross that the burden fell from his back and was felt no more. Now," said Mr. Newton, "the gate through which you have to pass is a strait gate, you can but just squeeze in yourself. There is no room for self-righteousness; that must be left behind."'

In a letter written to his mother a few days after this interview, he says:—

'The words of Mr. Newton, that unbelief is a great sin and should be prayed against as such, continually recur to my mind. Alas! my heart is unbelieving and hard, but I hope I endeavour to pray to the great Redeemer to give me a believing heart.

'I dread that I am yet a hypocrite, and deceiving myself and others. For I feel that all my terrors and prayers arise from a fear of condemnation, and not from a love of God and concern for His glory. I feel that I dread God instead of loving Him; and that if I have at all a hatred of sin, it is unaccompanied by a love of holiness. The fear of presumption on the one hand, and of unbelief on the other—of hypocrisy here, and eternal wrath hereafter, have well nigh sunk me into a state of utter despondency.'

A gleam of light shines through this watery sky:—

'*May* 9, 1796.

'It has been some cause of relief to my mind, to reflect what could have made me first think about the concerns of my immortal soul. I look into myself, and I see a source of corruption within me which poureth out iniquity like water. Every imagination of the thoughts of my heart is only evil continually. And I am convinced that if left to myself, I should have shut mine eyes against the light, have gone on

still in sin, and continued trampling on the blessed Gospel till I had filled up the measure of my iniquities.

'In the alteration, therefore, which I hope I may say has, at least in some degree, taken place in my views, I must recognise a power invisibly operating on my mind. And what can this have been? Surely it must be of free, rich, unmerited grace! For it could never be the interest of Satan to produce terrors and convictions of sin upon me; but rather to have kept my conscience quiet, to have drowned its voice, and held me ever in his slavish chains.

'Influenced by such reflections as these, I am sometimes led to hope that God has designs of mercy towards me; that he will in His own good time open my eyes to see clearly the riches of His grace in Christ Jesus, and enable me to overcome the power of sin, and trust for salvation on His merits alone, who died, the just for the unjust, that we might be saved.'

The clouds return after the rain:—

'*June* 14, 1796.

'I am grieved, my dearest mother, to distress you with my sorrows. You may perhaps be astonished (though if you knew my heart you would not) when I say that I am dead—literally dead—to spiritual things. And I am as certain that a corpse might with infinitely greater ease raise itself to life again, than I could raise myself from this death of sin to the life of righteousness. Here then I live, or rather exist, with a live body, but a dead heart. The stone lieth within me, insensible to all the terrors of God's law, or the invitations of His gospel, and I believe that unless the Holy Spirit of God awake me from this sleep of sin, I shall continue in it till I am effectually aroused by the commencement of an awful eternity.

'This is my state with regard to spiritual things. But alas! how lamentable a reverse presents itself to view with regard to earthly things. Here all is life. Here I enjoy all my faculties perfectly; I see, I hear, I understand, I believe, I think, I speak, I act. My soul is here in its element. Such is its total depravity and vileness that words cannot express its abominations; nor can any self-exertions or human power extricate me from the sea of misery in which I am involved.

'And indeed, the sum total of my present situation is, that I am the most miserable, vile, and wretched creature that ever lived; and all I can do is, to look unto Jesus as my only helper, and cry unto Him for mercy; and but for that blessed word UTTERMOST, my case would be hopeless.'

Conscience, the barometer of the mind, becomes very sensitive at this time, and responds quickly to every change, as the following most affecting letter proves :—

'*October* 28, 1796.

'Alas! my dearest mother, I continue a sinner, lying under an awful curse, and groaning under a grievous burden. Every day furnishes me strong proof of my total helplessness and inability, and yet such is the deceitfulness of sin, I constantly forget at the time of temptation, to whom I should flee for refuge; and so, trying to resist in my own strength, I am always worsted, and Satan triumphs over me to the destruction of my own peace, and the discredit of my Christian profession in the eyes of those around me. Day after day do I fall into scandalous sin, insomuch that I think I am worse now in my relative capacity, than I was some time back. And it is my grief and burden that it is so; and often, night after night, do I bitterly bemoan myself, either for my levity, or my moroseness, or my overbearing proud temper and forgetfulness of God, or my vile and abominable thoughts and imaginations, my intemperate language, and every other sin which naturally springs from a corrupt heart.

'But alas! what avails me all this? Words won't save me; and though I again and again resolve against my sins, and implore God's gracious support, yet as soon as I arise from my knees and go into the warehouse, my thoughts, which were solemnised, suddenly disperse. No sooner does temptation present itself than I resolve to oppose it, and think I can easily overcome it. I am therefore silent for a little while. Then something is said or done which goes against the grain, and this puts me out of humour, and I feel morose and sulky, and so everything gets wrong; sin gains strength faster and faster, my words are akin to my tempers, my actions correspond, and when the devil has thus got possession of me, I love the sin

and hug it, and feel an unwillingness to part with it. Yet at the very same time, I am conscious that I am heaping up cause for future repentance; but I think I will go on a little longer; and then perhaps a conviction strikes me; I secretly cry unto God; suddenly a fresh temptation occurs; and again I fall.

'When I am in this melancholy state, my only way is to leave the warehouse, *and go into the cellar, and there make known my complaint unto the Lord, and pour out my heart before him;* and on these occasions I feel such an abhorrence of myself, and find sin the cause of such anguish to my soul, that often and often at night, have I earnestly besought the Lord that if He would not have mercy on my soul hereafter, and deliver me from the guilt and condemnation of my sins, at least to deliver me from the power of them, and *not let sin make me wretched and miserable in this world, as well as in the next.*'

In the month of November in this year, he had a second interview with Mr. Newton, which, at the request of his mother, he thus narrates:—

'As I spoke but little, Mr. Newton said, "I cannot tell what to say to you, if you don't speak. A pump, when it is dry, may be restored by pouring in a little water at the top; so if you begin, I can chatter for an hour; but otherwise, I can sit a whole morning without speaking a word. Once set me a-going, and you may get as much out of me as you please."

'I said, I was afraid I was deceiving myself—or words to that effect.

'"That depends," he replied, "upon your response to two questions—If an angel were sent from heaven expressly to tell you, you were to die this very night, what would you trust to—to any merits or performances of your own, or to the Lord Jesus Christ alone? And the second question is this—Which way does your life tend: are you the willing slave of sin, or do you hate and oppose it?"

'I asked Mr. Newton his opinion concerning reading other books than the Bible.

'"I would not have you read many books," he said, "though some may help you forward. The Bible is the spring from

whence they are all derived; and you have as much right to draw from the fountain as any one else. The Winchester bushel, you know, is kept in the Exchequer, and, on any dispute about measure, is always referred to as the true standard. Such is the Bible. It is a Living Word, and as though God were speaking to you face to face."

'I complained of my want of humility.

'"We shall never think ourselves humble enough," he replied; "for as we go on, and see more of our own hearts, we shall find increasing cause for it. If you look down into a well, it seems to be deep; but all is confused, and you cannot really see far down it. Now such is your heart. You cannot distinguish what it is now; but as you proceed you will be obliged to go down into the well, and thus get thoroughly acquainted with it."

'He proceeded, "All your doubts and fears and conflicts are as scaffolding to a building, which is no part of the edifice, nor ornamental, but to be considered as a blemish. Still the house cannot be built without it; and when that is finished, all the scaffolding will be taken down as of no further use.

'"If you are in company with Christians of thirty or more years standing, you wonder that your feelings are not more like theirs. But there is a regular gradation of progress,—"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord."

'"I don't like folks who jump into 'comfort' all at once. It is better to go on gradually. God lays the foundation in the heart; and the walls no sooner peep above ground, than we want the roof clapped on. But that won't do.

'"You want what is commonly called assurance. But it is a dangerous thing, and the Lord knows you cannot yet be trusted with it. Many young converts thereby grow careless, and have turned back into the world for many years, and it is a great mercy if the Lord ever brings them back as poor prodigals."'

Daniel Wilson's aged and pious grandfather was still living, and a short conversation between the old and the young disciple towards the close of this year is worth preserving.

'I was talking to my dear grandfather, when my uncle was

last in the country, and he said, that when we bring our burdens to Christ, we should leave them with Him, and not take them back again with us.

'When I told him what a sinner I was, and how sin reigned over me, he told me, the Lord saw perhaps that I did not bear well the mercies he had bestowed upon me. He added that he believed sin would always cleave to us; that when he was a young man like me, he thought he should have done with sin long before now; but he found there were *old age sins*, as well as *young age sins;* and his old nature would sometimes rise, so that he found an Almighty Saviour as needful to him now, as when he first set off.'

The words of these good men render further observations on the work of Grace now going on, superfluous; and the thoughtful reader will prefer pondering on the ways of God, to listening to the comments of man. It must not, however, be supposed that the change in Daniel Wilson's mind, was unaccompanied by a change in his conduct. He writes bitter things against himself, and is very slow to recognise any signs of improvement, but they were perceptible to others. His cousin Joseph, the eldest son of Mr. William Wilson, well known in after-life, and respected wherever known, as the founder and active promoter of the Lord's Day Observance Society, was an early associate and friend. They lived in the same house at this time, and shared the same room, and Joseph Wilson was wont to express the unfeigned astonishment he felt at the change which had taken place. Night after night he observed Daniel Wilson sitting up for hours; and engaged, not now in common study, but in the reading of God's word, and other religious books. Oftentimes, after he had fallen asleep and awoke again, he found him still thus occupied, or on his knees in long-continued and earnest prayer.

The very individual who was instrumental in his conversion, by bidding him "Pray for the feelings," and who still survives, aged and highly respected, though unconscious till recently of the effect of his words, bears testimony to the same purpose. He says that Daniel Wilson promised to be an excellent man of business, but that when religion took possession of his mind

he lost all interest in it, became serious and devout, and quite "another man."

All books of a light or irreligious character had been burned at once, as though the very bridge must be destroyed which might facilitate his return from the newly discovered country; and whereas he had been foremost in every wild scheme, he was now most anxious, not only to get good himself, but to do good to others.

His state of mind seems to have excited great interest wherever it was known; and it is told of Mr. Eyre that on one occasion when he had returned home to Hackney, weary with a long day's work in London and desiring repose, one of Daniel Wilson's letters was put into his hand. After reading it attentively, he roused himself, called for his boots, and prepared for a further effort. When asked, whether a written answer would not do for that one night, he replied, "No, writing alone will not do. I must see and talk to him. I cannot leave the young man to pass the night in despair." And he instantly set off, and walked to the city and back again, to afford him counsel and relief.

But as man "of his own will" cannot produce conviction of sin, so neither can he give "peace with God through Jesus Christ." He may speak comfortable words to the "prisoner of hope," but he cannot draw him out of the pit where there is no water. God's time of deliverance had not yet come; and the year 1796 passed away, leaving its dark shadows upon Daniel Wilson's soul.

On January 18, 1797, he writes, complaining of the difficulty he found in understanding Holy Scripture, and reading it to profit:—

'I think my greatest trial at this time is ignorance of God's word. I know not how to read, where to read, nor in what manner to apply it to my own heart and conscience. Though I daily read it and pray over it and try to understand it, yet I fear it is all in vain. It is to me a sealed book. When I read any other book, with a little attention I readily discover the meaning. But when reading the blessed Word of God, which is Light, Life, and Truth itself, I know not what I read. When I endeavour to meditate on any particular portion, I cannot, as

it were, make anything of it. I hear of other Christians who see Christ in every page, who find in it food and medicine, and to whom the promises are sweet and refreshing; but to all these things I am an utter stranger. Pray for me, that God the Holy Spirit may shine on His word and into my heart.'

As the period came round from which he dated his first serious impressions, his mother wrote reminding him of it. He replied in the following letter, which shows that it was still with him a "dark and cloudy day:"—

'*March* 2, 1797.

'I think if there ever was a poor wretch whom sin has rendered miserable, that wretch am I. I know not how to describe myself in any terms calculated to convey an adequate idea of my feelings. When I came to try myself by Scripture tests, how awful is the result! I hear the glorious Saviour himself declaring that, if I believe not on Him, I shall die in my sins, and I am constrained to say that I believe not, that I see not His beauty and excellency, and feel not His preciousness and value. I hear the Apostle solemnly declaring, If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be accursed; and of love to Christ I know I have none. And seeing I have been spared another year, a cumberer of the ground as I am, and seeing that I bring not forth good fruit, what can I expect, but the fate of the tree mentioned in the Gospel?

'You ask me the particular day from which I date my first convictions, I am indeed unable to inform you to a certainty, but I generally reckon it to be the ninth of March, 1796. The circumstance itself will never, I trust, be effaced from my mind, but as I have already acquainted you with it some time back, I shall not now repeat it.

'Pray for me, my dear mother, that I may observe the return of that day in a proper manner. It would more accord with my own inclination, and more conduce to the tranquillity of my mind, could I spend it in fasting and prayer; but as my opportunities are so very circumscribed, I think I cannot do less than go to see Mr. Eyre, whose love to me will I hope be amply repaid, not by my poor gratitude, but with the blessing of heaven into his own bosom.'

The purpose thus expressed was carried into effect. The 9th of March found Daniel Wilson in company with Mr. Eyre, and the natural desire to know what passed on an occasion so interesting, may be to a certain extent gratified; for notes of the conversation are still extant. They serve to show the general nature of the intercourse which took place between them, and the kind of instruction and encouragement communicated by Mr. Eyre; and are the more valuable, because none of the many letters which must have been written by him from time to time have been preserved.

The notes were taken from a memorandum made by Daniel Wilson, and were inclosed to his mother in a letter dated March 17, 1797.

'We were talking of repentance, and I said that the more I read about it, and thought about it, the more I found reason to fear that I never had true repentance. He asked my reasons for thinking so, and what I considered repentance to be.' I replied, that I had been guided by Mr. Scott's discourse on that subject, who, amongst other characteristics, described it as consisting in a genuine sorrow for sin, not only on account of its punishment, but because of its odiousness and malignity as committed against a holy, just, and good God. Mr. Eyre agreed, and drew many comfortable conclusions in my favour.

'We then turned the conversation to faith, and he asked me the idea I had of it. I replied that I supposed it to be a believing apprehension of Christ *as mine*, and an assurance that He died and rose again *for me*. To this he objected, as confounding two distinct things, *faith*, and the *assurance of faith*. "I know," he said, "that is Mr. Hervey's definition, but I think it is one of his great errors. Faith is no such thing. It is simply looking: it is simply believing. It is even less than that: for there can be no *desire* to look, without faith.

'"Dr. ——, in his sermon preached at my chapel last Sunday (March 5), spoke in a very apposite manner respecting faith. 'Faith,' he observed, 'was described in many different ways. It is sometimes represented in allusion to the feet, and then it is, "*Come* unto me;" "As ye have received Christ Jesus the

Lord, so *walk* ye in him." Sometimes it is spoken of with reference to the hands, and then it is, "To as many as *received* Him to them gave He power;" "*Lay hold* on eternal life." At other times the allusion is to the ears, and then it runs, "This is my beloved Son, *hear* ye Him;" "he that hath ears to hear let him *hear*." At other times the eyes are used for the purpose of illustration, and then it is, "*Look* unto me and be ye saved;" "He that *seeth* the Son,"' &c.

'I then said, "I thought if I had true faith, I should be one with Christ; united to Him, and enabled to oppose in His strength the dominion of my corruptions; but that of all this I had no experience, and consequently must conclude I was not a believer in Him."

'"What you say," returned Mr. Eyre, "of the effects of true faith is correct: and this I will tell you, that you are one with Christ." I seemed to wait for his explanation, and he thus proceeded: "If I were to curse, and swear, and blaspheme the name of Christ, should you not be shocked?" I said, Yes. "Well, then," he continued, "that is one thing. You are concerned for the honour of Christ. Then, do you not love the Word of God?" I hesitated, but at length answered, Not as I ought. "That is nothing to the purpose," he rejoined, "for we none of us do anything as well as we ought. But, do you love it?" I replied in the affirmative. "Further: do you not love the house of God? Do you not love the people of God?" To these questions I answered, Yes. "Why, then," he said, "how can you say you are not united to Christ? You love his honour, his word, his house, his people: you are united to Him in the same spirit."

'After this conversation Mr. Eyre went to prayer with me with the greatest affection.'

The good effect produced upon his mind by this conversation was however only transient. It passed away, and the heavens grew black with clouds.

'*April* 12, 1797.

'You know me not, my dearest mother, or else I am sure you must hate me; for to a gracious heart, such a complication of inbred corruption and outward transgression as constitute my

character, must, I am sensible, be altogether loathsome and detestable. I have great reason to fear that I am one of that awful number whom God hath given up to final obduracy and impenitence, and who are constantly increasing their condemnation by the opportunities of grace they daily abuse, and concerning whom the Almighty has declared, that he has "no pleasure in them."

'The hearing of the Gospel, and the reading of God's word produce no effect on my obdurate heart. All the invitations of the Gospel are useless, all its threats produce no terror. The old serpent has been trying long to have my soul, and now he has it fast. He rules in it. He reigns over it. And I, his wretched slave, obey it in the lusts thereof. I verily am persuaded that my evil tempers have a more absolute sway now, than when I never knew I had a soul to be saved—or what amounts to the same thing, when I never thought seriously about it. My dear mother, it is not willingly that I distress your mind with the account of my dreadful state. To you, heaven is safe, and I rejoice in it; though I believe you will never meet there your poor son.'

From this dark cloud the following letter darts like a flash of lightning. It was written to Mr. Vardy, who was purposing at this time (though the purpose was eventually frustrated) to give himself to the missionary work, and was entering on the necessary preparation with much fear and trembling. His services were offered to the London Missionary Society, and before leaving England, he went about attending religious and devotional meetings, and preaching when the opportunity presented itself. As his friend, Daniel Wilson, took much interest in all this, he occasionally accompanied him and heard him preach, encouraging and cheering him, and offering such suggestions as to the choice of texts and manner of treating them as occurred to his own mind.

'*June* 8, 1797.

'Pardon my ignorance and presumption, but I think your choice of a subject was not the most easy and simple, which is what you should aim at. I should think if you were to take texts such as these:

'"The love of Christ constraineth us."

'"Christ is all and in all."

'"Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."

'"With him is plenteous redemption."

Or any other where you would be unavoidably led to speak principally on the person and work of Christ, your heart would be more likely (humanly speaking) to be affected with your subject than on other topics, which, though connected with, do not so immediately lead you to dwell on the glories of Jesus.

'I should think you might with little difficulty preach a good sermon on that one word, CHRIST. Begin with Christ, go on with Christ, and end with Christ; and I am sure your hearers will never be tired, for His name is like "ointment poured forth."

'On such a subject you need only look within to find matter enough to explain what Christ came to redeem you from: you need only go to Calvary to see what redemption cost, and to have your soul so moved by the sight of a bleeding Saviour, that you could no longer hesitate what to say; and you need only reflect on what you are, to explain the necessity of Christ's intercession at the right hand of God. Look more, my dear friend, to Jesus. There is nothing like looking *only*, looking *simply*, and looking *perseveringly* to Him.'

Words so bright from a soul so dark, are very remarkable: to be accounted for partly by the peculiarities of a character itself full of striking contrasts, and partly by the fact that the communication of spiritual gifts is to a great extent independent of the enjoyment of them.

The attempt to benefit his friend seems to have had a good effect on Daniel Wilson's own mind, by withdrawing his attention somewhat from himself. Nor was it an isolated act. In letters written about this time, he is found rejoicing over two of his fellow-servants, who last year were "children of wrath," but are now "plants of grace." He writes to one of his sisters, pressing religion on her attention; and mentions his purpose of writing to another on the same subject. He endeavours in a similar way to comfort his mother under some

domestic affliction. And thus, watering others, he appears to have been watered himself; and at length to have found "*rest to his soul.*" It came like "the morning spread upon the mountains," and in the use of God's appointed ordinances. The account is as follows:—In a letter written to his mother on August 23rd, 1797, he uses this expression: "Remember me to Mr. Eyre. I intend writing to him soon on a subject which has lain on my mind these three months."

And what was this subject? He tells us himself in a letter to Mr. Eyre, written on September 7th, from which the following are extracts:—

'It almost makes me tremble when I think on the important and solemn subject I am introducing; for I fear it savours very much of that spiritual pride which I feel entwining itself with my every duty. That one who knows so little of the Lord Jesus Christ, so little of his own evil heart, and who lives so little to the glory of his Redeemer, should think of partaking of that sacred ordinance which the oldest Christians rejoice in the enjoyment of, is, I fear, a prominent token of self-ignorance and presumption.

'I hope I am enabled to believe that it is a table spread for the refreshment of every penitent sinner, and that all are welcome who have been brought from a state of nature to a state of grace, and from slaves of Satan have been made willing servants of the Lord Jesus.

'If you continue to think it my duty to approach the sacred table, I should feel myself very much obliged if you would find time to talk it over with my dear mother, who, I am sure, would be very willing to spare you the trouble of writing, by sending me, herself, a letter on the subject.'

This letter produced its due effect, and on the first Sunday in October, Daniel Wilson received the holy sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, for the first time, from the hands of Mr. Eyre in his chapel; and found, indeed, that "drawing near with faith," he took "that holy sacrament to his comfort."

On the very next day he writes to his mother, who was absent from town, as follows:—

'*Monday, October* 2, 1797.

'I have nothing but mercy to tell you of. Oh! that my heart was but melted with love and gratitude to my dear Redeemer for such rich grace as he is continually showering upon my soul.

'To know that my Lord still does continue, and ever will continue, to love my worthless soul, that He still pardons all my unnumbered sins, and still shines upon me with the beams of his love:—to feel and know such precious truths as these, is enough to break the very adamant into praise. Pray for me, my dear mother, that under the mercies with which the Lord is, as it were, overloading my soul, I may be kept very humble at his feet, sensible of my utter unworthiness and absolute dependence upon him.

'But, doubtless, the main design of your desiring me to write, was to hear how I was carried through the solemn and delightful business of yesterday; and, blessed be God, I trust I can say that your prayers for me were answered, and that the Lord was with me of a truth.

'When I came into the chapel I was very full of fears, and was rather cold whilst Mr. Eyre preached a sweet discourse from the words, "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Between the services I was exceedingly favoured with the Lord's presence, and was enabled to offer secret addresses to Him, that He would keep me humble, and make me give up myself—all I am, and all I have—to be His; and solely devoted to His glory.

'When I approached with Mrs. Eyre the sacred table, I was so full of trembling (I cannot describe my feelings), that I doubt not I appeared very foolish to those around me.

'But not to be too tedious, I have abundant reason for gratitude and praise. Nor have the blessings of this ordinance been confined to yesterday; for, blessed be God, I think I never was so comfortable in my soul, and so desirous of loving my Saviour more and more, and living to His glory, than I have been to-day.'

There is the same sunshine in a letter written to Mr. Vardy, on October 4th:—

'My heart is so full I know not where to begin, nor how to describe the unspeakable mercies which the Lord is showering on my worthless soul. Oh! for a tongue to sing the praises of my dear Redeemer. Pray for me that I may be kept humble and thankful.

'I wrote you word that I had opened my mind to dear Mr. Eyre respecting my approaching the sacred table, and, blessed be God for undeserved mercy, I can now tell you that on last Sunday morning, I took that solemn and important step, and the Lord was with me. Never did I enjoy so much the presence of my dear Redeemer, as I have since that time; and this, not so much in great sensations of pleasure, as in brokenness of heart, and I trust in sincere desires to be devoted to His glory. *Yesterday and to-day have been, I think, the happiest days I ever remember.* The Lord shines so upon my soul that I cannot but love Him, and desire no longer to live to myself, but to Him. And to you, I confess it (though it ought perhaps to be a cause for shame), that I have felt great desires to go or do anything to spread the name of Jesus; and that I have even wished, if it were the Lord's will, to go as a missionary to heathen lands.'

Thus he obtained "joy and peace in believing," and with it there sprung up a desire, which received its accomplishment after a lapse of thirty-five years. In October, 1797, Daniel Wilson felt his spirit stirred to go as a missionary to heathen lands; and in October, 1832, he stood on the banks of the Hooghly as Bishop of Calcutta!

CHAPTER II.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

1796—1798.

The deep foundations of religion—Subject opened—Letters to Mr. Eyre—His father's refusal of his wish—His own reasons—Consults Rev. Rowland Hill—Journal—Consults Rev. R. Cecil—Father consents—Enters at Oxford—Pupil of Rev. J. Pratt.

MANY eminent Christians may have felt surprise whilst perusing the narrative of Daniel Wilson's conversion in the last chapter. They may have known nothing like it in their own experience. The change in their own minds may have been gradual and imperceptible. They may have heard God's voice in early life, awakening, but not alarming them. They may have been built up in their holy faith, like the temple of old, without the sound of axes, or hammers, or any tool of iron being heard. And hence they will scarcely be able to realise the "strong crying and tears" of a deeply earnest mind when grace suddenly grapples with it. But it is nevertheless divine "workmanship" they have been looking on.

No doubt there is something peculiar in the case of Daniel Wilson: something peculiar in the depth of his penitential sorrow and self-abhorrence; and something peculiar in the long period of eighteen months ere deliverance came. Even those who have known him best in after-life will read with surprise the conflicts of his youth.

But there was a purpose in this, as there is in all the Divine dealings. Here was a young man of vigorous health, strong passions, quick temper, decided character, great energy, and sure to be a leader in after-life either for good or for evil. God had purposes of mercy concerning him, and important

work for him to do. He was to be an "ambassador for Christ," and a "steward of the mysteries of God." All the various phases in the ministry of the Church were in turn to be exhibited by him. As years rolled on, he was to be the university prizeman, the college tutor, the popular preacher, the parish priest, the successful author, the eastern bishop and metropolitan. And he was to meet and surmount all the temptations attendant upon these offices:—the "knowledge which puffeth up," the "settling upon the lees," the "praise of man," the "ease in Zion," the "seeking after great things," the "lording it over God's heritage." Hence, probably, the duration and severity of the ordeal through which he had to pass. The foundations of such a superstructure needed to be well and deeply laid; and in his profound sense of the evil of sin, his open confession, his dread of hypocrisy, his knowledge of self, his conviction of weakness, his prostration of soul, his insight into the heart's corruption, we see laid the deep foundations of truth, the best preservatives against error, and the sure preparatives for future and extensive usefulness. "I have never seen in any person," said Mr. Eyre to Daniel Wilson's mother, "such deep conviction of sin, and such a view of the heart's corruption, where God has not had some great and special work for that person to do. I should not wonder if God makes your son an eminent minister in His Church." Such a result seemed little likely at the time the words were spoken; but it was God's purpose, and he brought it to pass.

It was in October, 1797, that the desire to enter the sacred ministry, which had fixed itself in Daniel Wilson's mind, found expression. When it first arose, it had been determinately repressed by himself, as only another form of that pride which, he said, so easily beset him. But whilst he kept silence, his soul had no peace; and at length, after much earnest prayer, he went to Mr. Eyre, and made known the matter.

'On Sunday night, October 15th,' he says, 'my soul was exceedingly drawn out in earnest prayer for direction; and whilst on my knees, the thought came into my mind, that the Lord never worked without means, and that it was only in the use of them that I could expect his direction. This first

induced me to go to Mr. Eyre, which I did on Wednesday evening the 18th. I had only time to say a very few words to him. He did not wish me to be in a hurry, but promised to open the subject to my parents, and to talk to me more fully when I came next.'

This short interview was followed by a long letter written to Mr. Eyre a few days after. The following are extracts:—

'Since the conversation I had with you last Wednesday, the important subject which occasioned it has continually impressed my mind, and has been often spread before the Lord. I trust it is in answer to those prayers that I feel my whole soul engrossed with ardent desires to engage in the important work, insomuch that I think I can appeal to the Great Searcher of hearts, when I assure you, that the world has shrunk to nothing in my esteem, and that its pleasures, riches, and honours, are so far from being desirable in my view, that the Lord enables me to consider them as objects of aversion; and that the only thing worth living for is to be the means, in His hands, of doing good to the souls of my fellow-sinners.

'I sometimes am discouraged on account of the dreadful corruptions of my heart, and of my utter unfitness for such a great work; but these unbelieving fears vanish when the Holy Spirit enables me to remember that my "sufficiency is of God," and that it is not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, but in "demonstration of the Spirit and of power," that the blessing must come.

'It is true that mountains of difficulty seem to oppose my deliverance from Milk Street; but the Lord has all hearts in His hands; and I found much comfort from reading Acts v. 19, 20; and am enabled to believe that He will fulfil in me all His good pleasure in spite of every opposition. But I would still desire to have my will resigned to His, and when that will is manifested by the events of His providence, to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good."'

When the matter was first opened to Daniel Wilson's father, it met with his decided disapproval. It thwarted all the plans which he had laid: and he would not hear of it. Mr. Eyre at

once communicated this check to his young friend, and told him that, under such circumstances, delay became a duty; that another year in Milk Street would do him no harm; and that measures which, were he of full age, might be lawful, would at the present time be sinful. As for himself personally, Mr. Eyre said he had made up his mind what to do: he should be silent for a twelvemonth, and not venture even to give an opinion. It was now November 4, 1797. On Nov. 4, 1798, he should be prepared, if his advice was asked, to give it; and to give it in a decided manner. Meanwhile, he recommended that all irritating discussion should be carefully avoided.

Daniel Wilson submitted.

'Here then,' he says, 'humanly speaking, the affair rests for the following twelvemonth, and if the Lord should spare me so long, I trust He will be preparing me for this great work. Nothing is desirable, nothing valuable in my eyes, but the glorifying my dear Redeemer.'

The matter, however, was not allowed to rest without discussion. His mother wrote to him to ask his special reasons for wishing to change his course of life, and why he thought himself called to enter the ministry.

He deemed it a cause of "joy and gratitude that God had inclined her heart to ask these questions," and proceeded at once to answer them. In his answer he refers to Newton's Cardiphonia, where the reality of a call to the sacred ministry is discussed under three heads: first, in the soul being moved to a warm and earnest desire to be employed in this service; secondly, in there being, in due time, a competent sufficiency of gifts, knowledge, and utterance; and thirdly, in the hand of God's providence pointing out the time, the place, and the means.

'With regard to the first point,' he says, 'the Lord has made it as clear as though it was written with a sunbeam. I feel all the desires of my soul continually and increasingly drawn out towards this work, and my soul yearns over the vast numbers of my poor fellow-sinners who never heard of Jesus, nor of the

life which is in Him. The prevailing desire of my heart is that He alone may be exalted, and His throne set up in the hearts of guilty rebels, that Satan's kingdom may be destroyed, and the love of Christ made known. Though I feel the pride of my heart rising in me, yet I trust it is not my wish to exalt the monster SELF, but to be the instrument in the Lord's hands of spreading the savour of His name and the riches of His salvation all around.'

On the second point, he felt himself "inclined to say a great deal;" but fearing "the detestable pride" of his heart, and knowing that all abilities and qualifications for the work were "gifts of God," he would not say "a single word."

On the third topic he enters fully, considering both God's work within him, and the outward openings of His providence.

Touching the last of these, he states that his retirement from his present situation would cause no sort of inconvenience to his uncle; and as to himself, he is sure that he should "never make a good tradesman;" that he "never loved business;" that "his dislike to it was now increased;" and as a subordinate argument under this head, he mentions that he had lost but little of his school learning, for that even when "dead in sin" he had always a love for it, and "used to spend many hours in study, which would otherwise have been employed worse."

'And now I have endeavoured,' he concludes, 'to open all my mind to my dearest mother, on this important subject.

'What can I say to these things? If this work proceed from the deceitfulness of my carnal heart, it will come to nought; but if it be of God it cannot be overturned. From whence can the strong, the fervent desires of my soul proceed, save from the Lord the Spirit? For, of this I am sure, that such things could never come from myself, or from Satan. Yes, my dear mother, I feel sure it is of the Lord, and I humbly believe that He, in His good time will work, and then none can let it. When He is pleased to "lay to His hand," mountains will sink into plains, rough places become smooth, crooked things be made straight, and an open door set before me.'

This letter was written on November 13th, and on the 22nd he tells Mr. Eyre that he is ignorant what effect it may have produced.

'I took it to my closet,' he says, 'when finished, and spread it before a throne of grace, and was enabled solemnly to give it up to the Lord, acknowledging that in itself it was totally incapable of convincing my parents in the smallest degree, and imploring that He would be pleased to accompany it with His almighty power, and make it the instrument of opening their hearts.'

Though he had received his father's refusal and Mr. Eyre's suggestion with exemplary submission, yet when a month elapsed without anything further being said or done, his mind became harassed and uneasy. He began to fancy he had done wrong by conferring in this matter with flesh and blood: his whole soul, he says, "was agitated with fervent longings to go out into the highways and hedges and compel poor sinners to come in." He remembered that there was such a thing as "carnal prudence," and "the fear of man which bringeth a snare." Might not his compliance with the wishes of parents and friends be a shrinking from God's service, and an unwillingness to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ? He could not avoid thinking, he says, that "secondary objects and motives, easily conceived but difficult to express, might have narrowed and influenced their views." He did not feel, therefore, "full satisfaction of mind, and longed for a clearer view of the Lord's will concerning him."

These thoughts were tossing in his mind and keeping sleep from his eyelids one Saturday night, when suddenly the idea occurred to him that he would consult the Rev. Rowland Hill upon his case, and endeavour to learn through him the path of duty. Immediate action followed; and after he had sought help from God, the evening of December 31st found him in the vestry-room of Surrey Chapel, introducing himself to Mr. Hill. He was received, as might be anticipated, with the courtesy of a Christian gentleman, and invited to breakfast the next morning.

Accustomed as the Rev. Rowland Hill must have been to every variety of application, he could not but be struck with the address of this young stranger, who, immediately on being seated (the account is from his own notes), opened his business by saying that he thought he had "a call to go into the ministry."

"Well," said Mr. Hill, "that is a very serious thing indeed;" and he proceeded to inquire into his reasons,—to probe the depth of his religious knowledge,—to ask whether his parents were cognisant of the matter, and whose ministry he had attended.

These points being ascertained, Mr. Hill said that it was very difficult to advise in such a case, and suggested that his own minister should be applied to. He thought Daniel Wilson very young both in years and grace; and reminded him of the text in the Epistle to Timothy, "Not a novice, lest being puffed up, he fall into the condemnation of the devil." He inquired minutely into his connexions, expectations, motives, and wishes: and finally expressed a hope, in his fervent manner, that if the thing was really of the Lord, it might prosper.

So far all was satisfactory: but now came the main question: which was at once proposed by Daniel Wilson, as follows:—

'Do you think it my duty to wait till I am out of my time, before I give up myself to the work?'

'"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Hill; "your time is not your own. By a mutual agreement you have bound yourself for a certain number of years, and that obligation is superior to any other. I hope," he added, "that during this time you will manifest by your walk and conversation, that the grace of God is in your heart; and that may be instrumental in altering your father's mind more than anything else. Humility is a sweet and guardian grace. If I saw you pert and proud, and wanting to go 'without the Lord,' I would not give a farthing for you or your preaching either. But if you are humble and child-like, afraid of taking a single step unless the Lord point out the way, then you will be owned and blessed."

Some little disappointment may have crossed Daniel Wilson's

mind at this result of the interview; for it is natural to suppose that in the selection of Mr. Hill, there had been a secret lurking expectation that one so zealous would not hesitate a moment in sending a fresh labourer into the vineyard. But if this disappointment was felt, it was not manifested: and nothing can more clearly show the wonderful influence exerted by grace upon the natural temper, than the way in which he receives these repeated checks. There is no resistance; no kicking "against the pricks:" the submission is prompt, unrepining, and even cheerful.

"I need not say," is his comment on Mr. Hill's decision, "that the conversation was both sound and sweet: and through the Lord's blessing, I hope never to forget it." He resolved now to tarry the Lord's leisure, and to do each day what good he could in the ordinary duties of his calling, and to put in "a word for Christ" whenever the opportunity offered.

About this time he began to keep a Journal, in which he recorded the workings of his mind in the most unreserved manner, and occasionally alluded to passing events in which he was personally interested. From this journal frequent extracts will be given.[1]

We have now entered upon the year 1798, and Daniel Wilson's position remains unchanged. He has been taught that his strength was to sit still: and having learnt that lesson, God now begins to work on his behalf, and at once all wills change, all difficulties vanish, and all events yield.

It appears that he had hitherto held no direct communication with his father on this anxious subject, but Mr. Eyre had been the "daysman" between them. Acting now upon the advice of his mother, he writes a very earnest, respectful, and affectionate letter to his father, taking blame to himself for his backwardness in not having done so before. The circumstances under which he wrote, and the result produced by his letter, are thus recorded in his journal:—

[1] The first entry in this journal is made on Dec. 26, 1797. From that date to June 13, 1801, it is written in minute shorthand. From August, 1801, to Sept., 1807, it is less continuous, and written in Latin. There is then a blank till the year 1830, when it is resumed and written in French. Whilst he was in India, it is all in English.

'*Monday, March* 12, 1798.

'Through the Lord's mercy I am brought to the present moment. Two years have now elapsed since His work of grace began in my soul. It is His love and faithfulness which have kept me hitherto, and upon His unchangeableness do I rely to be carried through all the hosts of inward and outward foes, to the haven of eternal rest. My mother has been mercifully restored to wonted health. On Wednesday, the 28th ult., by my dear mother's advice, I wrote to my honoured father on my going into the ministry, and I desire to be thankful for the very kind letter I received in reply, in which he promised at the end of the year seriously to enter upon the subject, and to follow, as far as he could, the Lord's will. Oh! what a God is my God! How clearly is His hand to be seen! On my first application my father would not hear anything about it. In the course of a month or two, his mind was so far altered as to promise that, after having faithfully served my time, he would then enter upon the subject. And now he has kindly engaged at the expiration of the twelvemonth (four months of which have nearly elapsed) to take it into serious consideration. Oh! to grace how great a debtor. Oh! for a heart seriously affected with the Lord's goodness, and humbly dependent on His powerful arm under the darkest dispensations.'

But this was not all. Events moved on rapidly. On the 22nd of March he writes to his friend Vardy, as follows:—

'I just drop you a line to say that, since we parted on Monday evening, it has been settled that I am to go to Mr. Cecil's on Monday morning next. My father yesterday informed me of this, and seemed to view things in a much more favourable light than he had yet done. He said he only wished to know what the Lord's will was: and as soon as he felt satisfied, should no longer continue to oppose my desires. He said nothing as though the result of this interview should be absolutely binding, but hoped it would have its full weight with me as coming from a man of such wisdom and experience. To this I readily assented. After this interview I am to have

another of a similar nature with Mr. Goode of White Row. Pray for me without ceasing, that the Lord may stand by me and be a mouth unto me and wisdom: and that both Mr. Cecil and your poor friend may be under the immediate influences of the Holy Spirit.'

Accordingly on the 26th March he waited on the Rev. Mr. Cecil, and announces the result to the same friend, on the same day:—

'I seize the first moment to acquaint you with the blessed event of my interview with Mr. Cecil. I have not time to enter into particulars. To sum up all in one word—He is fully persuaded that I am called of God to the work of the ministry, and advises me by all means to go on in it.

'Slacken not your prayers on my behalf, that the Lord may keep me humble and grateful for His mercies.'

A few days afterwards, however, he sends to his mother a full account of the interview:—

'On the 26th March,' he says, 'after importunate prayer, I went to Mr. Cecil's, not without great fears and tremblings. When I was seated opposite a sofa on which Mr. Cecil reclined, he said, "I understand you have views to the ministry. Now Providence seems to have cast you into a different line, and I suppose you have serious reasons for wishing to go out of it. I have laboured and laboured successfully to induce a young man to give himself to this work when I thought he was really called. He is the son of Sir E. M——, and was in his banking-house, and had every prospect of sharing in that lucrative concern. He is now at St. Edmund's Hall. I mention this to show you that I am quite at liberty to advise on either side, in an unbiassed manner."

'I then related the abiding desire of my soul towards this work, and the different steps which had brought me before him as a judge. He inquired the manner and time of my conversion: and when I mentioned (as I could not but do), the dreadful lengths of iniquity into which I had sunk, he

stopped me, when I called myself "the chief of sinners," to put in his claim to that character; and this was the point in which he said he exceeded every one: that he kept a kind of school of infidelity, and used to have a number of young men and teach them to ridicule the Bible, &c.

'I told him I had not abilities for that, or else I am sure my heart was bad enough.

'After I had finished my narrative, he said, the call appeared perfectly clear to him, and he advised me by all means to go on in my pursuit. This being settled, I mentioned that my father was doubtful whether I had qualifications for a minister. In reply to this, he observed, "that if none but men of genius and shining parts were to be in the ministry, there would be few indeed! It was not genius nor great abilities that ever saved a soul; and that even a dull understanding with industry in the use of means, and a heart set on the work, might form a very useful man. He knew some ministers now of that character, who had improved themselves so much by diligence and study, that they were as useful as any men of the day. The grand matter is, whether the heart be right with God. The main question asked at ordination is, Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration? Now, do you expect a voice to call to you from the top of the ceiling? Do you expect some dream to tell you of it? No. The only proof is, a consciousness of an abiding desire after the work, with a single eye to the glory of God and the good of souls. Having this, what other token or sign can you require? You must give up all thoughts of worldly wealth, and leave your future provision in God's hands. When I married I had only 80*l.* a year, and I lived as well as though I had 10,000*l.* If your heart is in your work, you will consider the salvation of souls as your reward; and having food and raiment you must be content.

'"I have no objection to your going into the Church. But you should endeavour first to learn what is the course the Lord marks out for you. I love consistency. If you think you have a general call to evangelise, and to go about proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation, then you cannot conscientiously enter the Established Church. Now I don't call

Mr. Whitfield or Mr. Berridge inconsistent characters. They were perfectly consistent. They entered the Church in the simplicity of their hearts; God afterwards called them to another line; and what they had done, could not then be helped. But to promise regularity while at the same time a man intends to be irregular, cannot be done with a good conscience."

'I told him I had no wish or purpose to be irregular; and the wishes of all my friends corresponding with my own preference for the Church, seemed to point it out as my line of duty.

'Mr. Cecil said that when he was first convinced of sin, he had no idea of being a minister. But his father was a high Churchman and his mother a dissenter; and his father forced him to go to college.

'This was the substance of our conversation; and I have great cause for thankfulness to the Lord, for his mercies to the vilest of sinners.

'How wonderfully has the Lord led me hitherto! Every step my father has taken, for all I could tell, was as likely to lead backwards as forwards. And this has been blessed, I hope, to keep me more in the exercise of faith and prayer. Excuse my brevity and haste. The dying words of Mr. Hervey are much on my mind. "If I had my life to live again, I would spend more of it on my knees."'

No further difficulties of any kind seem to have arisen. It had pleased God to make a plain path for his feet to walk in. The result is entered in his journal as follows :—

'Oh! the wonders of the Lord's goodness. My dear father let me go to Mr. Cecil's and Mr. Goode's, and they, after due examination, gave their opinion that I was called of God to the ministry. *My father consented to my leaving business.* In a few days I am to go and enter myself at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and be at Mr. Pratt's as a private pupil till I am ready to reside in college. My dear uncle has conducted himself with the greatest kindness during the whole matter, and has readily consented to the arrangement made by my father. The

Lord has led me by a way that I knew not. To His great name be all the glory!'

In accordance with the plan thus proposed, Daniel Wilson went up to Oxford and entered himself at St. Edmund's Hall, on the 1st of May: and on the 10th of the same month, he writes to his mother from Doughty Street, Russell Square, where the Rev. Josiah Pratt then resided.

'The desire you expressed to hear from me as soon as I was comfortably settled here has not been forgotten. I am encircled with mercies. In every point of view, I find myself as to outward circumstances, in the best possible situation. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt are extremely good-tempered and agreeable, and very pious. My fellow students (two) though not serious, have been educated in a Moravian College, and are very civil, moral youths. I have a most beautiful prospect from my room over the fields, unobstructed by any houses. So much as to outward blessings: but these are nothing compared with spiritual—though all should excite gratitude from him who is unworthy of any.'

"Then are they glad because they are at rest: and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."—Ps. cvii, 30.

CHAPTER III.

STUDENT LIFE.

1798.

Rev. J. Pratt—Studious habits—Letters—Attempts at doing good—Family Prayers—Journals—Attainments.

To enter upon the student life of Daniel Wilson after what has passed, is like gliding into a quiet harbour from a stormy sea. Former troubles enhance present enjoyment, the fretting and chafing of his mind subsides, his vehemence of expression with much of its peculiarity disappears, each day's employments are congenial to his taste, his correspondence becomes calm and devotional, and though his journals still manifest a fierce conflict between the flesh and the spirit, yet on the whole his growth in grace and in divine knowledge is manifest.

A wiser and better tutor than Mr. Pratt, could scarcely have been selected. He was in the prime of life, had been married only a year before, and was commencing as curate to Mr. Cecil, at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, that career of usefulness which has justly endeared his memory to the Church.

Daniel Wilson seized every opportunity in after years, of bearing affectionate testimony to one "who had guided his youth and prepared him for the university in 1798, and continued his bosom friend till death." 'I owe to him,' he says in 1845, 'under God, and to two or three other eminent men, the entire guidance of my mind when I first entered seriously on the care of my salvation, and the earnest study of theology:—the Rev. Thomas Scott, the commentator, from 1796 to 1798: then in 1798 the Rev. Josiah Pratt: next at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, the Rev. Isaac Crouch: and lastly, in my first

curacy, from 1801 to 1803, the Rev. Richard Cecil. These continued uninterruptedly my most intimate friends, till their several deaths. But to no one was I more attached than to him, who was spared to me and to the Church the longest—the Rev. Josiah Pratt—my honoured brother.'[1]

Under Mr. Pratt's guidance, he applied himself with indefatigable diligence to his studies. His time was thus portioned out as described by himself:—

'5·30 to 7 o'clock. Devotional exercises and writing letters, as I am now doing.

'7 to 8. Preparing my Latin task.

'8 to 9. Prayers; and breakfast, during which, two or three numbers of the Spectator are read by each of us in turn.

'9 to 11. Lecture on Natural Philosophy and Geography: and reading Latin.

'11 to 12. Preparing my Natural Philosophy for the next morning, and a problem of Euclid.

'12 to 1·30. Greek.

'1·30 to 3. Hebrew.

'3 to 4. Constantly to be devoted to walking for my health.

'4 o'clock. Dinner: after which Mr. Pratt hears my Greek, Hebrew, and Euclid: and then we spend the time till tea in lighter books.

'5·30 precisely. Tea.

'6 to 7. Abridging Dr. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, so as to make it my own.

'7·30 to 8. Divinity, in a strict sense.

'8·30. Prayers and then supper; which is only, with us, a passing meal.

'Till 10 o'clock reading Adam's Geography: at 10 o'clock, retire.'

He was quite alive to the dangers attendant upon close study. To his mother he writes:—

'I would cheerfully send you a long letter, if my time would in any way permit; but really I am obliged to steal a few

[1] Charge in 1845.

minutes when I ought to be otherwise employed, to scribble even a note.

"My great fear is, lest from constant application to human learning, I should lose the savour of religion in my heart. I am afraid of being puffed up with pride, and falling into the condemnation of the devil:—afraid of putting means in the place of Christ, and of trusting to literary attainments, instead of the grace and spirit of my Redeemer. Believe me, I had rather be as illiterate as a ploughboy, with a warm impression of Christ's dying love upon my heart and a single aim to enthrone Him in the souls of my fellow-sinners, than a cold-hearted worldling with all the learning in the universe.

'One thing let me impress upon you as a particular favour: that you will be always faithful to my soul. Never shun to tell all that is in your heart, as soon as you perceive or think that you perceive that I am going back into the world, that I am losing my spirituality, or falling into a bigotted narrow spirit. If you knew what a heart I have, your fears for me would be increased, and I trust your intercession on my behalf would be doubly earnest.'

Of his own accord he seized every possible opportunity of doing good to those who had been his former companions, and to whom he feared he might by his example in time past have done harm. Conversations are preserved; and copies of letters, having this end in view, are still extant; and in advanced life he was happy enough to know that some of his earliest friends were walking with him as heirs of the grace of life.

His new position was soon recognised. In the month of June, referring to a pleasant visit he had paid to an aunt at Highbury, he says:—

'The Lord was with me at family prayers this morning, which they made me take. But alas! I feel so much of abominable pride after it, that the reflection confounds me.'

This may be contrasted with his first attempt of a like kind about two years before; and the account of it may encourage some, by showing with what trembling lips a "man of prayer"

sometimes begins. The letter was written to a friend, and it refers to a request made to him by his uncle, that he should engage in prayer with his family in his absence.

'No words can convey any idea at all equal to the intense trouble of my inmost soul on that occasion. The family consisted of four men and two female servants, out of whom one only feared the Lord at the time. Conceive my feelings if you can! I am sure I cannot describe them. I was, however, enabled to cry mightily unto the Lord for help, and though my uncle was willing I should make use of a book, and though I was never before engaged in such a service, I was helped to trust the Lord alone. When I first knelt down, I trembled like a leaf from head to foot. I was scarcely able to speak. My head, as it were, turned round, and I knew not where I was. However, I began; and the Lord began too; for my heart was enlarged, and I was enabled to go through the exercise with liberty and satisfaction.'

A few extracts shall be now given from his journal.

'*July* 1, 1798.

'Should I be spared till to-morrow, I shall enter my twentieth year: now, therefore, I desire to look back a little at the year which is passed. Surely I may say that goodness and mercy have followed me. I find I am the same poor sinner I ever was. Equally unable to take a single step without Christ. He has stirred up my soul to desire the work of the ministry. He has opened the way for me, subdued all opposition, removed all difficulty, and brought me to my present position. Oh! what a God is my God; and what an ungrateful wretch am I. Instead of living to the glory of my God and Saviour, I live, alas! in much darkness. I live much in the spirit of the world. My love is very cold and weak. But, O Lord Christ, Thou art my hope, and Thou alone. Oh! give me true repentance, true faith, true humility.'

'*September* 9.

'Sunday is now passed, and I would desire to bless God for His mercy to me. I have had through grace a good day.

I have enjoyed much of God in his ordinances, particularly under Mr. Pratt, whom I think a most excellent preacher. As we came home this morning in a coach, I had some conversation with him. He told me if the Lord intended to make use of me in the Church, I must have a long schooling.'

'*September* 23.

'I have been much harassed about the reality of spiritual things. On Tuesday I dined with Mr. Eyre at Hackney, and had a very pleasant time. He advised me to study mathematics, geometry, and history, and to write themes. He said, Mr. Cadogan wrote three hundred sermons before he preached at all.'

'*October* 21.

'I am to leave Mr. Pratt on Nov. 5th, and go to Oxford the day following. And now, O my soul! what is thy state before God? Alas! it is very bad indeed. Oh! that it were with me as in months past. Where is that love to Christ and love to souls that I once had! What will become of me?'

'*October* 28.

'I had a most interesting conversation with Mr. H——, my fellow-student, to-day. I hope the work of grace is begun in his soul. We ended by a mutual promise to correspond.'

Thus, to use his own expression when examining the state of his heart and affections before God at this time, he was "sometimes up and sometimes down:" but on the whole, it is evident that he was making progress in the divine life.

Of his diligence in general learning there could be no doubt. He continued during the six months of his student life to rise at five o'clock, and retire at ten o'clock. One hour's exercise in the day sufficed him. At breakfast the "Spectator" and "Johnson's Lives of the Poets" were read through. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and the elementary parts of mathematics occupied the morning. The after part of the day was assigned to divinity, logic, history, natural philosophy, geography, and general literature. The books read were, "The Holy Scriptures" in Hebrew and Greek, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity,"

Doddridge's "Lectures," Fuller's "Calvinism and Socinianism," Rowning's "Natural Philosophy," Drallois' "Epitome of Logic," Chisseldon's "Anatomy," Adam's "Geography," "Anacharsis' Travels," Wilcock's "Rome," Bisset's "Life of Burke," Blair's "Lectures," and Payne's "Epitome of History."

This account was given in answer to the enquiry of a friend, after some little time had elapsed, and might, therefore, he says, be incomplete. Some of the books are now little read; but the enumeration serves to show what were then considered standard books for students, and to prove the industry manifested by Daniel Wilson during his six months' preparation for the university.

His student life at Mr. Pratt's ended in November, 1798; and thus furnished, he entered into residence at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

CHAPTER IV.

COLLEGE LIFE.

1798—1801.

State of the University—St. Edmund's Hall—His friends—Rev. J. Crouch—Journals—Scriptural discussions—Vacation—Letters—Expenses—Tenderness of Conscience—Confirmation—Long Vacation—Journal—Cousin Anne—Reminiscences—Plan of study at home—Correspondence—Prospect of a Curacy—Examination—Degree—University Prize—Heber and Wilson—Common sense.

SEVENTY or eighty years have witnessed great changes and improvements in our universities. All testimony goes to show that, towards the close of the last century, religion had little life there, and learning little encouragement. The Classes and the Tripos which now gauge a man's ability, and assign him his proper place, were then unknown. At Oxford, with which only we have now to do, the examination was a mere form. A man chose not only his own books, but his own examiners. It was consequently the very general custom to choose the easiest books, and the most indulgent examiners. There was no audience. The three Masters of Arts who were the examiners, and the undergraduates to be examined, were alone present; and it was not unusual to proceed to the Schools from a pleasant breakfast, or to adjourn, after the successful termination of the day's labours, to a good dinner!

"QUID SOLIDUS ANGULUS?"

Such was the question of an examiner in the schools: and receiving no answer from the respondent, he answered himself by grasping the corner of the desk at which he stood, and saying—

"HIC SOLIDUS ANGULUS."

Such is a specimen of the traditionary stories of that day; and it might be capped by many of the same kind.

A glimpse also may be obtained of the state of religion prevalent at the same university. A most accomplished member of St. John's, an excellent scholar, and one who was deemed a model of an undergraduate of those days, not only never read his Bible, but did not possess one. Being remonstrated with by a friend, his rejoinder was—"How can I help it? Do you think that I could by any possibility go into Parker's shop and ask for a Bible!"

If such was the tone of the university, those who maintained religious consistency were, of course, marked men: and those who read diligently formed the exception rather than the rule. Happily it is so no longer. No one now can obtain real university honours without deserving them: and no one now would shrink from purchasing a Bible.

Before the last century had closed many changes had begun, and many abuses were corrected. The authorities of the university appointed the examiners, and publicity was given to the examination. Though there was not as yet any fair and impartial criterion of ability, such as the Classes have since presented, yet the opinion of the Examiner was publicly expressed, and sent through the university the gradually widening circle of commendation or disgrace.

It was in November, 1798, that Daniel Wilson entered into residence at Oxford, and took possession of his rooms at number four, up two pair of stairs, in St. Edmund's Hall. It was but a small society, and perhaps at that time better known for its piety than its learning. Still, he says that he found the men reading what required from him five hours preparation daily.

He was soon introduced into a pleasant circle of young men, like-minded with himself; amongst whom he specially names in his journal, Marsh,[1] Petch, Hyson, Knight,[2] Randolph, Wheeler,[3] Pigott, Greig,[4] Hood, Fry,[5] Morris, and Lardner;

[1] The Venerable Dr. Marsh.
[2] Afterwards the Rev. W. Knight, Rector of St. Michael's, Bristol, and author of "Lectures on some of the Prophecies," &c.
[3] Afterwards a Judge in the Supreme Court of Calcutta.
[4] A Fellow of St. John's, and Curate of St. Nicholas's, Worcester, at his death.
[5] The Rev. Thomas Fry, author of "The Life of Legh Richmond."

and soon after Pearson[1] and Spooner,[2] Cawood,[3] Natt,[4] and Gleed.[5]

The Hall was happy in its vice-principal and tutor, the Rev. Isaac Crouch. His influence over his pupils was most beneficial, and the good effects of his wise and paternal counsels seem never to have been obliterated from their minds. Thirty-four years after this time, Daniel Wilson, writing to him from the Indian Ocean, says :—

"I look back now with fond delight to my introduction to you on April 30th, 1798. I recall your friendly advice, cautions, and instructions. I remember the Greek Testament lectures (of which I have my short-hand notes still), the delightful dinner parties, the Sunday evening readings, the various scenes where I used to see your friendly countenance, and where I used to pass such happy hours with Mr. Greig, William Marsh, Cawood, and others. Many and many a reflection dropped by you in conversation, now returns to my mind with double force. Accept, then, once more my best acknowledgments. I have now in my cabin your present of Van-der-Hooght's Hebrew Bible, given me by you in 1801. It has been my companion ever since. Its binding has become again as old as that which you replaced by so splendid an exterior, thirty-two years back.'

And when in the year 1835, Mr. Crouch died, he summed up his character as follows :—

'There have, perhaps, been few men more remarkably adapted for the sphere in which he moved.

'His course of solid, quiet, unobtrusive labours precisely met the circumstances of Oxford and of his own society during the period that he was called to fill the post of public tutor. To maintain a spirit of vital piety in union with modesty, good order, and diligence in their studies among

[1] Afterwards Rev. Hugh Pearson, D.D., Dean of Salisbury.
[2] Afterwards the Ven. W. Spooner, Archdeacon of Coventry.
[3] Afterwards Rev. John Cawood, Vicar of Bewdley.
[4] Afterwards Rev. John Natt, Fellow of St. John's, and Vicar of St. Sepulchre, London.
[5] Rev. J. Gleed, B.D., Vicar of Chalfont St. Peter's, Bucks.

a number of young students, is at all times a most difficult task. Nearly sixty years then from the present time, it may readily be conceived that the attempt in a great university was both arduous and doubtful. Mr. Crouch, however, made it in the strength of God, persevered in his one great object, overcame prejudice gradually by a uniformly holy life, gained the affections of his pupils, acquired the confidence of the Heads of the university, saw new opportunities of useful influence continually opening before him, witnessed the rising tone of Christian doctrine and feeling in his own society, and retired as his health declined after nearly thirty years service, with the universal benedictions of the young and the respect of the aged resting on him.'

Such was the college tutor. Attention may now be turned to the undergraduate. On Nov. 23, he writes in his journal: 'Surely I am surrounded with mercies! How good and gracious has the Lord been to me. I have been for two hours in company with Mr. Greig, Marsh, Hood, Fry, and Morris,—all of them excellent men,—and I feel quite another creature. I am able to go on with my studies as much as I could wish. I have got an interleaved Greek Testament to take down Mr. Crouch's lectures, which are indeed excellent.'

'*December* 1.

'Yesterday I was at Mr. Fry's, and was introduced to Mr. Spooner and Faber. As to myself I hardly know whether I am a child of grace or not. Oh! what depths of sin are there in my soul. Oh! for a new heart, desires, affections, pursuits, objects.'

'*December* 16.

'I wrote yesterday to my brother, and said a little about his soul. Oh! that it may be blessed to his good. I love college more and more, and hope God may bless me in it. I am prospered in my studies. In my soul I go on pretty well, though I have still much to strive against.'

He was soon invited to join an association of pious men from various colleges, who met regularly in each other's rooms for

mutual intercourse and the discussion of scriptural subjects. More than one fellow and one tutor belonged to it, and Mr. Crouch thoroughly approved of it. It was by his advice that prayer was omitted, in order to avoid giving occasion of offence to the authorities. One of their meetings in 1797 is described by a member, who was then an undergraduate at St. John's. It was his first attendance.

'I was much astonished,' he says, 'to see Spooner place a Bible on the table as soon as tea was over, and open the consideration of a scriptural subject. It was as to "the degree of information possessed by the Jews respecting a future state, and in what light we are to view the declaration that 'life and immortality' are brought to light by the Gospel." Every one present delivered his opinion. We had many criticisms on the text, and references were made to many commentators, amongst others ("tell it not in Gath") to the learned and pious Doddridge. We separated at nine o'clock, and dissolved the only party I have ever regretted to quit since I came to St. John's.'

The same individual thus describes Daniel Wilson at that time :—

'Wilson was very good looking, but reserved and somewhat deficient in manner. It was obvious, however, that he was no common person; and though he entered the university under great disadvantages as to classical learning, his extraordinary and determined diligence, aided by robust health, afforded a sufficient pledge of future eminence and success.'

His first term being ended, he went to London for the Christmas vacation, and after a pleasant visit to his friends, he returned to Oxford on the 5th Jan. 1799.

On Jan. 14th, having heard of the serious illness of one of his sisters, and of an accident which had happened to his brother, he writes to his mother; and after many expressions of most tender and affectionate sympathy, makes the following suggestions :—

'Mr. Newton was accustomed to say that whenever the Lord wanted to pull him down, the trial was sure to come through his wife. She was afflicted for his good. Now perhaps, my dear mother, God sees fit to lay his hand on those who are most dear to you, in order to stir you up from the world, and make you see that every earthly comfort is unstable, and that no peace is solid, no joy lasting, but what is derived immediately from himself.'

Most of the letters in the earlier part of his life, enter very little into the detail of passing events. After a kindly introduction, he generally discusses some religious topic which has occurred to himself, or been suggested by his correspondent. Letters to his father, however, form partial exceptions to this rule; and when some of those college friends with whom he corresponded in Latin, ask, "Quid novi apud vos?" he responds, and tells the university news. But what is most noticeable is the careful preservation of his letters. They may be numbered by hundreds; and not merely single letters, but whole series—twenty by one correspondent, fifty by another, seventy by a third, a hundred or a hundred and fifty by a fourth. His mother preserves them, his sister preserves them, his schoolmaster preserves them, his schoolfellows, college friends, fellow-tutors, brother ministers, all preserve them; and that, long before there was any halo round his name. Surely this proves that there must always have been some powerful influence attaching to his character, and some shadowing out of future distinction. Eminent men seem to exercise this influence and cast this shadow as they walk through life; and others, seeing and feeling it, are unwilling to let their words fall to the ground. The number of such letters introduced into this biography, bear no proportion to those which have been necessarily excluded; and, it will be readily admitted, that the difficulties of the biographer have been greatly increased from the necessity of producing a true likeness with so few touches.

He writes to his father during the short vacation in March, 1799, consulting him about the income tax; and mentions that being comparatively free from lectures, he was giving

more time to Hebrew and Greek. He makes also a successful application for permission to have a private tutor, in order to work at Thucydides. "I am perfectly well," he says, "in health, not as yet experiencing any inconvenience from my studies. Very few days pass when I do not walk for about an hour."

His father allowed him, it appears, one hundred guineas a year; and he contrived to make it suffice. Not once does the word "debt" appear, either directly or indirectly, in letters or journal. In money matters he was always very careful: and though open-handed at all times, the details of his expenditure were accurately noted. His expenses enlarged with his income, but were rarely allowed to exceed it. The college records show that his "battels" averaged about eight shillings a week. His only apparently painful act of self-denial was in the matter of books; and he turns away with regret from a fine copy of "Calvin's Works," because it was "too dear." He made ample amends for this special self-denial in after-life!

His tenderness of conscience continued:—

'I am very miserable,' he writes to his mother in March, 'because my conscience is full of guilt. I have done two things wrong to-day, which are not easily retrieved, and both have arisen from hardness of heart and a sinful fear of man. In the first, I failed of speaking faithfully to a fellow-collegian who is, I fear, deceiving himself; in the second, I have not introduced spiritual discourse in a party where I sat for above an hour at tea. You don't know how heavy these sins lie upon my mind; so that I feel now as unhappy and distressed as possible. May the Lord forgive the "iniquity of my sin."

'Last Sunday week did not pass unnoticed. The recollection of the Lord's mercy did, I hope, in some degree affect my mind, and lead me to renew the dedication of that body and soul to the Lord, which I trust he has "bought with a price."'

In his journal on the 28th April, he writes:—

'I have just come from the blessed sacrament. I have found it good for my soul. I have had some views of the grace and glory of Christ. Before the sacrament we had a

most choice sermon from dear Mr. Crouch (Romans viii. 9). My friend Marsh has been with me. I have found his conversation very profitable. We generally meet every night, spending a little time in conversation, reading, and prayer.'

The Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Smallwell, was ill at this time, and his duties were partially discharged by Dr. Cleaver, Bishop of Chester and Principal of Brazenose. All undergraduates were admitted to his confirmations on presenting a certificate from their college tutors. Daniel Wilson availed himself of this privilege, as the following entries in his journal prove:—

'*June* 6, 1799.

'To-morrow, if I live, I am to be confirmed. Oh! may I find it, by the Lord's presence, good for my soul.'

'*June* 8, 1799.

'Yesterday I was confirmed by the Bishop of Chester; and I trust, found the Lord's presence with me. There were about twenty-five others.'

On the 1st July he left Oxford for the long vacation, which was spent partly at home, and partly with his uncle in Milk Street. He thus describes his employments:—

'My time, which I can depend upon, is from nine o'clock till two; and of this I spend the first hour in Hebrew, the second in Greek, and the third in Latin. After dinner, if I have time, I read French and then English.'

On the 17th October he returned to Oxford, and set himself seriously to work at Herodotus and Livy, the Hebrew Bible, Hutton's Mathematics, and Rollin's Ancient History. He now also began to talk Latin familiarly with his friends Bull and Cawood.

On November 9th he writes to his mother:—

'I have more on my hands now by ten times that I ever had when I was in business.

'It is our mercy, as well as our privilege, that in our journey to the heavenly Canaan, we have but one thing to trouble ourselves about as to spiritual things, viz., to live near to God: and one, as to outward things, viz., to keep in the path of duty. Whilst we are going on humbly, leaving the direction in the hands of God, nothing can be eventually unsuccessful; and should the most adverse circumstances be, for a time, permitted to crowd around us, while we live near to God, neither our peace nor our safety can be disturbed.'

A few extracts may be given from his journal at the beginning of the year 1800.

'*January* 5, 1800.

'I would now desire to raise my Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped me." I have been kept from sin. Oh! what do I owe to the Lord for his grace. I would desire to lay the whole glory at his feet, and say, "Not unto me, not unto me!" The means of my preservation has been, the Lord keeping up in my heart a consciousness of my own weakness, and so preserving me from trusting in my own power and might. Thus have I been kept from day to day. But I feel a dread of committing sin. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."'

'*January* 26, 1800.

'How fast the days and weeks creep on! Three weeks have passed since I last wrote, and they seem but a moment. I have much reason for thankfulness, for the Lord's goodness to me. Oh! that I may still have a constant conviction of my own weakness, and a simple reliance upon the power and greatness of Christ. I do hope that I have a true repentance for sin, and that I really long for deliverance from it. But what can I say? Religion is what I have yet to learn. Oh! Lord, to thee would I look. Decide the doubt. I trust I am truly sincere. I hope I do truly wish and pray for deliverance from sin. I believe that there is nothing impossible with thee!'

'*March* 16.

'Oh! my soul, thou art this day going to approach the Lord's table. Examine thyself whether thou art in the faith.

Lord, be pleased to shine in me, then I shall examine myself aright.

'I have long been a professor of religion; long called Christ, "Lord, Lord!" But the question is, whether I have true grace in my heart, or am only a hypocrite: whether I am really united unto Christ by a saving faith, or whether still unacquainted with him: whether I have been "born again" by the Holy Ghost, or whether I am still a child of darkness: whether my general conduct, my tempers, my words, my actions prove that I have a portion of divine life in my soul, or not.

'Oh, Lord! I find in thy word, that thou art such a Saviour as I need, that thy atoning blood cleanses from all sin, and that thy Holy Spirit renews the most depraved heart and the most confirmed habits of iniquity. Thou art able and willing to receive the poor, trembling, returning sinner. I would come, O Lord! in this character—a sinner, whose only hope is in thy salvation. I would desire to renounce the service of every sin, and pray for grace to overcome every corruption.

'Be pleased to prepare me for the sacred ministry of thy Gospel. Lord, if I should be ever called to preach, may I preach nothing but Christ! Lord! make me a faithful, diligent, and (if it be thy will) successful minister.'

As he was thus pressing onwards, a pleasant vista opened before him, at the end of which he caught a glimpse of one of life's resting-places—a happy home! The glimpse was momentary, and the prospect distant; yet it was really of the Lord.

His uncle was now the owner of large estates at Worton in Oxfordshire; and the distance from Oxford not being great, access was easy and frequent. Mr. William Wilson's eldest daughter was a deserved favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, and an occasional inmate of their house; and thus intercourse with his "Cousin Ann" had sunshine to ripen it into affection.

It was after one of these occasional visits that the following letter was written. Its careful penmanship, its gentle imagery, the words it speaks, and the words it leaves unspoken, all give

evidence of a more than common interest on the part of the writer; whilst the store set by the letter, and its preservation even to this hour, conveys the impression that the note struck at Oxford, found a responsive chord at Worton.

'Oxford, *May* 9, 1800.

'I thought of you when I was walking round Magdalen walk the other evening, and could not help imagining how pleasant and agreeable everything around you must be. I do not know when we have had so pleasant and delightful a spring. Considering how alarming the present dearness of provisions is, we are called upon to be thankful for the prospects of abundance, which this fine weather is, I hope, an earnest of.. Though they are not our best blessings, yet the bounties of Providence are not, I think, to be overlooked. I hope we know, my dear cousin, how to be grateful for every mercy. Are we not also encouraged to see in the beauties of nature representations of the mysteries of grace? We cannot help remembering who is said to be the *sun* of righteousness; what is intended by the *dew* which descends upon Israel, and by the *river* whose streams make glad the city of God. We may call to mind likewise those *plants* which are planted in the house of the Lord, and flourish in the courts of our God; that *tree* under whose shadow we sit with great delight; and those *fruits* of the Spirit which are joy and peace.

'Well might the Apostle say, Religion has the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come: for, surely, no one so perfectly enjoys this world as they who use without abusing it, who see God in every thing, and make every object of nature and every favour of Providence a cause of gratitude and praise.

'I thought when I began I should have nothing to write, but I have got to the end of my sheet before I suspected it, and have a thousand things more to say.'

There are corresponding entries in his private journal, but the topic must be deferred for the present.

The long vacation had again commenced, and he makes the following remarks on the return of his birthday:—

'*July* 2, 1800.

'I have this day entered the 23rd year of my age. Oh that I might begin this year with feelings of gratitude for present mercies, and desires for more grace. Lord! be pleased to visit my soul. I would reflect on the past year with deep humility. Lord, I confess my vileness, my unthankfulness. I desire to lie down this night in deep repentance, and to accept with my whole soul, the free offer of salvation which thou hast made in Christ.

'I came home yesterday, and found my family and friends all well. I have this night been reading for the first time in Calvin's works, and have settled my plan for the vacation. I hope, by getting up at five o'clock, to have seven hours for study before dinner; and in the after part of the day, I hope to have time for French and Divinity, and writing Latin.'

The manner in which he "settled his plan" is recorded by one of his sisters. As soon as he arrived at home, and the first greetings were passed, he appealed to his mother. "Now, my dear mother, I am come to read. I can let nothing interrupt me till two o'clock. Then I shall be ready to enjoy your company and that of my sisters till tea-time, when I must have two or three hours more study before I go to bed."

All this was acquiesced in by his family, and rigidly adhered to by himself. He was never interrupted. A friend might occasionally be introduced into his little study, but he himself was never called down. And surely the secret of his success in after life is involved in this resolute purpose, resolutely carried out.

In his journal he writes:—

'*October* 5.

'I have been receiving the holy sacrament at Mr. Newton's church, and have had the Lord's presence in some degree. Oh! what cause have I for thankfulness. Mr. Newton preached from Psalm 130. Well might I say that I have been in "the depths"—the depths of sin, the depths of temptation. Lord, I cry unto Thee out of the depths. Be pleased to hear my voice.'

He returned to Oxford in November, thus entering upon his third and last year. A letter to his mother of Jan. 12th, 1801, is here inserted as a specimen of the correspondence before referred to, as showing the state of his mind, and as exhibiting a clearness and comprehensiveness of views uncommon in one so young.

'The time I spent with you in town appears to me now like a dream that is passed away. Thus it is that our life is hastening along. One scene presents itself and then vanishes: a second follows, and disappears in like manner. Now we are well; anon sickness seizes us. At this moment, everything is prosperous and comfortable; the next, all is dark and miserable.

'From reflecting upon these changes, however, we may learn two important lessons: the one solemn, the other encouraging.

'It is a solemn consideration, that amidst all the fluctuations of life, we are still making rapid advances towards eternity. Every wave, whether placid or turbulent, wafts us nearer to that awful shore. Like a ship which continues to make its way whatever the passengers on board may be doing, we are perpetually hurried forward, whatever may be our employments.

'But as this is a solemn thought, so is it encouraging to contrast the uncertainty of all things here below with the unchangeableness of our gracious and Almighty Lord. This is our safety, that there is One who hath said, "Because I live, ye shall live also;" and that there is an unfailing fountain of love and mercy in Him to remedy all the evils of time, and to crown us with every blessing.

'The more Satan can bring us to look upon the waves, the sooner we shall sink. It is when faith is fastened upon a crucified Jesus, that peace dwells in the heart, and holiness adorns the life and conversation. God gives us this "precious faith," that looking unto the Great Captain of our salvation, and receiving every supply from his fulness, we may go on our way rejoicing. The command is "Rejoice in the Lord always." May the Lord the Spirit produce this grace in us continually, and enable us to know more of the power of that kingdom, which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'

He writes also to his father, and refers to the general alarm produced by the King's illness and the state of public affairs. He promises to take more exercise, describes his happiness and comfort in every respect, expresses his delight in the new study of chemistry, refers with pleasing anticipations to Faber's "Bampton Lectures," and with a slight touch of humour says, that the gayer part of the university were expecting this year to usher in the "reign of the saints," for that the proctors and pro-proctors (amongst them Mr. Crouch) were all religious men.

College Essays also engaged him a good deal. He refers to one sent in at Christmas last, and to another now in preparation on the subject of the "Penitent Thief." He was also busily employed every Sunday in writing sermons, thus showing that the great work of the ministry was kept prominently before him.

We have now also an opportunity of observing the change which four years had made in the state of his mind and his mode of expression. It will be remembered that in the year 1797, he wrote "out of the depths," to encourage his friend Mr. Vardy in "preaching Christ." In January of this year a somewhat similar concurrence of circumstances happened, and we find a penitential letter respecting himself, and a hortatory letter to a college friend (Mr. Cawood) who had just taken holy orders, and entered on his work. The change is interesting.

'OXFORD, *Jan.*, 1801.

'Evils and dangers of all kinds surround me, so that life sometimes becomes a burden. Grievous temptations make me sigh and groan. Satan presses me down, and would fain prevent my rising up again. He meets me in the "way," and would turn me from it. No peace is granted, no truce made. Nor, indeed, do I wish it, if only my strength holds out.

'Nevertheless, God stands by me; and I would fain acknowledge his wondrous love. But for his succour, I had been lost. Whilst mentioning my own miseries, I would never forget his mercies.'

The stirring exhortation follows:—

'To you, my friend, who have now entered into the vineyard, what shall I say? May every happiness, and every blessing, and every good be yours. Be faithful, be fruitful. Time is short. The Lord is at hand. Eternity approaches. Watch and pray. Let not your heart fail, for Christ is your helper. Be not puffed up, for you are ignorant and powerless. Do all things as if the Judge was standing at the door.

'But why do I call these things to your mind: rather let me engrave them on my own heart.'

The following letter may be introduced here as manifesting a similar contrast. In anticipation of his leaving college, the curacy of Mr. Cecil at Chobham had been offered to him, and respecting it he writes as follows:—

'*June* 7, 1801.

'I hope and believe that in the measures which have been taken as to Mr. Cecil's curacy, the Lord's will has been principally sought after, and not man's! And this it is which gives me most consolation under the weight which lies upon my mind. If God has pointed out in His providence my post, He will supply grace and strength proportioned to it. In my case, indeed, I am persuaded nothing will do but a simple reliance upon the grace and power of Christ. I feel my weakness and ignorance, and I pray to be strengthened and taught by Him. The prospect of having to stand, as it were, between the living and the dead, cannot fail of filling me with apprehension. So far as this feeling drives me to a throne of grace, and forces me to cast all my care upon the Lord, it is salutary; and I hope to have grace to repress and overcome any distrust of the promises of the Redeemer, or that fear which is harassing and unbelieving. When Mr. Romaine came to Blackfriars, he said, in a letter, that he found it very hard work to manage his own heart; and he trembled at the idea of having to deal with several thousands. How infinitely more strongly does this apply to a child in age as well as in experience, if a man like Mr. Romaine found occasion to use it.'

If the subdued tone of this letter be contrasted with his eagerness and impetuosity when the first idea of the ministry

entered his mind, the benefit of sound learning and religious education will be abundantly manifest. His natural abilities were the same, his acquired information much greater, his religious principles more mature :—he was thus in every respect better qualified for the Master's service, and yet when bidden to enter in, he goes and takes the lowest place, showing evidently that if something of warmth and fervour had subsided, much self-knowledge and humility had been gained. In him was strikingly confirmed the wisdom of Mr. Cecil's remarks touching the qualifications for the sacred ministry :—

'Whoever would succeed in his general interpretations of Scripture, and have his ministry that of a workman who needeth not to be ashamed, must be a laborious man. What can be produced by men that refuse this labour? A few raw notions, harmless, perhaps, in themselves, but false as stated by them. What then should a young minister or candidate for the ministry do? His office says, Go to your books: Go to retirement: Go to prayer. "No," says the enthusiast, "Go to preach. Go and be a witness." A witness of what? He don't know.'—*Cecil's Works*, vol. i. p. 166.

The time now drew near when he was to be examined for his degree and leave the university. His course throughout had been marked by the most indefatigable diligence. Long after he had left his college, traditionary stories were told of his studious habits. In order to acquire a good Latin style, and enable himself to converse familiarly in that language, he was said to have translated the whole of Cicero's Epistles into English, and then to have re-translated them into Latin. It was reported also that he would often read through the whole night, and when utterly worn out, throw himself down on the carpet for a short respite. The first of these stories may be true enough: but the second must be rejected, as foreign to all his habits, and contrary to the advice given by him to his friends at the time, and to all young students in after-life.

The examination which he had to pass for his degree, furnishes no criterion of the extent or accuracy of his attainments. The ground he had to make up in order to overtake

his competitors is easily measured, but there is nothing to show how far he had outstripped them in the race.

The following short entry in his journal is the only notice he himself takes of the matter:—

'*June* 13, 1801.

'I was examined last week: and if I live, shall go to town on Wednesday and be ordained in September.'

It was therefore with great surprise and some embarrassment, that two early Latin letters were discovered, in which he himself gives a minute account of his examination in 1802—a year after he had left the university and entered the Church. These letters moreover correspond with an entry in his journal, dated "Chobham, July 14, 1802," in which he states that he had been for three weeks at Oxford, that he had passed his examination, and done all things required by the statute for the degree of *Master of Arts*. This added to the embarrassment:—for who in these days, ever heard of a real examination for the degree of Master of Arts? The whole matter was involved in mystery till explained by the kindness of Dr. Macbride, Principal of Magdalen Hall. Looking back more than half a century (as perhaps he alone at Oxford could do), he called to mind an examination statute passed in May, 1800, which included candidates for the degree of M.A., as well as for those of B.A. The examiners were the same for both degrees; and the examination was to be equally strict, equally necessary, and equally public.

But in this, their new-born zeal, the authorities of the university had gone too far. The degree of B.A. is in most cases a necessity, whilst the degree of M.A. is a luxury only: and hence when it was to be preceded by an examination, it was dispensed with altogether, or sought at Cambridge, where no such ordeal was required. The result of the statute was, that the number of Masters of Arts at Oxford sensibly diminished; and though not formally repealed, the statute was allowed rapidly to fall into neglect and desuetude.

But Daniel Wilson came under its operation, whilst it was in vigorous action: and we are thus enabled from his

second examination to supply what was lacking in the details of the first.

He writes to his friend Mr. Cawood, and makes very light of it.

'You seem,' he says, 'to make a great deal more of the examination I have just passed, than it deserves. I can scarcely help smiling at what you say, and at the anxiety you feel. I only gave three days for direct preparation, and you need not give one. But since "omne ignotum pro magnifico," I will tell you what really took place.'

He then goes on to say that he was examined with his friend Wheeler, and a Christ-Church man. The books he took up in Greek were Thucydides and Herodotus. But in Latin he made no selection—he took up all: "omnes optimæ ætatis auctores"—"omnes aureos auctores," are the expressions he employs. His friend Wheeler followed his example in the Latin, and took up Sophocles and Longinus in the Greek. In Hebrew, Daniel Wilson stood alone.

A book was first put into his hand called the "Gentleman's Religion," and he turned a page of it into Latin. The Greek Testament followed. He read part of Mark xiii, and answered questions about the temple erected in the time of Vespasian, and the prophecies concerning it in the Old and New Testament. Livy was then opened and a page translated. This led to many historical questions.

Up to this time he confesses he was not without apprehensions, not knowing where the examination might lead him: but now all fears subsided.

Latin being finished, Hebrew came on. He took up the whole Hebrew Bible: but the examiner (wisely perhaps for himself) confined his examination to the first Psalm and some grammatical questions, which were readily answered.

His friend having passed a similar ordeal, they were now bid to sit down whilst others were called on, approbation being expressed with what they had done.

Whilst sitting apart, the junior examiner, as if casually, asked whether Wilson had read Physics, and then put certain

questions, such as, "Whether the angle of refraction was equal to the angle of incidence?" "Whether a ray of light passing from a thin into a denser medium would be deflected from the perpendicular?" &c: all of which were of course answered. Mathematics, logic, and metaphysics were passed by: one of the sciences only being required by the statute.

When he was again formally called up, the third book of Thucydides was selected, and he was put on at one of the speeches. Neither this, nor the historical questions connected with it, gave him any difficulty. Xenophon followed instead of Herodotus (which was his book): but he took things as he found them, and the passage selected was (he says) neither "obscure nor difficult."

Thus ended the examination: and the senior examiner confirmed his former sentence by saying in a loud voice that Wheeler and Wilson had done themselves the greatest credit, and obtained the highest honour. The Christ-Church man gained his testamur, but nothing more; and six men were rejected. There were about one hundred auditors.

The letter closes by saying, "I have told you all this, that you may understand how little you have to do, and how little to fear. You would prefer, I know, that I should tell you all, rather than be silent from sham modesty. Nothing therefore, as a friend, have I concealed from my friend."

Nothing more was open to him as an object of ambition, but the university prizes. Two prizes are annually given for Latin verse and English prose, and occasionally a third, for English poetry. They are open for competition to those men only who have completed the fourth year from their matriculation. The subject for the English prose essay in the year 1803, was COMMON SENSE, and being then duly qualified, he entered the lists, and carried off the prize. He had previously consulted his three friends, Mr. Crouch, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Pearson, and though not sanguine, they had encouraged the attempt. So little did he himself anticipate success, and so little did the subject dwell upon his mind, that it was not even mentioned to any of his family, nor is there a single allusion to it in his private journals. Surprise, therefore, mingled with, and greatly enhanced the pleasure felt by all, when his name

was publicly announced as the successful competitor. His first notice of it himself, is in the following terms :—

'You have heard of the prize having been adjudged to me for my essay. It was perfectly unexpected by me I confess. God has wise ends in everything. It was He who directed the whole concern.

'Oh! for grace to be humble, watchful, dependent, and simply devoted to the glory of my divine Lord. Pray for me, to be kept at the feet of Jesus, learning his word, and seeking the honour which cometh of Him only.

'In consequence of the news, which I did not receive till Sunday, after church (May 29, 1803), I set off for Oakingham to meet Mr. Crowe, the public orator, at 7 o'clock on Monday morning. It seems I am to be at Oxford on Thursday, June 9th, Monday, June 13th, and Wednesday, June 15th, for purposes connected with the delivery of the essay.'

Again he writes, on June 2nd :—

'The first rehearsal of my essay is altered from Saturday, June 11th, to Thursday, June 9th. This essay has already given me more pain and apprehension than you can possibly conceive. It is a terrible thing to deliver it before the university.'

His apprehensions, however, were groundless. Some who were present, still survive, and they speak of his delivery of the essay as being characterised by perfect self-possession, combined with a modest consciousness of the distinguished audience before whom he stood.

One contemporary describes the meeting and greeting of college friends from various parts on the occasion. He names Natt, Spooner, Pearson, Wilson, Adderley, and Gleed; and says that the commemoration in the theatre went off admirably, that there was a splendid oration from the Professor of Poetry, and that "Wilson delivered his essay with considerable effect, and was received with very general applause."

He shared the honour, in his turn, with many who were then

starting in life, and have since risen to high distinction in Church and State,—with Lord Sidmouth, Dr. Burgess Bishop of Salisbury, Blackstone, Lord Tenterden, Dr. Philpotts Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Coplestone Bishop of Llandaff, Dr. Goodenough, Dr. Phillimore, Dr. Whately Archbishop of Dublin, and others.

But it is especially interesting to recal the fact that he was followed on the rostrum by REGINALD HEBER. The one had delivered his essay on "Common Sense," when the other rose to recite his poem of "Palestine."

There is something affecting in the picture of these two young aspirants, thus brought together in the morning of life, who were afterwards called to bear "the heat and burden of the day" in the same far distant land: something also in the scrolls they held, characteristic of the men: the one, throwing over India the charm of poetry, piety, and a loving spirit; the other, stamping upon it the impress of scriptural supremacy and evangelical truth: something of adaptation also in the Divine ordering of those consecrated spots where "they rest in their graves"—the chancel of ST. JOHN'S, Trichinopoly, and the chancel of ST. PAUL'S, Calcutta.

Daniel Wilson himself referred in after-life to this meeting in the Oxford theatre.

'Is it not a singular coincidence,' he said, 'that HEBER, my revered, able, and pious predecessor, delivered his poem of "Palestine," on the very day that I delivered my English prose essay on "Common Sense?" I well remember as I came down from the rostrum, seeing Heber, who sat immediately behind, testifying his applause in the kindest manner, though I never made his acquaintance till July 26th, 1812, when Mr. Thornton introduced him to me at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, after hearing me preach from Hebrews ii. 3.'

The day following these recitations, one of the Heads of houses met Mr. Crouch in the High Street, Oxford.

"Well, Mr. Crouch," he said, "so 'Common Sense' has come to Edmund Hall at last."

"Yes;" replied Mr. Crouch, with his quiet humour, "but not yet to the other colleges."

Thus ended Daniel Wilson's undergraduate life. He never took his name off the books of his university. He passed his examination the first week in June, 1801; took his degree of B.A. on March 2, 1802; was examined for the degree of M.A. on June 30, 1802; had the prize assigned to him in May, 1803; became M.A. on October 10, 1804; and was made D.D. by royal mandate on April 12, 1832.

CHAPTER V.

CHOBHAM.

1801—1803.

Chobham and Bisley—Rev. R. Cecil—Parishioners and Visitors—Preaching—Mr. Pearson—Cecil's manner—Latin Journal—Ordination at Farnham—Reflections—First Sermons—Success—Sketch of Sermons—Indications of Character—Prospect of Tutorship—Of Marriage—Letter of William Wilson—Journal—Farewell Sermon—London—His Marriage.

CHOBHAM is a pleasant agricultural village in Surrey, parochially connected with Bisley, a retired hamlet three miles distant. At the time of which we write, the population of the united parishes amounted to about eighteeen hundred. There were two churches. Mr. Thornton was the patron, and the Rev. Richard Cecil the rector.

These small livings had been offered to the Rev. Mr. Cecil in the year 1800, as affording the prospect of some respite from the arduous duties of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, of which he was the minister. He reluctantly yielded to the advice of friends; and having accepted the charge, bent all the powers of his mind towards its fulfilment. At his first coming he found everything in disorder. Religion was neither valued nor understood. The people were rude and irreverent; and on the first Sunday of his appearance amongst them, so great was the uproar and so loud the talking in church before service, that, as he sat in the vestry, he burst into tears, and said, "Can these dry bones live?" But this was soon changed for the better. All the year round a curate was at work, and for the three summer months Mr. Cecil himself resided, and took the duty. He conciliated the farmers by his disinterestedness, and won the labourers by his earnestness.

Additional services were commenced; large and attentive congregations gathered; and it was soon said, as of Zion in the olden time, "This and that man was born there." Amongst other interesting cases of "peace at the last," one is told of a poor uneducated man, a miller's labourer, named Joseph Waller. He was on his dying bed, and the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was being read to him. Though weak, and faint, and full of pain, yet when he heard the words, "Incline your ear and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;" he gathered up his strength to say, "What a mercy, sir, that it is not '*Read*, and your soul shall live;' for if it had been, I could not have been saved, for you know I am no scholar. But, blessed be God, it is, '*Hear*, and your soul shall live;' I have heard, and believed, and trust I shall be saved."

Visitors would occasionally appear in that quiet village: and it is recorded that on one occasion, in the year 1800, the well-known Arthur Young, then secretary to the Board of Agriculture, put up at the little Chobham inn on a Saturday night, and attended church on Sunday morning. Mr. Cecil preached from Jeremiah viii. 20—22: and so much was Mr. Young impressed by the deep pathos and powerful appeals of his discourse, that he walked the three miles to Bisley to hear him again in the afternoon. Mr. Cecil possessed an unusual power of impressing a congregation and riveting their attention. Sometimes a sentence, or even a single word, sufficed. On this occasion he preached from the parable of the ten virgins, and from the moment he gave out the text, and pronounced the words, "THE DOOR WAS SHUT," the whole body of the people hung upon his lips in breathless awe. This sermon confirmed the impression made upon Mr. Young in the morning. He sought and obtained an introduction to Mr. Cecil, and spent the evening with him in serious and animated conversation. The best results followed; and from this time religion shed a calm and steady light upon his path, even to the end.

In his latter years Mr. Cecil was occasionally a great sufferer. He always sat in the pulpit, and often preached in pain. But few men have been more distinguished for originality of mind, and grand yet simple views of truth; whilst in his power of arresting the attention, convincing the under-

standing, impressing the conscience, and affecting the heart, he stood unrivalled in his day.

To be trained then under such a man for the work of the ministry was no small advantage; and this advantage Daniel Wilson enjoyed at Chobham. Though not to be ordained till the middle of September, he came down at the beginning of August. He found Mr. Pearson, who had preceded him in the curacy, but had been compelled to resign it from ill health, still in residence; and for some months the two friends lived together, and had all things in common. One small sitting-room sufficed for the future "bishop" and "dean," and just admitted two tables for their desks; whilst books were scattered on the floor around, or piled up in their respective bed-rooms. They walked, read, and prayed together; and thus cemented a friendship which had been commenced at Oxford.

Mr. Cecil was a frequent visitor at their little room, favouring them with his most instructive and original conversation. He never wasted time in idle talk, but began at once upon some subject connected with the ministry, or some ancient or modern book in theology; or he would analyse some great religious character, or discuss some event in his own life: and thus pour forth a rich and copious stream of wisdom and experience. Then perhaps an attack of pain would come on, and having no couch to receive him in their little room, he would lie upon the floor, often turning on his face for a time to conceal every expression of the anguish which he felt. The paroxysm once passed, he would resume his former attitude, and continue his discourse.

Such was the nature of his personal intercourse. A specimen of his correspondence shall now be given, not only as being illustrative of character, but as adapted to all times and all ministers.

'I particularly wish you would study hard to prepare yourself for this place. It is not enough that a man has good intentions. He needs also capacity, knowledge, aptitude,—all which, you know, are greatly improved by study; and study itself much depends on method.

'Now, then, for the method. Go amongst the poorest and most illiterate of the people where you dwell, and let your subject of discourse to them be the solar system. Endeavour with great plainness to defend Copernicus against Tycho: and make them thoroughly understand the difference and the superiority. Don't let one depart till he is fully convinced that the sun must be placed in the centre.

'"Stop," say you, "I shall never be able to make them understand my very terms." "No? Then invent new ones adapted to their capacity: for much easier is it to give people right notions of the solar system than of the Gospel; and far more willing will they be to let the SUN stand in his place there than here. Pray, therefore, study hard: and in a way a college never teaches."'

That Daniel Wilson availed himself to the utmost of the opportunities thus afforded him, and diligently gathered up the crumbs which fell from that rich man's table, will appear from notes made by him at the time and entered in his journal. They are written in Latin, and the necessity of translation will explain the difference of style.

'I came to Chobham on August 1st, 1801, for the benefit of Mr. Cecil's advice and instruction; the object being that I might become qualified to preach, and that discovering my faults, whether natural or acquired, I might correct them. I instantly perceived the advantage to be derived from this. Nor have I been deceived. I have great reason to be thankful for the opportunity. God grant that I may turn what I have learned to my own profit and the promotion of His glory.

'*I want suavity.* There is a kind of austerity and roughness about me, which is easily discernible, and seems wrought into my very nature. I must strive therefore to infuse something of kindness and urbanity into all I do, and particularly into the composition of my sermons. For kindness wins assent. Whereas to attempt to sway and control men by violence, does but excite opposition and dislike.

'*Modesty also is a great thing in a young man.* All are

ready to yield to one who is really modest, not claiming authority, but desirous of pleasing others, and showing himself the helper and the friend of all.

'*A clear and simple style of writing* must be carefully cultivated; but so, as to avoid everything low and vulgar. That power of expression and flow of imagination which moves and persuades men, is much wanting in me. I must therefore seek by diligence and perseverance to acquire those qualifications which nature has denied. Subjects must be selected for discussion which breathe love, peace, and goodwill, and which, naturally perhaps, I should be disposed to pass by.

'*August* 1, 1801.'

'I have passed several days lately in composing sermons. If I have at all improved, my thanks are due to God above. It is only through Him I know what I ought to do, or can have strength and power to fulfil the same. I have tried to avoid coarseness, and show tenderness: and have so far succeeded. I say this, not to nourish pride, but that I may recognise God's mercy, and freely acknowledge it. Many things have yet to be done. That whereunto I have attained with so much labour, I can scarcely call the foot of the mountain. Far be it then from me to begin to idle on the ascent, or foolishly think that I have reached the summit. I have finished two sermons, which have been well thought over. I am now meditating on others.

'*August* 29, 1801.'

'There is danger lest whilst desirous of learning from Mr. Cecil, I should copy him too closely. His address, countenance, cast of mind, and style of elocution are so entirely his own, and so appropriate to himself, that it would be a great fault were I to attempt to imitate them. I must be very careful lest, by treading in his steps, I make myself ridiculous. One would fain always be like the person one admires: but to copy peculiarities is foolish. It will not, however, be very easy for me to avoid this. I have a tendency to fall into the track of every one I love and am familiar with. I must therefore be on my guard, and aim at consistency. Whatever there is of

good in me, that I will try to improve, and not think of acquiring habits foreign to my own. Rather let me, by correcting faults and supplying defects, adapt myself to Mr. Cecil's disposition and turn of mind. May God give the attempt a happy issue.

'*August* 29, 1801.

'Many things are yet lacking. Whilst leaving out harsh words, I do not introduce soft things. I treat the sweetest subject roughly, and do not use that persuasiveness which might compel assent. It is right enough to constrain men and draw them, unwilling though they be, from sin. But the summons should precede the battering at the door. Constant threats harden the mind, whilst the introduction of tender topics melt it to tears at once.

'By labouring at a subject, I become too diffuse. It is very well to urge the same thing over and over again in different words, because common people the more readily understand it. But it must not be dwelt on too long. That which does not throw light upon a subject, tends to darken it.

'Illustrations should be brought forward, and chiefly those which are to be found in Scripture. For these at once instruct and delight; and resting on the truth itself, cannot be gainsayed, and above all, are easy to be understood.

'Scripture should be often quoted. What a man says on his own authority is not sufficient. The words of God come with power, and win assent, and have a savour of dignity and majesty. That may be well thought to have a direct bearing on the salvation of men which has been written by the inspiration of God's Spirit.

'*September* 4, 1801.'

'I have yet much to learn. Christ must be magnified in every sermon. To neglect Him is to neglect all. If a man were to preach Judaism, he would do no good. He might say what was true, and what perhaps could not be denied, but there would be no result. Why? Because he failed to raise before the eyes of all, CHRIST the brazen serpent. Every thing is cold, dull, and torpid without the Sun. It is His

warmth which makes those members glow which otherwise would be benumbed.

'Duties must be so explained that their connection with gospel truth may be evidently seen; whilst gospel truth must be so laid down that duties may cling to it. When we have clear light, it is a shame to walk in darkness. To teach only what the better instructed amongst the Jews would have taught, avails nothing. We must go further; and not only dwell upon those things which the ancients knew whilst darkness was yet lingering on the earth, but exhibit prominently those illustrious and gospel truths, which the Sun, now risen, has made manifest to all men.

'*September* 10, 1801.'

Impressed with such thoughts he prepared for his ordination. He had previously been accepted as a candidate by Dr. Brownlow North, Bishop of Winchester; and was ordained, after due examination, on September 20th, 1801. He went straight from Farnham to Chobham, and wrote to his mother as follows:—

'I have, indeed, reason to be thankful for the mercies I have lately received. Every circumstance connected with my business at Farnham was so ordered by a kind providence, that I met with no difficulties. Nor have I less reason to be thankful for the support I have received in this early stage of my ministry. Not only was I enabled to compose my sermons with comfort, but the being kept from fear in the delivery, my memory not becoming confused, and, above all, my being able to feel what I was about and speak from the heart, all are so many mercies which call loudly for gratitude.

'I feel now the need of double grace, humility and circumspection. The having to answer for the *souls* of the inhabitants of two extensive parishes will call for all the watchfulness, and love, and tenderness which I can possibly exercise. And yet I am not sufficient of myself to think anything of myself, but *my sufficiency is of God.* It is for my comfort to reflect that the work is *God's.* The event is with Him. May I but have grace to aim simply at His glory, and rely simply on His arm,

and I shall not finally be discomfited. He can make strength "perfect in weakness," and show that while the treasure is in earthen vessels, the "excellency of the power" is of Himself, and not of man.'

On the same day the following entry appears in his journal:—

'I am now numbered amongst the dressers of God's vineyard. I entered into holy orders on the 20th September, by the imposition of hands of the Bishop of Winchester. Whilst Mr. Cecil is absent I shall have two sermons to preach weekly, one at Chobham, and one at Bisley. All difficulties having been removed by the help of God, I am now happily discharging my sacred functions. What I had prepared, being committed to memory, I was enabled to deliver freely. Nor have I to complain of any unkind reception; on the contrary, I have to acknowledge with gratitude to God that it was far beyond my expectations.

'In my first sermon I treated of the willingness of Christ to receive sinners coming unto him,—"Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." John vi. 37. In the second, I endeavoured to explain the peace which Christ gave to His disciples—"Peace I leave with you."—John xiv. 27.

'Grant, Almighty God, that those things which by Thy grace have happily begun, may by Thy power be brought to a good result.'

He then resumes his notes upon ministerial efficiency: a few more of which may be added:—

'The minister is invested with authority. His power consists not in the strength of his body, but of his character. If his reputation is lost, all is lost: respect goes; influence ceases; what he says, evaporates; what he does, drags.

'The great point is, to combine affection and respect. To attain this, we have nothing in our own power. God alone can give it. But He is wont to bestow His blessing upon those who exhibit diligence and perseverance.

'*October* 5, 1801.'

CHOBHAM CHURCH IN 1801.

Vol. I., page 78.

'Sermons must be composed not by gentle, but by stringent methods; not by humouring the mind, but by coercing it. It is indispensable that he who writes many, should write quickly. The subject for discussion may be deemed a secondary matter: but when once suggested to the mind, it should be immediately seized and dealt with. Necessity draws out the powers of the mind and brings its riches to the light. The most celebrated men have excelled others by the force of will. Compulsion must be used. The mind must be urged. The faculties must be excited. Nothing must be yielded to delay, fastidiousness, or languor. The doors must be beaten in, and broken down, if they will not open. The imprisoned mind must be let loose, and the barren invention stimulated. Thoughts sluggish and heavy, must not be tolerated. If unwilling and reluctant, they must be dragged by force from their hiding-place, hurried to the plain, pushed upon the course, and compelled to run the race, leaning upon anything or nothing.

'*October* 14, 1801.'

Towards the close of the year, he found himself alone with the whole duty of the two parishes on his hands. It called forth all his energies, and he set himself diligently to work. He writes to his mother as follows:—

'I have been very well since I returned from town, and proceed with comfort, and I hope success in my work. I have not seen any fruits as yet, but I suppose it is too early for me to be anxious on that head. In God alone is my hope, both to support and bless. His promise stands engaged on my behalf, "My word shall not return unto me void." Here I rest, praying and believing that, whilst he enables me to prophesy to the "dry bones," he will, as it seemeth best unto him, make them rise up "an exceeding great army."

'The more I enter into my great object, that of "winning souls," the more easy and delightful everything appears to me. But it is not always that I retain those views of eternity, of sin, of heaven, of a Redeemer, of the value of souls, which it is my duty and my interest to be actuated by. I have need to pray with the disciples, "Lord increase my faith:" "Lord

give me a faster hold of thee, as my master, my friend, my portion, my Saviour, my all in all."

'I have begun in good earnest to see a little more of my people, being by this time established in my situation. I call in general on three or four every day, and give books and advice as I find occasion, and pecuniary relief when I think it needful. I hope God will bless me in this part of my duty. If it be useful only in subservience to the public ordinances of the Church, I shall be thankful. The insight this employment gives me into the hearts and dispositions of men, shows me more the value of salvation, and the wonderful mercy of God when any one is brought to receive it. God be praised for His "unspeakable gift!" God be praised for "a Saviour!" How little do we know of the infinite love contained in that divine word—a Saviour! God grant that by his Spirit we may *see* more, and *feel* more, and *live* more to the glory of Him who hath called us out of darkness into his marvellous light.'

Every entry in his journal from this time shows that these were not mere idle words. He was continually traversing the parish from end to end: every mud hut was visited: and the names of each individual or family at Chobham and Bisley may be found recorded, with traits of character, and slight reports of failure or success in dealing with them; so that at length he obtained from Mr. Cecil himself the name of "The Apostle Wilson."

Nor was he without encouragement and a measure of success.

'I drank tea last night,' he writes, 'with one of our farmers: all was life and feeling, humility and tenderness: his mind was set upon God and awake to its true interests. It was delightful to be in his company. And yet this same farmer a short time ago was the first to laugh at "the methodists," and was accustomed to mount his horse and ride to some other church on the Sunday. How great a change!

'S—— and widow S—— are, I trust, about to give themselves to God. They are both evidently touched, by the preaching of God's word, with a deep sense of divine things. Oh Holy Spirit may it indeed prove thus!

'There is one young person now to whom I hope the Divine Spirit has given grace through my instrumentality.

'I have reason to hope that H——, moved by grace, has been brought to a sense of divine things. Oh that it may prove so!

'I have at length heard of two persons who have received real good from my preaching. Grant, Lord, that being truly Thine, they may be saved from wrath through Jesus Christ. To Thee it appertains to call sinners and separate them from others. To Thee therefore be all the praise. Grant to me, that I may be ever grateful to Thee!'

On the 14th April, 1802, he was refreshed by a visit from Mr. Cecil.

'My most dear friend, Mr. Cecil,' he says in his journal, 'came yesterday. I hope to derive much benefit from his sermons. For five months I have been going on without advice, solely by my own guidance; so that I began to think I had improved in preaching, and was shutting my eyes to my ignorance and errors. But now I have a standard set up before me, by which I may accurately measure my real attainments, and learn my progress and short-comings; what I should do, and what leave undone.'

He must have felt great relief from these occasional visits of Mr. Cecil, for he had now three sermons to preach every week, and very little spare time for preparation. Thus, at the end of May, being again alone, he writes:—

'I have reason to be thankful I was enabled to go through last Sunday here, with some spirituality of mind, and much comfort. I never went up to preach with so little preparation. Two hours was nearly all the time I had for this purpose. The next week does not promise to be much better, I am so unaccountably occupied. But this is not what I like.'

He appears to have begun first of all, by writing his sermons

fully out, and committing them to memory ("mandata memoriæ" is his expression). But he soon adopted the plan of taking up notes only into the pulpit: and the following is a sketch of one of his early sermons, written in March, 1802, on a narrow strip of paper, and in common hand:

'Ezekiel xxxiii, 11.

'Context:—

'1st. The command. "Turn ye," &c.

'1. Turn from evil ways.

'2. Turn to God and holiness.

'3. Turn by grace of Holy Spirit.

'2nd. The encouragement. "As I live," &c. God has no pleasure in the death, &c., which he proves—

'1. By having given his Son.

'2. By his repeated invitations.

'3. By giving space to repent.

'3rd. The expostulation. "Why will ye," &c.

'1. Sin will be your ruin.

'2. God is willing to save.

'3. If you die, it is your own fault.

'Application:—

'1. Have we turned?

'2. Exhort to turn.

'3. Exhort to diligence as Christians.'

The preservation of this sermon has been apparently quite accidental: and some little interest attaches to it, from an entry which appears in his journal as follows:—

'*March* 13, 1802.

'Widow Waller has been brought to a right mind, and been enabled to rejoice in God from a sermon which I preached from the xxxiii Ezekiel.'

The germs of character, which developed themselves in later life, may be discerned in these early days of his ministry; and four incidents which occurred at Chobham, though trifling in themselves, will serve to show his resistance to natural ten-

dencies, his readiness to receive advice, his attachment to Church order, and his superiority to petty jealousy.

The first incident he shall relate himself.

'I gave way to a foolish shame to-day. Purposing to visit Mr. Bayley, when I got near, overcome by a childish fear, I gave up my purpose and passed by the house.

'It will be necessary to check fear of this kind, unless I am willing either to lose my time, or neglect my flock.'

Accordingly it was checked at once, and on the next day he writes as follows:—

'I have made haste to do as I have said. I have seen Beauchamp, Taylor, Tucker, *Bayley*, and others. A clergyman who would benefit his people, is not at liberty to please himself.'

The same determination characterised him through life. Disinclination might overcome duty once, but not twice. Search all his journals; read all his letters:—hundreds of self-accusations will be found, but not one excuse. He never stood looking at a fault when discovered, but instantly grappled with it.

The next incident will serve as an illustration of his readiness to receive advice. During one of Mr. Cecil's visits to Chobham, he had endeavoured to correct that loudness of voice and vehemence of action in the pulpit which threatened to become habitual and excessive. This is noticed in Daniel Wilson's private journal, and his remark is as follows:—

'I clearly perceive that my preaching is very bad. It is all "*vi et armis.*" I make clamour, and shouting, and noise my helpers—as if sound without sense ever did any good. I must spare no pains to correct these faults now I know them. I only grieve most deeply that when Mr. Cecil in the kindest manner mentioned them to me, I perceived a secret sensation of anger, when I ought to have felt nothing but gratitude.'

This was his manner through life. The advice given was not always remembered, nor always followed; for the bow, bent for a time, would return to its original bias. But no man ever received it more readily, or acknowledged it more gratefully.

The third incident is copied from his journal:—

'As I was walking to-day to visit a sick person, a woman who lived beyond the boundaries of the parish met me, and asked, Whether I would go and see one of her family who was at the point of death. Thus asked, I did not exactly know what to say. I could have refused. But when I had reflected a little while, I told the woman I felt constrained to assent. Did I do right?'

No doubt he did right, for Death will not wait for the proper parochial clergyman! But the doubt, or rather the exception, proves the rule. His earnest desire to do good found free course only amongst his own people. When, a short time before this, some proposal had been made to him by Mr. Eyre which, though calculated for usefulness, was not strictly regular, his reply, though characterised by modesty and deference, was very firm.

'I consider myself,' he said, 'as directed by God's providence to a particular part of the vineyard, and that it will be a duty irreversibly incumbent on me never to enter into engagements with the Bishop which I at the same time intend to violate.'

Thus he connected Evangelical truth with Church order: and thus he formed a link between the past age, which often separated piety and regularity, and the present age which, with greater or less success, combines them.

The fourth incident occurred when he went up to Oxford in May, 1802, for a short time. His place at Chobham was supplied by his friend Marsh—now the venerable Dr. Marsh. On his return he makes the following entry in his journal:—

'Praises of all kinds were showered on him. My people were so struck with his countenance, his address, his sermons, his courtesy, that they lauded him to the skies. God be praised!'

This entry is very characteristic. It never required any self-control in him to hear another commended. Once satisfied that the truth of the Gospel was secure, his "God be praised," was always ready. He was above or beyond the influence of petty jealousy through life.

The year 1802 was now drawing to a close, and the reflections in his journal at the time may serve as a specimen of many others scattered through it during the year. They show him still struggling with sin, and walking humbly with God.

'*December* 17, 1802.

'This year is almost gone. How fast time flies! How near eternity approaches! A month seems scarcely to have passed, when a year is gone. As I have abundant cause to give God thanks for benefits received, so have I still greater cause to implore pardon for my many and shameful sins. How good is God! How worthless, slothful, and ungrateful am I! Words cannot express with what chains my soul is bound, with what diseases it is wasted, with what desires it is consumed! Oh, Jesus! Thou art the Saviour of mankind, be my Saviour, be my Physician, my Lord, my Comfort, my All in All!'

Hitherto his mind had been fixed upon the duties of his Cure, but now two events occurred, which first unsettled, and then withdrew him from it. The one was his appointment to a tutorship at Oxford, the other was his marriage.

The following is his own account of the first of these events:—

'*January* 23, 1803.

'I have wonderful things to record. I have refused the curacy of Henley which has been offered to me, because, when I came here, I engaged to stay with Mr. Cecil three years. This being settled—lo! another matter, much more serious,

occurs. Mr. Crouch wishes to know whether I should be willing to return to Oxford, and, conjointly with himself, undertake the office of tutor at St. Edmund's Hall. It is to be with this understanding, that the lighter part of the duty falls upon me at first, but that I should be prepared eventually to take the whole burden. The question is under consideration. The Principal has to be sounded. Mr. Cecil must be consulted and persuaded. Almost everything wants arrangement. May God's will be done! This alone grieves and vexes me—that with so great a matter hanging over me, I am so feeble in mind, so full of sin, so backward in prayer, watchfulness, and submission.'

The same subject is again referred to on the 9th March, a day never forgotten by him:—

'Seven years have passed since the grace of God came with power to me, who was buried in total darkness. I acknowledge myself to be the vilest of the vile, and I grieve over it. Still the grace of God is exceedingly abundant towards me. I wish to be nothing, and would cleave to Christ only.

'The Oxford business is approaching its completion. The Principal has consented. My parents acquiesce. Mr. Cecil, though disinclined, does not absolutely refuse. I have written to Mr. Crouch to say that I shall be ready to undertake it as soon as I have fulfilled my engagement to remain with Mr. Cecil for three years. This must be done, unless Mr. Crouch can find some one whom Mr. Cecil would be willing to take in my place, and thus set me free. The will of the Lord be done.'

The other important matter which now engaged his mind was his contemplated marriage with his cousin Ann. The probability of this event has been hinted at in a former chapter, and it now assumed a practical form, and progressed *pari passu* with the appointment to the Oxford tutorship, and the selection of a successor at Chobham. His affection was deep and sincere. It had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength. But all outward manifestations

of it had been suppressed, whilst, as he says in his journal, he was "not in a position to marry." The moment, however, that the Oxford proposal made an opening, the hidden waters gushed out and had free course. He addressed his parents on the subject, and made known his wishes to them, and then through them, to his uncle, Mr. William Wilson.

The immediate consequence appeared in a letter written by that gentleman to his daughter, so full of kindness and good sense, that it may serve as a model to parents, and is accordingly introduced here. Its preservation is due doubtless to her to whom it was addressed.

'London, *May* 7, 1803.

'And now, my dear Ann, I am going to mention a circumstance which will require your cool and deliberate consideration. Your uncle Stephen called upon me soon after I got home to inform me that his son Daniel had an attachment to you, and wished to know whether I had any objection to your forming such a connection in marriage.

'I gave him no other answer, but that it was a very important subject, and I must have full time for consideration. I have prayed earnestly to God for direction. I have considered the matter well according to the best judgment God has given me; and on Thursday evening I gave your uncle this answer: that I had determined to lay the matter before you simply as it is, and leave you *to act just as your judgment and feelings directed you.*

'Whether you would wish to marry at present I know not: or if you do wish to marry, whether you would prefer your cousin Daniel to any other man for a husband, I am equally ignorant. I think it right to add for your information, that if you prefer remaining single, in all human probability your circumstances in life will be such as to enable you to live rather in a state of affluence; and that if you think it right to marry your cousin, they will probably be such (for the present) as will enable you to enjoy the comforts of life, though not its luxuries. I should suppose your income would be about the same as Mr. and Mrs. Crouch's now is.

'And now, my dear Ann, I will pray earnestly to God for you (and I have no doubt you will pray earnestly for yourself),

that he would give you wisdom and grace, that you may be enabled to form such a determination as shall hereafter prove for your own comfort and happiness, and for the glory of God.

'You have long known your cousin Daniel. You know his person, you know his character, you know his manners and situation in life. Take some time well to consider the matter, without asking the opinion or advice of others, that you may do it with a mind clear and uninfluenced by persuasion. Think well first, whether you would wish to marry at present; and if you think you should, then consider well whether you feel such an attachment to the person, such an esteem for the character, and such a satisfaction in the situation in life of your cousin Daniel, that you would prefer him to any other man for a husband.

'If after you have well considered it yourself, and formed your own views of it, you wish to consult your aunt, I have no objection. And for your satisfaction, I would just further observe, that whatever is your determination, *it will be perfectly satisfactory to me.*

'When you have well considered the matter, I shall expect to hear from you, and I hope you will write with the most perfect freedom.'

A second letter, written by Mr. William Wilson a week after, will tell the result:—

'LONDON, *May* 14, 1803.

'*I am perfectly satisfied with your decision,* and will pray earnestly to God that if the proposed connection be formed, it may tend to your present and future happiness, and to the glory of God.

'I must cease to be your father before I cease to love you, to pray for you, to advise you, and seek your happiness.

'Since receiving your letter, I have informed your uncle that he may let your cousin Daniel know he has my consent to express his attachment to you. Whether he will do this by letter, or personally, I do not know; whether he will do it soon, or defer it for a little time, I cannot say. Whenever he does make the application, I have no doubt you will treat him

with all that openness and candour which so important a subject requires, and which your own disposition would incline you to.

'I forgot to mention in my former letter that your cousin's view is still to go and assist Mr. Crouch at Oxford, and that Mr. Cecil is to release him as soon as he can get another curate likely to suit him.'

But what is passing meanwhile in the little house at Chobham? Let the private journal testify:—

'I confess that my mind is much disturbed by these various cares. I need faith, patience, and submission, to the will of God. Nor am I destitute of an inward feeling of tranquillity and peace. Stayed upon God, I desire to do nothing but His will. I trust all to Him who can rule, and order, and perfect everything, and make all at length work together for my good. Oh! that I might be as earnest in divine things as I am in earthly and transitory things. Oh! God, make me entirely Thine, and may all I have be dedicated to Thee.

'*May* 13, 1803.'

There could not be much doubt whether, when set free, he would express his attachment "personally, or by letter: whether he would do it soon, or defer it a little." It would not have been like him to hesitate in such a matter; and accordingly we find him at Worton on the 16th May, pleading his own cause. Nor did he plead in vain. He became an accepted suitor; and after a fortnight's holiday, a correspondence began, which, with interruptions from frequent visits, was continued till their marriage.

It touches, perhaps saddens, the heart, to read the thirty letters written by him which still remain—all full of pleasant anticipations—all leavened with true piety—all preserved with so much care: but all now reading like "a tale that is told," or a "dream when one awaketh." Few letters written under such circumstances would bear the light. But these might all be published. They are models of good sense, simplicity, tenderness, and piety. One extract from the first, and another from the last, may be given as specimens of the whole:—the

one was written immediately after his return from his first visit to Worton, the other immediately before his departure from Chobham to claim his bride.

'CHOBHAM, *May* 24, 1803.

'On my return, I found nothing had been done during my absence. I had everything, therefore, to attend to myself; so that I have really done nothing this week, except stealing an hour or two each day to visit a few of my people. But I can safely say, that amidst all my avocations, numerous and fatiguing as they are, not a single hour has passed when I have not repeatedly and most affectionately remembered my dear cousin. I wish I could add that thoughts of Jesus my Master rose as frequently and spontaneously in my mind. But alas! it is not so. It is as natural for me to connect in my mind everything I see and hear, with the idea of what my cousin Ann would think of this, and what she would say of that, if she saw it, as it is for me to eat my food. Oh! that I could connect in the same familiar manner all I do with the thought, what God would think of this, and what His view would be of my conduct.

'I can devise no scheme at present for seeing you again. I must wait till Mr. Cecil comes down. I am sure my heart is in Oxfordshire. How hard it is for corrupt creatures to enjoy the most lawful pleasures in a lawful degree. God must be still supreme in our hearts, or else we are idolaters. May He be the Lord of all our affections and desires. We cannot love Christ too much; we cannot think of Him too much; we cannot strive to please and honour Him too much. He requires all our love, all our thoughts, all our obedience. Come, Thou divine Saviour, and rule Thou in the midst of Thine enemies! Cleanse, pardon, and sanctify us!'

An interval of some months occurred, during which he was engaged in the performance of his usual duties, in anxious enquiries for a successor, and in several visits to Worton; and then he wrote his last letter, of which the following is an extract:—

'CHOBHAM, *November* 15, 1803.

'I send you a line to-night for fear I should be prevented

seeing you as I intended, and still intend on Thursday. Mr. Cottam (his successor in the curacy) has not arrived according to our plan, and his promise. His conduct is without excuse, not only as a breach of an adjusted plan, but as an encroachment upon a man in my delicate circumstances, when an hour of delay is like an age.

'This is however certain, that if others fail of their duty, I must not fail of mine. My dearest cousin may be assured that nothing in the world shall keep me from her most delightful society, but absolute duty. I feel now a regret that I agreed to wait for Mr. Cottam. I should otherwise have been in London yesterday.

'In London? Yes, my dear cousin, and with you, assuring you of my most tender, sincere, and ardent affection. But the disappointment to day throws a damp over my mind. For one delay and one mistake may lead to a thousand others. It shows me the uncertain nature of every earthly arrangement. It makes me rejoice as though I rejoiced not. It makes me feel again and again my dependence upon God for everything I am, and everything I hope in time and eternity. May we feel a resigned will to the Lord's will in everything. May we say, What Thou wilt, as Thou wilt, when Thou wilt.'

The last entry in his journal before leaving Chobham, after the most humbling confession of sin, concludes as follows:—

'Let me rather turn to thee, O Lord Jesus! Whom I have rejected, and whose blood I have trodden under foot. Be to me light, salvation, hope, all in all. Touch my hard heart; soften, renew, fill it with thy grace. Rule, direct, control me by Thy Holy Spirit. Grant that I may earnestly flee from sin, that I may truly repent, that I may be always on the watch, that I may walk in the ways of holiness, that I may abhor the lusts of the flesh, and never sanction them in thought or will! Grant that I may be indeed dead unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

'*October* 15, 1803.'

Large congregations assembled to hear the three farewell

sermons which he preached on Sunday, November 13th. All were much affected: a feeling in which he largely shared.

His subjects for the pulpit were:—

"Wherefore I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."—*Acts* xx. 26, 27.

"For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."—1 *Cor.* ii. 2.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."—*Acts* xx. 32.

His ministerial work at Chobham and Bisley was then ended, and he had but to arrange his temporal affairs; amongst which it may excite a smile to read that he disposed of his horse (evidently kept for use only), with saddle, bridle, and clothing, to a neighbouring clergyman for six guineas! And then he finally left this first scene of his ministerial labours.

'I left those most dear places,' he writes to his friend Cawood, on Nov. 20th, 'with much regret. They have first seen me as a preacher: they have cheered, comforted, and loved me. All things there have worked for good. Church, rector, and people have alike smiled on me. Nor has the Spirit of God left me without fruit. I know that some have, by the grace of God, and through my instrumentality, been awakened and born from above. I speak, of course, only as a man, for God only can see the heart.'

He arrived in London, Nov. 17th, and was married at the church of St. Lawrence Jewry (in which parish his father-in-law lived), by the Rev. Henry Foster, the aged rector, at nine o'clock on the morning of the 23d Nov. 1803.

CHAPTER VI.

FAMILY LIFE.

1803—1832.

Journal—Mrs. Wilson—Birth of his Children—Happy Household—Domestic Character—Troubles—Death of Little Ann—Illness and Death of his Youngest Child—Two elder Boys at Worton—Letters to them at School and College—Ordination, Preferment, and Marriage of his Eldest Son—Narrative of his Second Son—Descendants.

'Aprilis 1°. Rem fratri exposui de uxore.
25°. Litteras ad patrem dedi.
'Maij 7. Consensit avunculus.
14. Voluit consobrina mea.
16. Wortoniam primum adii; 20°. reliqui.
'Junii 10. Secundo eum locum adii; 17°. decessi.
'Julii 11°. Tertium iter incepi; 16°. confeci.
'Augusti 20°. Quartam viam confeci; 31° re absolutâ.
'Oct^{s}. 4°. Quintum iter introivi; 12° perfeci.
'Oct^{s}. 31. Sextum iter, Londinium nempe, cepi; Nov. 5. abivi.
'Nov. 17°. Londinium perveni, Chobhamiâ relictâ.
23. Nuptiæ celebratæ felicissimis auspiciis.'[1]

[1] A translation is annexed, lest a translator should not be at hand :—
April 1st. I opened to my brother the subject of my marriage.
25th. I despatched a letter to my father.
May 7th. My uncle consented.
14. My cousin was willing.
16. I went for the first time to Worton ; 20th. I left.
June 10. I went there a second time ; 17th. I departed.
July 11. I set out for a third time ; 16th. I finished the visit.
August 20. I made a fourth journey ; 31st, the matter was settled.
Oct. 4. For the fifth time I went ; 12th, I returned.
Oct. 31. I began a sixth visit, but now to London ; Nov. 5, I took my departure.
Nov. 17. I left Chobham and came to London.
23. Our marriage took place under most happy auspices.

This entry is so characteristic that it is left as it stands in the journal. Three days after it is followed by these devout aspirations and thanksgivings :—

'God has granted all my wishes. My marriage is happily accomplished. Mr. Cottam arrived at Chobham, and released me from my duties there on November 16th. I immediately went to London, and now my most dear cousin is mine. We first went to Henley, and then proceeded sweetly and tranquilly to Worton. Now, on the third day after our marriage, I would acknowledge God as the author of all my blessings, my refuge, and my consolation. He has given me a prospect of happiness in my dear wife that I had never anticipated or even hoped for. All is so calm, sweet, pleasant, and novel, that I scarcely know myself.

'Oh, God! Greatest and best! Smile upon our marriage. Grant that we may love Thee more and more each day. Grant that our lives, studies, plans, and purposes may all be in accordance with Thy will. Grant that we may always look to Thee as our hope, our joy, our sure foundation, our all in all. Grant that Christ may be glorified by us both in life and death. Grant that Thy holy Spirit may dwell in our hearts as His habitation, His home, His resting place, His temple. Grant that He may rule over us, sanctify us, destroy sin in us, make known to, and perfect in us, Thy will.

'WORTON, *November* 26, 1803.'

Thus his family life commenced; and it contributed so greatly to his happiness, that though the main object of these memoirs must be to exhibit him in his character as a public man and minister of God, yet one chapter may well be exclusively assigned to him as a husband and a father. In order to do this as a whole, and preserve the unity of the subject, the course of time will necessarily have to be anticipated. This is certainly undesirable; but it is a less evil than the continual interruption of the general narrative by details of private life.

The memory of Mrs. Daniel Wilson is dear to all who knew her. As a daughter she had her father's testimony that she

had never given him one hour's uneasiness. She had been a guide and protector to her younger sisters (deprived of their mother) in very early life; and her character was always distinguished for self-denial, charity, simplicity, lowliness of mind, unaffected modesty, sound judgment, and true piety.

The public life which she was called to lead would never have been her choice, for she loved retirement, and was naturally inclined to silence and reserve. But she neither murmured nor hesitated when the path of duty led from Worton and its quiet country scenes, to Oxford, London, and Islington. Thither she accompanied her husband, ever desiring his usefulness, interested in his work, anxious for his honour, presiding over his household, and fulfilling all her appropriate duties in the fear of God. If upon her husband was bestowed the spirit "of power, and of love, and of a sound mind," upon her was bestowed the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

They had not been married more than six weeks, and were staying in London for a short visit, when she was seized with a violent inflammatory attack. Her life was in the most imminent danger, and it was some weeks before health gradually returned. His remarks upon this trial are as follows:—

'God has poured many benefits upon me. I received my wife again raised, as it were, from the dead; and I myself, so lately torn with anxiety, am light-hearted and happy.

'Nothing now oppresses me but the evil heart within. Grant me, Lord, a heart submissive, tender, broken, contrite. Grant, that moved by Thy great goodness, I may worship and serve Thee truly. May Thy spirit rule over, reign in, and purify me!'

Whilst in London he preached six times: once in the Lock Chapel; once at St. John's, Bedford Row; once at Christ Church, Newgate Street; and three times in Long Acre Chapel.

In November, 1805, his eldest son Daniel was born; in September, 1807, his second son John; in June, 1809, his daughter Amelia. These three were born in Oxford.

In November, 1811, a second daughter, Ann Margaret, was born; in March, 1814, a third daughter, Eliza Emma; and in November, 1816, a third son, William. These three were born in London.

Thus God "made him an house," and for nearly fourteen years (with one sad interruption occasioned by the death of his infant daughter Amelia in 1809) the voice of joy and health was heard in it. In the year 1816 he sends a pressing invitation to his friend, Mr. Hill, and says, "Our hearts, our home, and all we have are at your command. Your wife, your children, and yourself, will be received with the greatest delight. Our children will be rejoiced to see their little friends. We are the most merry and happy household in London."

Such words could be written only in the sunshine.

Daniel Wilson can scarcely be regarded as a domestic man. He was not naturally fond of children, nor as patient with them as some men are. His time was too much occupied, and his mind too much engrossed to enter into their pursuits, though he liked to have them about him at proper times, and then found both pleasure and recreation in their company. He always desired their good, and was ready to promote it at any sacrifice. His feelings were in reality very sensitive: when all went well with them his heart was glad, and when they suffered he suffered with them.

The first heavy family affliction occurred in the year 1818, and was occasioned by the death of his daughter ANN, under circumstances peculiarly distressing. She was a child of remarkable promise: her fine understanding, strong affection, and early piety, endeared her to all, and made her a treasure to her parents. She was taken ill with inflammation of the lungs, and the medical attendant entirely mistook her complaint. In the morning he had declared that there was no danger: in the evening she was a corpse. Her father had gone up to her room to assist in giving her some medicine with no feeling of apprehension. He took her on his knees; and whilst she leaned her head upon his shoulder, said to her, "Little Ann must put all her trust in Jesus Christ. Papa is

praying to Jesus Christ for little Ann." She gave one sigh, and breathed her last.

No tongue can describe the first agony of the bereaved mother. She threw her arms round the neck of her father (who was on a visit) almost in distraction, and for the moment refused to be comforted.

But this dark hour did but serve to throw out in brighter colours her Christian principles. There was no murmuring against God, and no complaints of His dealings with her. Her mind soon returned to its habitual frame of submission and resignation to His holy will. But she never entirely recovered the shock. The wound never quite healed. To the hour of her death she felt a pang at the recollection of her dear lost child; and one of her sweetest pleasures was to read to her other children, the "Memorial" of their little sister's sayings, and prayers, and traits of character, which has since attained wide circulation in a publication called "Little Ann."

On the following day the bereaved father communicated what had occurred to a friend:—

'How can I tell the distressing event? We have lost our sweet daughter Ann. She died last night in my arms, and has taken our hearts with her; or rather, may she have drawn them more closely to that Saviour into whose bosom she has fled! She was ill only a few days. Oh, my friend, what a stroke is death when it indeed falls! We desire to lie in our Saviour's hands, and pray for that holy and beneficial use of affliction which He alone can grant. We leave London for Worton to-morrow. The dear remains of our babe are to follow us on Monday to be interred in the family vault. I know all is right. I pray for grace to kiss the hand of my chastening Father. I see more than enough need for this and every other cup of sorrow; and I wish and strive to turn to my Saviour's love, as the solace of the sorrowing heart.'

The wound occasioned by the death of "Little Ann" was yet unhealed, when it pleased God again to visit him. His youngest child, William, was seized with alarming illness, and became a source of great and long-continued anxiety. The

father himself shall tell the sad tale, as he told it to Mrs. Hannah More in June, 1818 :—

'It is impossible for me to describe to you what we are going through. After the sudden death of one child,—a lovely girl, about six years and a half old,—a second child has been seized with sickness, and has now continued for above seven weeks in a most affecting and alarming state. We are watching our dear little boy dying before our eyes. He has been for eight days in perpetual convulsions, except as opiates compose for a time his agitated frame. The afflicted mother hangs over her suffering child with an anguish I cannot describe.

'Thus it pleases our heavenly Father to exercise us with by far the most severe trial we have ever known.

'For myself as a minister of the sanctuary, I am quite assured that God "in very faithfulness has caused me to be troubled." I want bringing down. The natural tendency of my mind is towards excessive activity and bustle, with all the secret love of display and the praise of men which accompanies such a turn of character. I have now gone on seventeen years in the sacred ministry with a large share of health and spirits, and with some success in the great work of "reconciliation" entrusted to me. Some late circumstances, in which I had however very little personal effort, have brought me still more before the public eye; and now my heavenly Father chastens me for my profit, that I may be a partaker of His holiness. He takes me aside from my public duties to private self-examination; he calls me from preaching to praying; from the instruction of others to the instruction of myself. He bids me look inward and take the gauge and measure of my heart. He commands me to be silent, and contrite, and interior in my religion. He is preparing me for comforting, perhaps, the minds of others with the comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God: and whilst he confines me to the chamber of sorrow, is perhaps fitting me in some better manner to discharge those high and elevated duties of a steward of the mysteries of God, which I have so little honoured as I ought. Oh! that I may learn softness, confession, humility, and tenderness in this school of suffering.'

The illness of this dear child lasted for some months, and at length the conviction was forced upon the minds of the anxious parents that his intellect would be permanently clouded. It was too true. The little boy grew up, an object of solicitude and tender sympathy, to the age of five years, and then gently passed away. When this event occurred, his mother was absent, but her husband announced the tidings to her by letter, dated June, 1821.

'I am sure you will be prepared for any tidings about our dear William which it may please God to send. We have both felt long the extreme uncertainty of his health, and the sudden changes which might take place at any moment. Do not therefore, my love, be grieved overmuch when I tell you that the dear babe is taken from the troubles and afflictions of this world, to be a glorified and happy spirit before the throne of his Saviour and Redeemer.'

He then goes on to describe the symptoms of his illness, the attention of the medical man, the care of nurse and friends, and adds:—

'When I wrote to you yesterday I was under no kind of alarm whatever, and fully believed he would have been as well as usual to-day. However, about five o'clock this morning the sweet little fellow breathed his last without a sigh or groan. Everything has been done that could be done: but *it was God's will.* The dear child is now an angel before the throne of God and of the Lamb. Our prayers for him have been answered in the way God has seen best.'

Soon after, he writes to a friend on the same sad subject, from Worton:—

'I have broken up all my engagements and come down here to comfort the absent mother. The remains of the dear child follow me to-morrow. My dear Mrs. Wilson is much calmer than I could have expected. She discerns the

mercy which is shrouded in the tomb. The feeble lamb is now safe in the bosom of the heavenly Shepherd, and with expanded and unobstructed powers is now singing His praise above. Every year on earth would have increased the pain arising from his intellectual deficiency, and the anguish of our anticipations for his future comfort. God has seen fit to provide for him in the best manner. Thus have three children been removed, and one half of our little flock transmitted to the heavenly pastures. May we so nourish the remainder as to fit them by their Shepherd's grace for the same divine glory.'

Meanwhile the two elder boys had been growing up. Their grandfather's estate at Worton was their play-ground; and indeed, their first school also, for they had been early placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Borrows, curate of Worton, and afterwards minister of St. Paul's at Clapham. Fully occupied as their father was, he always made his engagements subservient to their holidays, and often found time to write to them. One letter to each may be given as a specimen of his manner with children. To his son Daniel, then eight years old, he writes on November 5th, in a large round hand:—

'I should have written to you long ago, but I had not a minute to spare. To day is the 5th November, and there will be many bonfires. We think also that there will be an illumination to-night. We often talk of you, for we love you most dearly. We hope you try to be a good boy. And when you do anything wrong, always confess it at once. Pray to God to make you good. When I was at Norwich I heard the following story:—At a meeting for a Bible Society at Yarmouth, there were a number of tables fastened together at the end of the room for the speakers to stand upon. A fat clergyman was making a very tedious speech, and was so earnest that he was stamping with his feet and throwing himself about: when lo! just as he was most vehement, the tables slipped asunder, and he fell between them with a tremendous crash, to the sad disturbance of his speech, but the great amusement of the company. He was not at all hurt, but never attempted to finish his oration.'

Again he writes to his son John, then six years old :—

'Your dear mamma and I long to see their sweet little Johnny again: and we hope, if it please God, we shall see him when the summer comes, if not before. We hope dear Johnny will try all he can to learn; and that both the dear brothers may be good boys, and be fitted for useful men, if God spares their lives. Pray try also to be as obedient to Mr. Borrows as you can. And love God, for He hath loved you, and sent His Son to die for your sins. And our blessed Saviour said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." What a happy little boy will you be, if you learn to love and serve Jesus Christ. This will make you happy in this world, and happy when you come to die! Farewell.'

Time rapidly glides on:—and now the anticipations of College life call forth a father's anxious counsel. The following letter was written to his eldest son in the year 1823. Its value will be instantly perceived:—

'As you are now going to college, I wish to give you a very few cautions and hints which may be of use to you there:

'1st. Be diligent in your studies, so far as your health will allow. The idle man is open to every temptation.

'2nd. Be regular in your morning and evening devotions. Prayer and the reading of the Holy Scriptures every day will be the means of strengthening you in all that is good, and bringing down God's blessing upon you.

'3rd. Keep holy the Sabbath. God's day, if well observed, will sanctify the whole week.

'4th. Never associate with those who fear not God, except so far as absolute duty requires, and then only for the shortest time possible.

'5th. Let nothing seduce you to think hardly of your manner of education, of your parents, of the piety in which you have been trained, and of home. If these thoughts ever come into your mind, reject them as a great temptation.

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'6th. Keep up a regular correspondence with your mother and myself, conceal nothing from us, but make us your confidants in all things.

'7th. Avoid extravagance; contract no debts; be upright and punctual in all your dealings, small as well as great.

'8th. Aim at the subduing of selfishness, self-will, self-conceit, self-consequence. Be modest, kind, attentive, obliging, friendly, amiable.

'9th. Take care of your health. Take regular exercise. Retire early to rest—take from seven to eight hours' sleep—and rise early when you are well.

'10th. Avoid faults; but when you commit them, guard against a spirit of self-justification. Acknowledge them frankly, and repair them as quickly as possible.

'11th. Remember the END for which you go to college is to qualify you for future usefulness as an humble, laborious, patient, minister of the Gospel of Christ. The academical knowledge you acquire is no just source of pride; but rather of fear, lest you should not use it aright.

'12th. Constantly implore the grace of God's blessed Spirit to enable you to do all these things; for it is only by DIVINE GRACE we can really and constantly do our duty to God and man; and, after all, our defects are so innumerable, and our sins so aggravated, that we must put our whole trust for acceptance in the alone merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. The Christian is not a perfect man; but he is sincere. He really aims at serving God in the Gospel of His Son. His daily ignorances and sins he confesses and forsakes; and thus, by divine mercy, he is kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, and ascribes all his blessings to the merits and death of Jesus Christ, to the influences and grace of the Holy Spirit, and to the undeserved love of God, his Heavenly Father.

'To this adorable and Tri-une God I commend you, my dear son.

'*Saturday, January* 11, 1823.'

This letter may be followed by another, after his son had entered into residence at Wadham College, Oxford:—

'I am quite willing that you should sit for the scholarship, on the express condition of not over-reading, of not sitting up later than ten or eleven o'clock, of not neglecting your exercise, and of not going on a day longer if your health should begin to fail.

'My object is invariably the same: to make you a pious, useful, upright, humble servant of God. Learning is merely furniture—means—an appendage—a qualification. The END of life is to serve God, to save the soul, to do good in our generation, and to be prepared for heaven.

'The union of diligence and humility: this is what I would aim at myself, and impress on others, and especially on those whom I love best—my children.'

In the year 1825, John Wilson joined his brother Daniel at Oxford, and the father's sympathies were still more strongly moved:—

'We are always talking or thinking of you. God bless you both. Remember, my beloved sons, that the effectual grace of God infused by the Holy Ghost is necessary for you daily, to strengthen your resolutions, to quicken faith and prayer, and to guard your hearts in the fear of God. His GRACE is a secret operation, not distinguishable from the workings of your own minds except by its effects. It is also to be sought for in the use of means; but it is still the MIGHTY principle of all religious feelings and duties. This doctrine keeps the Christian from pride, self-confidence, and presumption, on the one hand, and comforts and encourages him in all his efforts on the other.'

Again the scene changes; and now the ordination of his eldest son draws near. A few days previously he writes to him as follows:—

'The date I have already referred to (1801) reminds me of the vows I undertook at that period, and in the obligation of which you are about to share. A study of the epistles to Timothy and Titus, upon your knees, is the best preparation

for the office of the sacred ministry. The whole secret lies in three things: Christ—immortal souls—self-humiliation.

'The first is our theme, our song, our glory, our hope, our joy! It includes Redemption, the Holy Ghost, the title and pledges of the heavenly inheritance.

'The second is the great object of all our labours. To estimate the value of souls—to gauge eternity—to sum up everlasting happiness and misery as at the door—all dependent on our zeal, our faithfulness, our skill, under God: this is inconceivable!

'The third regards our own spirit and conduct before God and man.

'Each is essential.

'God Almighty bless, preserve, and sanctify you. Farewell.'

A few more lines were sent to greet his son on the morning of his ordination, December 21st, 1828:—

'You will receive this on the morning of your ordination. Let me assure you of the fatherly affection and tenderness with which I think of you on this important occasion. May God, our blessed Saviour, make you a chosen vessel unto himself, to bear His name before a lost world.'

This ordination was soon followed by a presentation to the rectory of Worton, and a most happy marriage: in both which events the father took the liveliest interest. One letter to his new daughter (for he opened his heart at once, and enshrined her there) when sickness had entered the household and caused deep anxiety, will serve to illustrate his tenderness and sympathy.

. . . . . .

'Do not be cast down, my dearest dear Lucy. God has reasons for all He does, both as to the time and manner of acting,—both as to the persons, the malady, the severity of the attack, the continuation or relaxation of the symptoms, and the effects on those around. Then take up the book and read: the promises will shine with brighter light; the grace of Christ will burst upon the soul with softer and sweeter glory; the

communion of the heart with the Holy Spirit in penitence and silence will be more interior; the gloom of this valley of humiliation and sorrow will be illustrated with brighter rays of anticipation of final deliverance; the prospect of heaven will open in richer and more various blessings.

'Adieu! We cannot see the glory of Christ IN THE STORM, unless we embark with him in the vessel. Afflictions make us to embark, for we are backward to go on board; we linger on the shore; God in love constrains us: it is His very word to "get into the ship, and cross over to the other side." Then Christ comes to us, "walking upon the waves." We are affrighted. He says, "It is I, be not afraid!" He has been praying for us on the mountain. He saw us toiling in rowing, even though he was absent.

'Thus Jesus thinks of us. Jesus prays for us. Jesus comes to us in the moment of extremity; and accomplishes His will in us, and glorifies His great name.'

But whilst thus cheered with the opening prospects of his elder son, dark clouds were gathering around the younger—the "sweet little Johnny" of an earlier day. In the morning of life, no one ever showed fairer promise than that much-loved boy. He grew extremely like his father in person: was vigorous, active, good-tempered, cheerful, and an universal favourite. "If ever any one could have made me doubt the corruption of human nature," said his wise and observant grandfather, "it would have been John Wilson!"

But, alas! that very cheerfulness and amiability of character which made him a favourite with the good, exposed him to the seductions of the bad. The preparation for college, and college itself, proved an ordeal through which he could not pass. Perhaps he had not found his fitting sphere; perhaps a secular and more stirring life might have harmonised better with his disposition and cast of mind. Be this as it may: the fears of all who loved, and watched him with tender anxiety, were too surely confirmed. He listened to evil counsellors; formed loose habits; fell into bad company; and finally, with his father's cognisance and acquiescence, retired to the Continent.

To these sad events the following extracts refer. They may serve to show to other parents, the resource of the troubled heart:—

'What a scene of folly, blindness, and perverseness does human nature exhibit! With everything to supply his wants and even gratify his moderate desires, my unhappy son rushes into misery under the name of pleasure, and defies both God and man.

'Such is the dignified, rational, and elevated creature, formed originally after the image of his glorious Creator, and capable of some measure of his felicity!

'The FACT of human depravity, who can doubt, who knows his own heart, or sees the fruits of folly in the young around him? I know I have your prayers. I have found it exceedingly hard to bear up under this affliction, which during the last two months has been threatening me—I mean, that I find submission, resignation, hope, patience, active and calm exertion, hard. I find faith, love, repose in God, hard. Indeed, I do not know when I have suffered more from inward temptations of various kinds than during this season. Satan has come in like a flood, and in ways I could least expect. Still, I hope my deliberate judgment is, that "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." I know He cannot but do what is right with me. I know His grace can magnify itself in the most imminent perils. I know that my own sins as a man, a parent, and a minister, deserve far more than I have suffered. I know that this dispensation is designed to humble, teach, and purify. How can I fail to preach more feelingly to sinners, when I have such a memento in my own house?'

Again, on Nov. 6th, he writes to his friend:—

'My poor, poor boy, I have sent abroad, as you know. God Almighty, have mercy and bring to Himself the alienated mind of this sinful prodigal. "WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF"—what an expression! So did Newton, and Cecil, and Buchanan in later times; and Augustine and Ambrose in former ages. I

believe this visitation is intended, among other lessons, to teach me the fall of man more deeply; the doctrine of special grace; the inefficiency of all means in themselves (the two boys had a precisely similar education); the vanity of creature expectations; the bankruptcy (as Cecil said) of domestic, as well as every other source of human joy; the excellency and consolation of the gospel as a spring of hope; the value of the Bible, and the promises of heavenly repose.'

John Wilson never ceased to be the object of his father's anxious thoughts and earnest prayers, but they met no more! After sojourning in several places on the Continent, he finally settled at Bagnères de Bigorre on the Pyrenees. There he was seized with a fatal illness. His father was in India; but his brother hastened over; and a hurried journey of a thousand miles brought him to his brother's bedside on the 13th August, 1833:—

"Oh! my dear, dear brother," was the first exclamation, "that you should have come this long way to see your poor dying brother! Let me look at you! You will stay with me and pray with me?"

When a little calmer, he made his confession in these words:—

"I feel myself to be the greatest of sinners, the vilest wretch that ever lived! No one has been so wicked! But the Bible tells me, 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.'[1] I have tried to pray. I hope God has heard me, but I cannot tell."

Five large and deep abscesses rendered life miserable and death inevitable; but the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much: and the prodigal had "come to himself." All the marks of true penitence were discernible, and the words in the parable were exactly descriptive of the state of his mind:

[1] The text of his father's first sermon. Was this a link in the chain of answers to prayer?

"Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son." His greatest earthly desire had been to see his brother, and his greatest fear lest he should have been taken first. He had no wish to live; nay, so great was his self-distrust, and so thorough his conviction of his own weakness, that he wished to die. His mind had been for nearly a year in great wretchedness and misery. Conviction of sin and pride of heart had been fiercely struggling, but shame had kept him silent.

He fell ill on the 24th of May. At first he was in the most dreadful state of terror and despair; for he felt that sin had found him out. He could not pray; and nothing gave him comfort. At length a gleam of hope seemed to break through the gloom. He was enabled to cry for mercy, and grace began to work.

"I feel myself now," he said, "the vilest of sinners; but I believe I have found mercy in the blood of Christ. Is it not written, 'His blood cleanseth from all sin?'

"Tell my father that I die a true penitent. The great burden on my conscience is my horribly, horribly vile conduct towards my father! I bless God for this affliction. Less than this would not have brought me to Him. I dread to recover, lest I should fall back into the world."

He talked earnestly to his wife and friends on the subject of eternity. He loved his Bible. His favourite text was, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." He was patient under the most intense sufferings, and thankful for every mercy and every alleviation. He received the holy sacrament humbly, and found it a means of grace to his soul.

As the hour of death drew near, he seemed to become more and more prepared for that great change.

"My sufferings are nothing," he said, "to what sin deserves. How much has Christ suffered for me."

Looking back upon the past, he said, "How many sabbaths

have I lost! How many privileges abused! What infinite mercy, that I, the chief of sinners, should obtain pardon!"

"You see," he said, to one of his gay friends, "what I suffer. It is religion alone that supports me at this hour. Oh! do not neglect religion. Do not put it off."

His weakness increased. Delirium supervened; and on the 27th August, 1833, he departed this life. He lies in the cemetery at Bagnêres, in a plot of ground chosen by his brother, and afterwards purchased by his father and enclosed. His remains were followed to the tomb by many friends to whom of late he had been much endeared, and over him the words of our devout Burial Service were read by his sorrowing brother. He rests in that distant grave till the morning of the Resurrection day: adding solemn emphasis to the words of Holy Scripture, that "the wages of sin is death;" and that Christ "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him."

The chapter of Daniel Wilson's Family Life is now concluded. Two children were left. God had spared two: a son to succeed him at Islington, and a daughter to accompany him to India. In process of time, these have become two bands; and he lived to hear himself called "grandfather" and "great-grandfather."

The grandchildren of the one family are Daniel Frederic Wilson and Katherine his wife, Lucy, Wilberforce, Emily, (Fanny, deceased) Louisa, Ellen, Edward, and Arthur.

The grandchildren of the other family are Alice Wilson Bateman, Hugh, Gertrude, and Marian Amy.

The great-grandchildren are Daniel Leathes Wilson and Ada.

Reader! when this cluster of young names meets your eye, let prayer ascend, that they may be written in the Lamb's book of life, and that Daniel Wilson "may never want a man" to stand before God for ever.

CHAPTER VII.

OXFORD AND WORTON.

1804—1809.

Assistant Tutorship at Oxford—Reflections—Retirements of Mr. Crouch—Sole Tutor—His Pupils—His Manner—"Bands Wilson"—His Independent Character—Latin Appeal—Discussion in Convocation—His Walk before God—Sunday at Worton—Nature of the Curacy—Sense of Responsibility—Oxford Vacations—Manner of Preaching—Results of Preaching—Mr. William Wilson, of Worton—Memorial—Call to St. John's, Bedford Row—Difficulties—Final Settlement—Retrospect.

We must now leave the path trodden by little feet, which has led us far in advance, and return to the highway.

In the year 1804, Daniel Wilson was residing with his family in the High Street, Oxford. His collegiate duties occupied him during the week, and he officiated as curate of Worton on the Sundays.

His connection with Oxford lasted, in the whole, eight years and a half. From January, 1804, to January, 1807, he was assistant tutor at St. Edmund's Hall; and from January, 1807, to June, 1812, was sole tutor and Vice-Principal. Midway—that is, in the year 1809—he resigned the curacy of Worton, and took charge of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, as successor to Mr. Cecil. Having secured a house in Chapel Street, Bloomsbury, he removed his family there in June, 1811; but another twelvemonth elapsed before he finally resigned his official duties at Oxford to the Rev. John Hill, who had been a pupil trained under his own eye, and gave himself up exclusively to the work of the ministry.

It is this sketch which has to be filled up in the present chapter. The materials are but scanty, for the life of a college tutor presents few striking incidents, and the curriculum of his daily duties is somewhat monotonous. There is succession, but little change.

The feelings with which he contemplated his new scene of duty, are graphically described in a Latin letter to a friend before he had left Chobham :—

'I leave Chobham with great regret. My heart is bound here by all the chains of love, and the ties of gratitude and affection. Whereas everything unknown daunts the mind. I fear Oxford. I tremble to think of its Dons, and its duties, and the general tone and colouring of its maxims and opinions. I cannot forget the past. I cannot but dread to encounter new trials, new men, new pursuits, with a variety of difficulties and temptations hitherto unknown, unheard, unthought of. But to shrink, would prove me faithless. I undertake the office, not of my own will, but from a sense of duty. As God then is the author, so I hope He will be the helper. Under Christ's guidance none need despair.'

When he had really entered upon his duties, his position at St. Edmund's Hall was of a subordinate character. "Mr. Crouch guides and governs," he says, writing to his friend Mr. Cawood, in May, 1804. "I lean upon his counsel, and gladly listen to his most gentle words. Those duties which he assigns to me, I perform with all my might. Primary matters belong, as they ought, to him: the secondary matters, such as mathematics, logic, and the sciences, belong to me. I have to study much myself; and I have also three private pupils. It is wonderful how all this occupies me: so that during term time, I have not a moment to spare."

He foresees the danger of his position. Writing from Worton to the same friend during the long vacation, he says :—

'I like my position. Everything falls out as I could wish. But I see many dangers looming in the distance. My heart is already becoming entangled in worldly studies, so that divine things lose their savour. I wish to count all things loss for Christ. I wish to love and cherish divine concerns; but pride, ambition, secular pursuits, and cares, beset me and make my path slippery and insecure. Pray for me.'

Two years sufficed to give reality to these fears.

'*August* 8, 1806.

'It would require not merely letters, but volumes, to tell you all my inward conflicts and anxieties. My soul is sick. I am perplexed and overborne with college and university business. I have wandered from God. You would not believe, my friend, how weak my mind is, how perturbed, not to say hardened, so that I feel no love for sacred things, nor derive any profit from them. Sin, disguising itself in the form of those literary pursuits in which I am engaged, has deceived, wounded, and almost slain me. I scarcely see Christ, and scarcely love Him. That glow and fervour which I used to feel spreading over my whole soul is extinguished. Well do I know that I have grieved the Holy Spirit. Literature, books, reputation, position, and all that class of evils which need not be enumerated to one who knows the heart, like some insidious disease, are undermining my strength. I can all but see the poison circulating in my veins. What ought I to do? I want to know what you think, and what you advise. I find myself surrounded by difficulties, in a position which, but for my own fault, would be easy and pleasant. It is quite clear that my soul is in a bad state; that I want counsel, watchfulness, and diligence; and that I am nourishing in my bosom a bitter enemy, whom with all my power I ought to drive out and keep out.'

As yet, however, there was no deliverance. On the contrary, in the year 1807, his duties were largely increased by the retirement of Mr. Crouch.

During the Christmas vacation he writes to the same friend from Worton:—

'*January*, 1807.

'Our friend Mr. Crouch has now resigned to me the whole management of the Hall; and, utterly incompetent, I am left alone. I can scarcely yet tell what I am to do, and what leave undone. Nevertheless, I must follow the leadings of God's providence.

'The number of young men in the Hall at present, and the

measure of their attainments are not, perhaps, beyond my reach; but what plans may be adopted for the future I know not. You will easily understand how much I am engaged, when I tell you that this next term I have to lecture on Aristotle and the tragedies of Æschylus: that the New Testament has to be critically and copiously dealt with, and Aldrich's "Ars logica" to be entered on. I will do what I can. If I cannot do for my pupils all that my wishes and the duties of my office require, yet nothing shall be wanting that goodwill, kindness, and careful study can accomplish. It seems to me that my main object must be so to instruct them in the saving knowledge of God, and so to imbue their minds (as much as in me lies) with true piety, that, however little they may profit by me in secular matters, they may nevertheless learn to love God, to believe in Christ, to despise and reject the vain traditions and fancies of men, to estimate aright the value of the soul, and to know and be ready to proclaim the excellent glory of the Cross. If they know and understand these things savingly and experimentally, they know all.

'So far as all this goes, my opinions remain unchanged and immoveable: though I know well that I am unable to follow them diligently, or carry them out successfully by my own power and might.'

Actuated by such motives, he entered upon his duties with energy and corresponding effect. The Hall increased in numbers, and rose in reputation, without losing its distinctive character for piety. The plans he refers to were carried into effect. Greek, Latin, ethics, logic, and mathematics, had each their place, whilst weekly lectures were given in the New Testament. These were carefully prepared and duly appreciated. Each man present read a few verses from the Greek, and was then expected to render them into Latin. An explanation and comment by the tutor followed. His remarks were both critical and practical. Commentators of various kinds lay upon the table, and were constantly referred to. The doctrines of Holy Scripture were laid down with great force and clearness. All fanciful matters were passed by, with a word of caution or condemnation; but primary truths were

dwelt on with the utmost earnestness and solemnity. Thus the attention was arrested and the heart impressed; and it is the testimony of those few excellent and able men who still survive and retain the impression of these lectures, that they were much blessed of God, and led many young men to a saving knowledge of the truth, and a glad entrance into the ministry.

The plan of inviting the undergraduates in small parties to the familiar intercourse of the house and table was also continued by the Vice-Principal. His lady was always present with her gentle courtesy and kindly greeting, and this, with the introduction of the children, helped to break through the formality of these parties. But still they are said to have wanted ease. They were made too much a matter of business and duty. The desire to do good was too obvious to be pleasant; and the family prayers which closed the evening were oftentimes personal and monitory.

The truth appears to be, that in spite of the interest felt in his pupils, and of his real desire to promote their welfare, he held them at the full academical distance. And though he could and did often relax into all the mirth and buoyancy of health and high spirits, yet his general bearing was grave and distant. He found it easier to condescend than to unbend.

"When we called," says an old pupil, "at the beginning of term to pay our respects, somewhat unmindful perhaps of our personal appearance, his welcome would be of this kind—'I am very glad to see you, sir; but, Mr. ——, where are your bands?'"

He was very strict in the enforcement of university regulations upon others, and in the observance of them himself. He was almost the last man who wore bands, and thus obtained for himself the sobriquet of "Bands Wilson." The men of his Hall were required not only to attend the Sunday morning sermon in St. Mary's, but to give in on the Monday a brief analysis of it.

His character, however, rose far above all his peculiarities. His pupils honoured, admired, and still remember him with

the most affectionate regard; and his influence was felt to a certain extent, over all the university. He was uncompromising in his religious principles, and fearless in the avowal of them; and no academical authority, nor conventional usage, could silence him when any sense of injustice, or desire to right those who had suffered wrong, required him to speak.

One instance occurred in the year 1807. A young man of his own Hall had gone up to be examined for his degree. He had been prepared in divinity, logic, ethics, and mathematics; and his books were Horace, Quintilian, and Cicero de Officiis in Latin; with Homer and Thucydides in Greek. It so happened that he was the first man called upon by the examiners, and the first book put into his hands was Horace, with which he was least familiar. Being of a nervous temperament, he soon lost his self-possession, and became confused. Horace swam before his eyes, and his translation was incorrect. Considerate examiners would have given him time to recover himself, or have tried him in one of the other Latin books, or allowed good Greek to balance bad Latin. But in the present case they did nothing of the sort. Neither Quintilian, nor Cicero, nor Homer, nor Thucydides were ever opened. Some few questions were asked in the sciences, but so few and so superficial, that they could not be supposed sufficient to alter what looked like a foregone, or, certainly, a hasty conclusion. And the result was a summary dismissal, and a refusal to grant the required "testamur."

Who would not sympathise with such a case? But the sympathy of the tutor was mingled with righteous indignation; and careless alike of precedent or of consequences, he wrote, printed, and circulated amongst all the members of Convocation, a full statement of the case, with very spirited comments, in which he charged the examiners with undue haste or unfairness, and vindicated his pupil from the slur cast upon his name, and the injury done to his prospects. A single copy of this statement remains, and it seems to be the only authentic record in existence of what made a great impression on the whole university, and was the subject of conversation in every "common room" at the time. Most

Oxford men of that day remember it, but few have seen it. It is too long for insertion here, but two extracts may be given :—

'The distinct grounds, then, of Mr. Wilson's solemn complaints in this unprecedented affair are, that when his pupil had performed indifferently in Horace, his second book was not so much as entered upon; that, however he might be considered by the masters as a man of suspicious attainments, he was not treated as such; that the conduct of his examination was not sedulous and accurate, but so cursory and superficial, that when he had answered with readiness everything that was proposed to him, he was not so much as allowed to proceed so as to secure his testamur: that thus his failure is to be attributed, not to his want of ability to reply, but to a deficiency of inquiries on the part of the masters; that his examination was such as to preclude the recovery of his recollection when he was most perturbed, or the display of his real knowledge when he could most completely command his feelings; that if the design of the examination be to estimate the actual state of the candidate's progress in literature, the present candidate has, to all intents aud purposes, not been examined at all; and that, in a word, if the best prepared student in the university had appeared under similar circumstances, the result of such a trial must of necessity have been the same.'

The statement ends thus :—

'This statement is made by Mr. Wilson in the most accurate and impartial manner, from this only motive, that he may rescue Mr. —— from an ignominy which he is very far from deserving. Mr. Wilson is aware that his only support is the clear integrity of his cause. His society is small, and little known to the university. But the grand foundations of justice should be common to all. And if the members of small colleges are to be overlooked in the examining school, and subjected to neglect, or caprice, or injustice, the consequences to the reputation of the university may be easily imagined, as well as to the feelings of those gentlemen who will have to

learn, that no diligence of preparation, or superiority of attainments, can in every case ensure their success.

'St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford,
'*May* 18, 1807.'

But the matter did not end with this spirited remonstrance. It was shortly after revived in Convocation, and we get a glimpse into the interior of that assembly, comprising, as it did and does, all that is dignified and venerable in the university. Though young in years and standing, Daniel Wilson seems to have accustomed himself to take part in the discussions of that body: and notes of several speeches made there by him still remain. No doubt it was a formidable undertaking, and one of which comparatively few were capable; but with fluency in Latin, and a good cause, he feared nothing.

It appears that a discussion had been raised on a statute, by which it was proposed to improve the mode of examination; and when there had been much disputing, a distinguished individual referred to Mr. Wilson, and to the bearing of the statement he had published upon the statute under discussion. He rose when thus appealed to, and after apologising for his youth and inexperience, and approving of the proposed statute (most probably that by which the "classes" were established), with certain qualifications, he proceeded to speak for himself:—

'I cannot but acknowledge,' he says, 'that our warmest thanks are due to those eminent persons to whom we owe this statute. If I myself have done anything which might seem to lower the character of your examination, it has been with great reluctance, and because I felt compelled to do it. I acted deliberately and unwillingly:—not from any preconceived plan of my own, but from a sense of duty—not from motives of self-will, but from the promptings of my office—not from a love of party, but from a painful yet stern necessity. I had no wish to injure the reputation of the eminent persons concerned in the matter, for I well know that they sustain the highest character for ability and learning. I conceive that their error may be ascribed to negligence, mistake, or carelessness. But what I myself did, was done to rescue, and in some degree

restore, the character of a young man of ability, probity, and well furnished mind, from what seemed to me shameful and undeserved reproach. That he deserved his "testamur," I knew. It was not with me a matter of opinion merely, but of certainty. I did not listen to report, but spoke from personal knowledge. I was not present at what passed—yet I realised it all. Nor could I hesitate for a moment to step forward, when I perceived that his character was in my hands, and that he relied on me alone.

'I beg you to forgive me, if I have offended in any way against the practice of this House in what I have now said. But standing in a new character, I have adopted a new and unusual mode of appeal. I have only to express a hope in conclusion that the statute now under consideration, and whatever else may be designed to promote the dignity and honour of the university, may be ever attended with happy and prosperous results.'

A university is not easily moved: but all this must have made "no small stir" in it: and the good effects may have been real though not ostensible. Many an examiner may have preserved his calmness, and many a young aspirant gained his testamur, from reflections suggested by this manly appeal. It required more real courage and decision of character from the tutor of St. Edmund's Hall, than it would have done from the Head of Christ-Church, Brazenose, or Oriel.'

This is his walk before men: what was his walk before God? Let his journal tell the process of self-examination. He is preparing for the reception of the holy sacrament; and retiring into his chamber he communes with his own heart, and his spirit makes diligent search. He says:—

'I hope to receive on the morrow, and by faith to feed on, the most blessed body and blood of Jesus Christ. I wish therefore to examine into my true state before God, that my repentance may be deepened, divine grace obtained from the fountain head, and my dedication renewed.

'1. *What of my faith?* It is unstable and weak. The un-

edifying books I am obliged to read, and the variety of secular studies in which I am engaged, vex and harass my soul. I strive to repel the doubts which they suggest, and do not willingly give place to them: but nevertheless they weaken my strength and chill my soul, so that I scarcely feel the power of faith, except now and then when my heart gets touched and softened. Grant, Lord, that on the morrow my faith may be confirmed, and all unbelief removed.

'2. *What of my love?* Alas! it is languid and cold. Lately it has revived whilst I have been reading devotional books: but for many months previously it has been heavy and cast down. Literary pursuits and the love of sin have robbed me of it: and now I cannot raise, or retain for ever so short a time, any fervent desires after God my Saviour. Grant, Oh Holy Spirit! that on the morrow my hard heart may be softened by Thy grace; that my love, burning so dimly, may be rekindled to a flame; and that all hindrances being laid aside, I may love and follow God as my chief joy.

'3. *What of my life?* Here also sin abounds. I swell with pride of all kinds. My heart is full of it. I groan also under corrupt affections. Grant, Lord Jesus! that on the morrow I may abhor myself and my past life, and determine to live with more humility, purity, and chastity. May every corruption be crucified.

'4. *Am I exercising Christian watchfulness?* I have been somewhat stirred up of late by reading Dr. Owen. But a relapse soon comes. Heart, affections, mind, temper, studies, life, all need watching. Grant to me, Lord, that constant vigilance, that I may be found ready when Thou shalt come.

'5. *Do my sacred duties flourish?* In these, the power is of God alone. I often find great enjoyment in them. But I want to get nearer to the consciences of men. I do not love my hearers as I ought, nor aim enough at their salvation: rather do I seem to desire their good opinion and applause. When hearts are touched I do not give the whole glory to God. Grant, Almighty God, that I may be more diligent in duty, that I may deal more closely with conscience, that I may bring home to myself the truths I preach to others, that I may

love the flock more, and always be looking to Thee for the grace I need.

'6. *How is it with my academical duties?* Never yet have I been able to discharge them aright. But I trust henceforth, by God's help, not only to promote the studies of my pupils, but to form their manners, hearts, and principles, and to instruct them carefully in the Holy Scriptures. Nothing can be done effectually if the heart remain unmoved. I wish also so to order my own words and actions, sermons, tempers, manners, that all may tend to promote their edification.

'7. Finally, O blessed Lord! to whom all the secrets of my heart are open, I beseech Thee to draw me to Thyself. When I present myself at Thy table, do Thou move upon my soul, incline me to Thy will, fill me with Thy love, purge away my sins, purify my affections, and fit me for the discharge of all the duties to which I am called; that so, refreshed by the body and blood of Thy dear Son, I may love Thee fervently, follow Thee gladly, flee from all sin, carefully perform every duty, and thus be more and more prepared for that glory which Thou hast promised to all the regenerate through Thy Son Jesus Christ.'

But this picture of his daily life at Oxford would be very incomplete if his Sundays at Worton were not introduced. Allusions to Worton have frequently been made already, but no details have been given. There are two Wortons: Upper and Lower. They are villages lying between Banbury and Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, and their united population, consisting of farmers and agricultural labourers, does not exceed two hundred. Two small churches afford to them the means of religious worship. When, with some reluctance, Daniel Wilson first accepted the curacy, everything had fallen into sad neglect. The curate had been a keen sportsman. He kept his hunters, and was one of the most eager to ride across country. The neighbouring clergy were like-minded; and the discussion at clerical parties turned chiefly on country sports. Five services were performed by the curate of Worton on the Sunday, so that the utmost speed was necessary. The old clerk was sent down from Upper to Lower Worton (about three quarters of a

UPPER WORTON CHURCH IN 1801.

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mile) the moment that morning prayer was ended, and he could rarely get down and begin to toll the bell, before the curate, having finished his sermon, was down upon him and ready to begin. Two or three stragglers were driven in, and the second service was hurried over like the first. Such ministrations produced their due effect, and the congregations consisted generally of not more than fifteen or twenty persons.

The contrast between all this and the earnest ministry of Daniel Wilson, must have been very striking. The following letter, addressed to his mother at the close of the year 1803, will show the spirit with which he entered upon his duties:—

'*December* 30, 1803.

'I am called a labourer, a minister, a steward, an ambassador, a worker with God: may I fulfil the solemn duties which these titles imply, and which they require of me! An idle labourer, a careless minister, an unfaithful steward, a false ambassador, a sleeping watchman, will bring down upon himself a tenfold destruction.

'I wish, my dear mother, to be more like *Mary* sitting at the feet of Jesus, and learning his words; I wish to be more like *Isaiah*, who cried aloud and spared not, in showing his people their transgressions, and the house of Israel their sins; I wish to be more like *St. Paul*, instant in season and out of season, reproving, rebuking, exhorting, with all long-suffering and doctrine; above all, it is my prayer to have in me the same mind which was also in Christ Jesus, to have Christ formed in me, to walk worthy of the Lord unto all well-pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and abounding in the knowledge of God.

'I have now two parishes on my hands, where death and sin and darkness have reigned uncontrolled. Jesus is here unknown, grace is here a stranger, holiness is neither understood nor desired. All is under the power of the "strong man armed." But the Bible teaches me a charm which has a sovereign efficacy:—"I, if I be *lifted up*, will draw all men unto me." "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but *mighty through God*." "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that *the excellency of the power* may be of God and not of us."

'These are my first principles. This is my system. I desire to preach "peace by Jesus Christ," and then pray to the spirit of Jesus to apply it savingly to the heart and conscience. I am only ashamed that I do it so weakly and imperfectly.'

During the Oxford vacations his work at Worton was easy and pleasant, but during term time, it involved considerable labour. He was responsible, as tutor, for the morning and evening prayers in his Hall; and when he could not get the duty otherwise supplied, he had to officiate himself, and then hasten over, sixteen miles, for the Worton services. But this was not usually necessary. His general plan was to leave Oxford in a post-chaise about eight o'clock, so as to arrive in ample time for morning service; and then to return in the same conveyance, after service in the evening.

His sermons at this time were nearly if not entirely extempore, and by their simple language, stirring appeals, and faithful exhibition of the truth, were admirably adapted to his hearers. His texts were generally chosen from amongst those which involve great and primary truths; and being clearly explained and strongly enforced, were never forgotten. There are many old people still living, who, though they cannot recal his sermons, will repeat his texts. He seemed to throw off all the trammels of scholastic life, and to enter into the feelings, and use the language familiar to village congregations. His illustrations were drawn from all common country objects and occupations—the seed, the sack, the common; or, the farmer, husbandman, and gardener.

On one occasion he had been preaching on the resurrection of the body, and had dwelt upon the dying of the grain of wheat ere it springs up to new life. Two farmers were standing by the church porch after service, when one remarked, "There, you see, he knows a'most everything. He told us truly how the seed dies afore it grows. He is not like our parson, who scarcely knows the difference between a cow and the moon."

"I remember," said a labouring man, who had been referred to for recollections of these days, "when one time he was speaking of victory over sins of the heart, and he impressed his

thoughts upon us, by saying in his earnest way, 'Now, if you want to subdue sin in your hearts, you must encourage all that is holy there. He who will keep tares out of the sack, must fill it up with wheat.'"

Deddington is a large village in the immediate neighbourhood, and its common was being enclosed: "Mark!" he said, "the way to Heaven is not like an open common with very many ways running through it, but a road fenced on both sides by the word of God."

Occasionally, there was a rapidity of utterance in the pulpit, and an impetuosity of manner; but this was not habitual or constant. His delivery was quiet and deliberate, and so distinct that the whole sermon was often taken down, in common writing, from his lips. He was very close in his appeals to conscience, and so solemn and impressive in his warnings and exhortation, as to produce a trembling awe. "Pray do not let Mr. Wilson preach here again," said a lady to her minister in an adjoining parish, "he alarms one so!" And this was doubtless sometimes true, for he was in earnest, and could almost say with the Apostle, "Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; and whether we be sober, it is for your cause: for the love of Christ constraineth us." (1 Cor. v. 13.)

The effect of all this was not sudden, but progressive, and it may encourage some who think that they are labouring in vain, and spending their strength for nought, to listen to his own account. In July, 1804, he writes to his friend Mr. Pearson: "My Worton flock improves very little, if you speak of true religion. I cannot, however, say that my ministry has been altogether unsuccessful." In May, 1806, he writes again, "We are going on well in our churches. The congregations are numerous and attentive; and on Sunday last we had fifty-eight communicants. I hope the Lord is doing something for us, and that several are seeking a better country, even a heavenly." Again, in January, 1807: "A certain measure of success attends me at Worton. The congregations are numerous for the place. They hear and receive gladly the divine Word, but very few attain to salvation. Pour upon us, O Holy Spirit, thy heavenly grace, that the dead may hear thy voice and live." During the long vacation of the same year, he says: "Affairs

prosper now at Worton. We have a Wednesday service as well as on Sundays. The church is crowded. It is delightful to see such a great company listening to the Word of Grace: whilst we may hope that many will be endued with divine life, and attain to heavenly blessedness."

These prayers were heard; these hopes realised; these efforts crowned with success. The Word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified. A great impression was produced all over that part of the county, and multitudes began to attend his ministry from more than twenty villages and towns around Worton. They crowded the little churches, hung around the windows, filled the churchyard, and on one occasion no less than one hundred and sixty communicants assembled round the Lord's table.

Though he seldom left his own people, yet on one occasion, in compliance with the wishes of his brethren, he consented to preach in three different churches on the same Sunday. As the distance was on the whole very considerable, he was driven round in his father-in-law's carriage. As the carriage was waiting at the last church to take him home, the old family coachman heard two farmers who had just come out of church conversing with one another.

"Well, friend," said one, "What think you of this gentleman?"

"Why, I think he IS a preacher."

"Well," said the first, "I only know I have followed him all round, and heard him preach three times to-day!"

"Can you tell me," said a stout farmer to a clergyman, "whether Mr. Wilson will preach anywhere in the *county* next Sunday? If so, sure I shall hear him."

One pious woman, who had no special claims upon her, used to spend the week in going to and fro to hear him. She lived at a distance of eight or nine miles, and not being able to walk more than two or three a day, had her fixed resting-places. On the Thursday she set off; rested and slept twice on the way; reached Worton on the Saturday; heard Mr. Wilson on the

Sunday; set out on her return on Monday; and reached home on Wednesday, in time to set out again on Thursday.

"I thank God," said a labouring man, "that I have been able to come the whole distance of seven miles to Worton church for eight years, without missing more than two Sundays."

"But surely the long walk must sadly weary you?"

"Nay," he replied, "the walk appears short and easy, when I have listened to those simple truths of the Gospel which nourish my soul."

The Word of the Lord was precious in those days!

Many of the old people at Worton are still living, and may well be allowed to tell their own tale.

Mary Taylor, an aged woman of ninety years, was asked if she remembered Mr. Wilson. "Oh, yes!" she replied. "I remember him well. My husband and I used to go and hear him preach. Great crowds of people came from all parts. One day, I saw the tears running down my husband's cheeks after the sermon was done. He said to me, 'What makes you look at me so?' I said, 'Well, John, I'm glad to see you as you are.' We were both crying under the effects of the sermon we had heard. My husband and I both felt it in our hearts, and I bless God that I ever heard him preach." Her daughter, Ann Gibbard, was standing by, and said that she remembered one of the last sermons at Worton. He said, "Folks say they don't know how to pray and to serve God. Now I give you one little word to remember: TRY, T-R-Y, T-R-Y."

Another person, named Martha Gibbard, aged eighty-one, said, "I well remember him, and used to wait upon him at the Big House. He used to come from Oxford in a post-chaise every Sunday. After morning service at Upper Worton, he drove down here. He used to bring a cold dinner with him. Sometimes I boiled him a pudding. After the afternoon service I used to make tea for him, and sent out some for the post-boy. If he found the boy had not gone to church, he would not give him any tea. Between services, large tables were placed in the outhouses for the men to eat their dinners

on. Two men used to come regularly from Fenny Compton, fourteen miles off. I have sometimes had as many as twenty women sitting in my own cottage on a Sunday. The church used to be filled long before the bell rang, and then the school-room that opened into it. The people used to stand beyond the porch, half-way down the churchyard, and to crowd round the windows. He laid out the text so plain, that every one could understand it, and spoke so loud that every one could hear."

An old woman named Betty Frewin, remembered the text of his second sermon. "Fear not little flock." "Attention was soon aroused," she said. "One told another, and at last they crowded from all parts. There was a great out-pouring of the Spirit. Many of the congregation were in tears. They used to come and speak to him after service, and to shake hands with him when he entered his chaise to return home. Many of the people used to assemble in fine weather between services, for singing and prayer. Gigs and carts were put into the court-yard at Lower Worton, and horses into the stables."

The description of an old family servant was as follows:—

"He was the finest preacher I ever heard; he struck home so powerful. I never heard any one like him. 'Remember,' he used to say, 'that Satan is standing at the church porch to take away the good seed that has been sown in your hearts.'"

Two young men of the village of Swerford, named Thomas Wheeler and John King, had been living in carelessness and indifference about religion. On one occasion they set out to enjoy the pleasures of the Sunday feast in the village of Great Tew: but in the good providence of God something induced them to turn aside and enter Worton Church. They were so powerfully affected by the sermon, that by mutual consent, they gave up all idea of the feast, and on their walk home, conversing upon the things they had just heard, they went down into a stone quarry by the road side, and there, kneeling down, united in what was probably their first earnest prayer to the God of salvation. Thomas Wheeler continued a consistent Christian to the end: and John King went out as

a missionary to New Zealand. Neither was this a solitary instance of the effect of Divine grace, for two other young men, belonging to Deddington, named Matthews, who received their religious impressions at about the same time, followed John King as missionaries to New Zealand.

The good work thus carrying on, was materially aided by the influence of his father-in-law, Mr. William Wilson, and the pious efforts of his daughters. They were admirable women. Taught of God, they laid themselves out with unbounded charity and unwearied diligence to teach others, and to render permanent the work of grace that was going on. They were very successful in establishing small schools in the surrounding villages, and the whole neighbourhood was by their means supplied with bibles and prayer-books.

A poor but very respectable woman once came to them for a supply out of their stock. She had borrowed a horse and a pair of panniers, and proposed to take as many bibles and prayer-books as possible for sale amongst the friends she was about to visit. She succeeded in her application, and in due time returned with every book sold and properly accounted for. "But," she said, "not one of the books reached my friends: for they were all bought by the people of the villages I passed through; and before I got to the end of my journey, I had not one left."

The country at this time was much frequented by gypsies, and Mr. William Wilson, as a county magistrate, deemed it his duty to watch them closely. One day, taking his usual ride over his estate, he came suddenly upon a group of these vagrants. Approaching unobserved, he perceived about twenty of them sitting in a circle, with their attention rivetted upon some one in the centre. It was one of his own daughters; who with deep feeling and earnestness was reading from the New Testament! The good father turned his horse and rode quietly home. "I left her undisturbed," he said, "in her good work; for I felt that my child was a better magistrate than I."

Instances of this kind could be multiplied, but these suffice to show how the good impression made on the Sunday was continued through the week, till Worton became like a "watered

garden which the Lord hath blessed." If his work had ended then, God's gracious purpose in putting him into the ministry would have been abundantly manifest. His labour had not been in vain. He had sought "for Christ's sheep that were dispersed abroad," and had done all that in him lay to bring them to "that agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that no place might be left among them for error in religion or viciousness in life."[1] Many in that day arose and called him blessed, and the good savour of his name still remains. The tidings of his death in India, produced a strong sensation in this field of his early labours. A marble tablet over the entrance of Upper Worton church, stands as a memorial that he once was curate there: and a piece of plate purchased with the small free-will offerings of the poor, and presented to the communion table of the Lord, tells in its graven lines of a love and gratitude which fifty years could not efface.

Happily his mantle fell upon others like-minded with himself, and a succession of faithful men have gathered in the harvest of which he sowed the seed. Worton is still a favoured spot. May she know the day of her visitation!

In the year 1809, another part of the vineyard required Daniel Wilson's ministrations. A voice from St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, called him, and he obeyed the call. The account of the circumstances leading to this change, is contained in a letter written from Oxford to Mr. Pearson:—

'At Christmas last, Mr. Cecil sent for me to Clifton, and urged me much to take St. John's as his curate, when my assistant at St. Edmund's Hall should be in a situation to act alone. I objected strongly on the ground of St. John's not being suitable to my cast of character: but this difficulty being removed by the assurance he gave me of the universal approbation manifested when I have taken duty for him, I then agreed that in the course of two or three years, if God should please, I would yield to his wishes. With these impressions I left Clifton and scarcely thought further of the affair, till a letter

[1] Ordination Service.

from him reached me about a month back to state, that his health was very rapidly declining, that things were falling to pieces at the chapel, and to urge me to take it wholly, as minister, whilst his life remained to him and the power to consign it legally.

'I was seized with the utmost consternation; and the moment the term closed, hurried to town to weigh the summons. I found Mr. Cecil too far gone to be capable of giving advice; but his mind was fixed on me as his successor. I stated to Mr. Cardale and the principal people of the chapel, all my difficulties, arising chiefly from Mr. Hill, my proposed successor at the Hall, being yet an undergraduate, and incapable of being left. No obstacle would divert them from their entreaties: and I yielded at length, on the supposition that no impediment arose in the execution of our plan. The Principal of St. Edmund's Hall consented without a scruple to the succession of Mr. Hill, upon my promise of continuing to superintend till he should be settled and had become a Master of Arts. Three bishops—Oxford, Hereford, and London—loaded me with civilities and kindness; and I left London on Saturday, virtually Minister of St. John's. My plan is to be there in the vacations, and such times during the term as I can be spared, and to manage at Oxford till Mr. Hill is Master of Arts and of an age for holy orders, so as to be able to officiate for me in the Hall chapel and at Worton.'

This was written in March. Somewhat later he lifts up the veil a little higher, and shows his motives:—

'The employment of a tutor at Oxford has been far from being perfectly congenial to my mind. As to the propriety of my leaving the university, and giving myself wholly to my ministry, I cannot have a doubt. The gradual decay of vital piety in my own heart, is too obvious and too alarming a symptom, not to force itself upon my conscience. May God yet spare me for His honour!'

Although there was as yet only a general understanding upon the subject, and no legal arrangement, yet when the long

vacation had commenced, that is, on July 2nd, 1809 (his birthday), he entered upon the public duties of St. John's Chapel. He was assisted first by the Rev. Henry Godfrey, afterwards President of Queen's College, Cambridge; and then by the Rev. Mr. Arnott, the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, and other able and good men.

The effect was instantaneous. Owing to Mr. Cecil's long continued illness and retirement to Tunbridge Wells, the congregation had become unsettled, and the income from the chapel much reduced; but in the month of September, Mr. Cardale, who acted as Mr. Cecil's man of business, reported the chapel filled, everybody pleased, and almost every pew let.

But clouds gathered over this pleasant prospect. Mr. Cardale, in estimating the income of the chapel, had unintentionally made a serious mistake; and in attempting to rectify it, had given so much offence to Mr. Wilson, that on the matter being reported to his friends, they advised him to put an end to the negotiation. And this result would too surely have followed, had it been a common case. But it was not a common case. Mr. Cecil's feelings were warmly interested. He was most anxious to secure Mr. Wilson's services for his people's benefit. And though suffering under an attack of paralysis, which proved fatal after a few months, yet when he heard of the probable rupture of the negotiations, he roused himself to write the following words, amongst the last doubtless he ever wrote:—

'My heart is almost broken at the news, I beseech you not to break it quite by confirming it.'

The response was immediate:—

'Nothing in the world shall be wanting on my part to remedy the evil you apprehend. There is no person in the world to whom I am so much indebted, and whom I would go such lengths to serve.'

When such feelings actuated this father and son in the Gospel, all obstacles gave way. The negotiation was resumed, and the arrangement finally made. It secured two hundred

guineas a year to Mr. Cecil and his family for the remainder of the lease of the chapel, and left about three hundred pounds a year as income to Mr. Wilson. For this he had to resign his tutorship and curacy, which had together yielded about 500*l.* per annum. So disinterested were his motives, and so sincere his desire to give himself up more entirely to the work of the ministry!

This arrangement was completed early in October, 1809. He officiated at St. John's till the eighth of that month, and then returned to Oxford to fulfil the duties still incumbent on him there.

But the tie was now loosened, and though he had the prosperity of St. Edmund's Hall still at heart, and took part in all matters connected with the university, yet "no man can serve two masters." His London and his Oxford duties were incompatible; each requiring, as they did, his whole time and thoughts. The strain upon his mind also was too great; as may be judged by the delight with which he hailed every temporary respite. It is thus he writes to a friend, on one occasion when he had retired to Worton. The feeling of relief almost made him poetical!

'WORTON, *August* 25, 1812.

'I was so overwhelmed in London, where the heat doubles the labour, that I most gladly fled and hid myself in this sweet rural retreat. After some months, passed either at London or Oxford, I cannot tell you how delighted I am with the aspect of the country, with its pure air, its silence, its tranquillity, its devotion. Everything there smiles brightly, and invites sweetly to peace, reflection, and the discharge of virtuous and placid duties. I know scarcely any pleasure to be preferred to that which the mind enjoys, when returning to the country after a long absence. Yes; I could almost say that the divine love of our holy faith then shines most vividly, when hindrances being removed, cares cast away, and intellectual conflicts hushed, the mind is enabled to recover itself, to recal the past, to draw nigh to God in prayer, to invite the indwelling of the Spirit, and thus to obtain refreshment and strength for the return of its accustomed duties.'

There was great difficulty also in obtaining help during his absence for his assistant minister at St. John's, and he was indebted at various times to many friends—to Mr. Pratt, Mr. J. W. Cunningham, Mr. Robinson of Leicester, Mr. Burn of Bristol, and others. Moreover, his family were now removed to London, and they felt his frequent absences a great privation. All parties, therefore, must have been glad, when, the three intervening years having rolled away, the Rev. John Hill was able to take upon himself the official duties attached to the vice-principalship of St. Edmund's Hall, and thus set Daniel Wilson entirely free.

This was at the close of the year 1812. Eighteen years afterwards he cast back a glance at these times, and summed up, in a few comprehensive words, the result of his reflections upon his Oxford and Worton life :—

'My time at Oxford was utterly without profit as to my soul. Pride grew more and more, and carnal appetites enchained me. On the other hand, Worton afforded me much spiritual consolation. These nine years were passed, I trust, in the path of duty, though amidst struggles, temptations, and frequent estrangements of soul and spirit.'

A sermon preached before the University in the year 1810, and subsequently published, has not yet been mentioned. But this opens the door of his study, and introduces the chapter of his Literary Life.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITERARY LIFE.

1810—1831.

Habits and tastes—Library—Prize Essay—Sermon on Obedience—Funeral sermon for Mr. Cecil—Style—Conversation with Bellingham—On Confirmation and Lord's Supper—Funeral sermons for Mr. Cardale, Mrs. Cardale, and Rev. W. Goode—Pamphlet on Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—Controversies on the subject—Sermon on Regeneration—Views on Regeneration—Offence to the University—Political views—Sermons to children—Anniversary sermon for Church Missionary Society—Pamphlet in defence of Church Missionary Society—Volume of Sermons—Doctrinal views—Anecdote—Prayer-book and Homily Society—Funeral sermons for the Rev. Thomas Scott—Preface to Adam's "Private Thoughts," Butler's "Analogy," Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity," Baxter's "Reformed Pastor," Quesnel on "the Gospels"—Dr. Chalmers—"Letters from an absent brother"—Evidences of Christianity—Hannah More—Roman Catholic Emancipation—Sir R. Peel—Letters to "Christian Observer"—Sir J. Mackintosh—Dr. Chalmers—Mr. Simeon—Sermons on Lord's Day—Funeral sermons for Mr. Charles Grant, Rev. S. Crouch, Rev. B. Woodd—Controversy with Dr. Burton.

DANIEL WILSON was always a student. In childhood he read for amusement, in manhood for information, in old age for relaxation. He read everything which had any bearing, direct or indirect, upon the great object of his life—the Ministry which he had "received of the Lord Jesus." Works of imagination, falling without those limits, had little interest for him, and no power over him. He felt not the attraction which others feel, nor needed the self-restraint which they need. The imaginative faculty cannot be regarded as predominating in his mind. Though living at the very time when the tales and novels of Walter Scott were exerting all their witchery, it is doubtful whether he ever read one of them; and if not these, certainly none others. He was familiar with the poems of Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith, Gray, and others, and when a leisure morning, and a country scene invited, would expatiate in them with real pleasure. But the opportunity and the indulgence, were alike rare. The hymn was perhaps a greater favourite

than the poem. Many of the best hymns were firmly fixed in his memory, and he loved to repeat them and to have them sung. His voice would join in the praise, but it is impossible to say that it added to the harmony. He had no ear for music, and this defect, as is usual, extended to the pronunciation of languages; for those which he knew perfectly, and had read extensively, he yet could not pronounce correctly. The ear was faulty, not the intellect. His library was very large, and choice. The accumulation in his later days exceeded ten thousand volumes. Many of course were books of reference. Whilst he had any work in preparation for the press, everything having any bearing on the subject, was purchased without stint, and then retained. He was careful of his books; said that he looked upon them as his children; and could not bear to see them ill-used. No turning down of the leaves was tolerated, and even a "mark" was deemed unmanly:—"If you cannot tell where you leave off, you are not worthy to read a book," he would say. He needed quiet for study, but not solitude:—"Go or stay as you please; but if you stay be quiet;" and then he would turn, and in a moment enter the world of books. He kept no late hours; his last reading (as his first) was always devotional and scriptural; and he generally retired about eleven o'clock. In working hours all his reading had reference to the sermon, or the controversy, or the publication, which might be in hand. But in the hour of repose after dinner, or in the country, the current literature of the day had its turn, and one member of the family generally read aloud to all the rest.

Thus his mind got full, and the full mind will overflow, and give forth fertilising and refreshing streams. These we have now to trace.

The Prize Essay at Oxford has been already alluded to. This was his first public appearance; but it had been preceded by two or three papers sent privately to the "Christian Observer" under the signature of "Clericus Surriensis." He continued at intervals, in after life, to send papers to the same valuable periodical, in which he always felt the greatest interest. In 1805, he sent an article on "The unspeakable gift of God."

In the volume for 1814, there is an admirable article on "Crude Theology;" which was continued in the following year. An excellent paper appeared also in February 1815, on "Our spiritual contest with the world." This has been recently reprinted, with the writer's permission, at the request of some clergymen in Yorkshire. Other papers no doubt might be traced, though he left no list. The signature generally was D. W.[1]

On the 28th January, 1810, he preached before the University of Oxford, the sermon to which allusion was made in the last chapter, entitled "Obedience the path to religious knowledge." It was sent to the press almost immediately, and has since passed through several editions.

In order to appreciate it rightly, the standard in the University pulpit at that time should be considered. Doubtless, many eminent preachers were then living, and many able sermons were delivered; but these were exceptions to a very general rule. The country clergy, summoned in their turn from their respective parishes, and warmed by some local quarrel with the squire or churchwarden, were wont to pour out their griefs into the faithful bosom of Alma Mater, or indulge in doleful prophecies concerning the doom of a Church in which such things were tolerated.

In default of the country clergyman appearing in his turn, his place in the pulpit was supplied by some resident official; and now the sermon was generally one which had seen hard service in days past, and was destined to see much more in days to come.

"Put them in fear, O God, that the nations may know themselves to be but men." Ps. ix. 20.

"And what, my brethren, did the nations suppose themselves to be? Gods, to be sure."

Tradition thus records one text and introductory sentence;

[1] Later in life several elaborate reviews were written by him. In 1821, he reviewed Sermons by the Rev. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle; and also the Rev. Charles Simeon's Horæ Homileticæ. In December, 1822, an American publication was examined, entitled, "The Conversation of Our Saviour with Nicodemus," by

but charitably forgets the remainder of what used to form the joke of colleges and common rooms sixty years ago.

Contrast with such preaching the sermon under review. Imagine the distinguished audience, the earnest preacher, the sound doctrine, the clear reasoning, the almost unequalled voice, the impassioned appeals, the response of conscience; and then the effect described by an undergraduate of that day will be better appreciated:—

"I can never forget," he says, "his bold and animated sermon before the University on that text from John vii. 17, 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,' and I shall never lose the impression of the breathless silence with which its stirring appeals to the conscience were heard by the crowded congregation at St. Mary's."

Opinions were, of course, divided at the time. Some called the sermon Calvinistic, and some anti-Calvinistic—for Calvinism was then the battle-ground of the Church. But in truth it was scriptural. The text leavened the discourse, as it ought to do, and the preacher in delivering it was evidently unconcerned as to what system it supported or opposed. His object was to invite his hearers from the "tumults of debate to the tranquillity of obedience, from theory to practice, from pride, the parent of error, to a submission of heart to God," and his aim was to enforce what the Saviour taught, viz. "that a right disposition of heart was essential to the attainment of every just sentiment in religion, that obedience was the path to knowledge, that a correct judgment must flow from the fear and reverence of God, and that if any one would enter upon a successful enquiry into the doctrines of Christianity, he must be prepared for such an enquiry by a spirit of humble piety."

It was not a sermon to be forgotten, and has not been forgotten. It has edified many, and by God's blessing may

Dr. Jarvis, of Boston. In November, 1831, will be found a review of "Biblical Notes and Dissertations," by Joseph John Gurney; and in December of the same year, a review of Scott's "Continuation of Milner's Church History," concluded in the Appendix.

edify many more. Though no truth of God is displaced, it is yet thoroughly practical, and makes experience subservient to the reception of the truth. It will be valued by all who believe that John vii. 17, is as true as Heb. xi. 6.

The author's own account of the publication is given in a letter to a friend :—

'Oxford, *Feb.* 16, 1810.

'The return of Mr. Crouch to Oxford was exceedingly fortunate. I have submitted my sermon to his review, and have been so much pressed to publish it, that I have ventured on that bold step. It will be published on Tuesday or Wednesday. And now let me entreat you to send your full and most free opinion. I have been so incessantly engaged with the subject for nearly three months, that my mind is perfectly jaded. I have contemplated it, as it were, till I have no distinct views at all, and I fear much that some gap in the argument will be discovered. You will come to it *fresh*. Send me, then, your real sentiments in every point of view.'

Two funeral sermons for the Rev. Richard Cecil were next published. They were preached in St. John's Chapel, on Aug. 26, and Sept. 2, 1810, and serve as a kind of model upon which all his funeral sermons were subsequently framed. His plan was first to elucidate the text, then to delineate the character, and then to draw a series of practical inferences. It is not easy to imagine a better plan; but perhaps by the adaptation of it to every case, a sense of sameness or weariness may be produced.

In the present case the sympathies of all parties were thoroughly aroused. The congregation of St. John's had been "built up" by Mr. Cecil, and the preacher was his own son in the faith. The occasion was a great one, and he rose to it. All his tenderest feelings were excited, and all his powers called forth; and nothing can surpass the vigour of his style or the graphic touches with which he portrays Mr. Cecil's character as a man and a minister. Quotations might be multiplied in proof of this, but it must suffice to say that the sermons themselves will well repay an attentive perusal.

His style was now beginning to be formed, and it proved at

first better adapted to the pulpit than the press. It wanted simplicity, and was on the whole perhaps too rhetorical. It abounded with sounding epithets. However effective this may be in a public address, it is less calculated to bear the calm investigation of the closet; and the hearer might admire, what the reader would be disposed to criticise and condemn. The following short passage in these sermons will serve as an illustration, and show how a redundancy of words adds no real force to ideas. The preacher is enlarging on the Gospel, and he speaks of "the magnitude of the objects which the Bible proposes to man, the sublimity of eternal pursuits, and the scheme of redemption by an incarnate Mediator," but not content with leaving the ideas thus expressed to produce their own effect, which surely might have sufficed, he overloads them with epithets, and speaks of "the *stupendous* magnitude of the objects which the Bible proposes, the *incomparable* sublimity of eternal pursuits, and the *astonishing* scheme of redemption." Some may admire this florid style, but it cannot be recommended for imitation.

His next publication was entitled "Conversation with Bellingham, the assassin of the Rt. Hon. Spencer Perceval." The interview was brought about by a distinguished member of Parliament on the Sunday evening previous to the criminal's execution, but was attended with no good results. The account of what passed in conversation at that interview was published immediately after, and attracted much attention. But the narrative wants both simplicity and individuality, and can scarcely be considered a happy means of conveying to the public, important scriptural truth.

In the year 1814 he preached a sermon at St. Bride's, before the members of the Church Missionary Society, on occasion of the departure of several missionaries and others to the western coast of Africa.

This was followed in 1815 by the publication of two addresses to the young—one on Confirmation, and the other on the Lord's Supper. As tracts they have passed through more than twenty editions; and though multitudes of similar publications

have appeared, they are not likely to lose their popularity. They go near to exhaust the subjects on which they treat; and exhibit that moderation, gravity, earnestness, and faithfulness, which characterise all the author's theological writings.

Several publications appeared in the year 1816, and amongst them two funeral sermons for Mr. and Mrs. Cardale. These were two of the eminent Christian characters for which St. John's Chapel was distinguished. Of Mrs. Cardale, Mr. Cecil used to say, "I cannot tell who of my congregation is Hope and Faith, but certainly Mrs. Cardale is Charity." Her end was peace; and the preacher describes very touchingly the closing scene of her life:—

'She was not afraid of death, but she feared its circumstances, lest her patience should fail, and she should dishonour her Lord and Saviour. It pleased God however so to disappoint these fears, that she may really be said not to have known what death was. Her departure was so tranquil that the exact moment of transition could not be ascertained. Lying unmoved in her bed, on which she had just been placed on account of her great weakness, she meekly breathed out her spirit without a sigh or groan. As the infant falls asleep in the arms of the affectionate parent, so did this exemplary woman fall asleep in the arms of Jesus her Saviour, on Thursday, Feb. 8, 1816, in the seventy-seventh year of her age.'

Mr. Cardale, her husband, has been already mentioned as the friend and chief adviser of Mr. Cecil. He had managed the pecuniary concerns of his chapel, and was instrumental in raising the sum of 3000*l.* towards the support of his declining years, when compelled to retire from it. He afterwards attached himself affectionately to Daniel Wilson's ministry. In his seventieth year, feeling that the end of all things was at hand, Mr. Cardale sent to him, and expressing an anxious wish to examine the foundations of his hope towards God, he begged for help in the inquiry.

Beginning thus humbly the work of self-examination, he soon experienced that peace of God which passeth all under-

standing: and this, with variations, continued to the end. He died in the Lord; and the preacher, in the summary of his character, enumerates integrity, liberality, the union of opposing excellencies, strong and enlightened attachment to the Church, distinguished loyalty, and fervent piety.

He was next called to give utterance to his feelings over the grave of the Rev. William Goode, who had been curate to the Rev. W. Romaine for ten years, and succeeded him as rector of Blackfriars, London. The funeral sermon was preached in that church in April, 1816. Mr. Goode had been amongst the original founders of the Church Missionary Society, and from his pulpit sixteen of its anniversary sermons were delivered. The testimony borne to the character of this eminently good man in the funeral sermon, is affectionate and discriminating, and extracts from his letters at different periods of life are introduced, as illustrative of his piety, humility, and holiness.

Passing by several single sermons and addresses, a pamphlet next claims consideration, which was published this year in reference to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. It was entitled, "A respectful address on certain inconsistencies and contradictions which have lately appeared in some of their books and tracts:" and it was published originally without the name of the author. The facts connected with it are as follows:—

Dr. Mant had published a tract on the Baptismal question. It advocated extreme views; insisting on the invariable connection between baptism and regeneration, asserting that none could possibly be unregenerate who had rightly been baptised, ascribing a difference of operation to the two sacraments, in that the efficacy of the one was uniform, and of the other contingent, and denouncing all contrary opinions as enthusiastic, dangerous, and heretical.

This pamphlet excited much controversy, and was ably replied to by the Rev. John Scott of Hull, and the Rev. T. J. Biddulph of Bristol. But the matter assumed a graver aspect when the tract was adopted and put upon the list of the

Christian Knowledge Society. This was considered a breach of the moderation befitting a Society which professed to represent the Church of England. It called forth earnest remonstrances from many attached friends, and led to the publication of Daniel Wilson's pamphlet. He did not profess to discuss the general subject. He wished only to prove, and he did prove, that there was a manifest inconsistency in the adoption of Dr. Mant's tract; since it directly contradicted the statements of at least fifty other tracts standing on the Society's list.

Immediate action followed; both sides rallied their forces, and various letters to the Society appeared in rapid succession. Amongst these letters was one written by Dr. Wordsworth; and over it the struggle began, to which none but Daniel Wilson's own words can do justice. He writes Feb. 10, 1816, and says:—

'The meeting of the S. P. C. K. took place last Tuesday. All the world was there. I took part in it. We gained one of our points, as to the reading of Dr. Wordsworth's letter, of which I told you. Dr. Pott and the Dean of Chester wished to go to the ballot at once. But Messrs. Dealtry, Babington, Macaulay, White, and myself, strongly insisted on the reading of the letter. The old doctors were astounded. The dean said that for fifty years he had never heard of such a thing. Some one, I know not who, called out loudly that no end of harm would follow. Two hours passed before they would consent to put the question to the vote. At last Mr. Shepherd of University College, Oxford, advised them to consent. He supported Mr. White's motion for the reading. Hands were held up. The chairman (Archdeacon Cambridge) declared that he could not decide which party had the majority. Again the motion was put, and then he decided that it was gained. All then listened to the letter. It was a clever and luminous exposition in which the writer altogether objected to Dr. Mant's tract. This was why they wished to conceal it from us. But all was now unveiled. Our opponents had used two arguments against the reading of the letter—one, that it only referred to the style of the tract, and did not enter into the subject-matter—the other, that Dr. Mant had assented

to the suggestions of the letter, and made the necessary alterations.

'You mark, my friend, the piquancy of the first reason, and the honesty of the second! The real fact was, that the letter was very important, that it touched upon the doctrine itself, and absolutely disapproved the tract.

'The letter finished, we passed after two hours' contention to the ballot. Here we lost our point. Thirty-seven stood out for the tract, and thirty against it. Four would not vote. So large a minority gave us confidence; we resolved instantly to propose another motion which should open the way to a discussion on Baptism. I was preparing to do it, when all at once, Mr. White, who was not aware that I was the author of the "Address," proposed a resolution on it.

'A storm instantly arose. The old doctors wished to know the author. Mr. White knew nothing about it. Everybody fired up. There was no more consideration, no more order. All was confusion, and a frightful noise deafened us. At length, Lord Kenyon proposed that Mr. White should only give *notice* of a motion, and not make it. We were all willing. But how word it?

'During the tumult I had withdrawn a little back, in consideration of the circumstances connecting me with the "Address." At length, after two hours more, the Society agreed that a notice of motion to be given by Mr. Dealtry at the meeting on March 5th, should be in these terms: "that the Society would take into consideration such contradictions as might appear in their tracts." Mr. Dealtry was to make this motion in case Mr. White could not be present.

'We separated, half dead with heat and fatigue, but cheered by a success greater than we had dared to expect. The consternation of the members was laughable. Dr. Mant ballotted on his own tract. The next meeting will be crowded. Every body is speaking of it. May God's spirit guide and direct us. I cannot describe to you the exact state of things. They began by attempting to trample us under their feet. They were driven off. We gained the reading of the letter. The ballot itself showed our power. The appearance of the meeting was very odd. I never saw anything like it. We hoped

everything, and the truth sustained us. All our friends must be in town on the 5th March.'

The vividness of this description excites the desire to know the end: and happily the desire may be gratified, for another letter has been preserved. It was written, Feb. 27th, to the same friend.

'No doubt you are anxious to know what has happened in the Society since my last letter. Mr. Dealtry wrote to me on Feb. 18th to say that Archdeacon Wollaston was very uneasy at the differences rising up amongst the members of the Society, and he was sure that Dr. Mant would be very willing to make the required alterations in his tract. Mr. Dealtry replied that he would do anything to promote peace. We therefore all met together—Dealtry, John William Cunningham, Basil Woodd, Pratt, Stewart, Pritchett, and I, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 20th. Mr. Dealtry repeated what he had written. We discussed matters for three hours. I was not myself willing to yield without reserve to the courteous words of the archdeacon. But it was agreed that Mr. Dealtry should for the present withdraw his notice of motion by a letter, which should explain our motives.

'At 12 o'clock we went to the meeting of the Society. We expected nothing—but what do you think? There was the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Sutton) in the chair, and by him the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley).

'We seated ourselves, and the ordinary business went on. At length Mr. Dealtry rose and presented his letter. It was read twice. The archbishop followed, and condemned it strongly, as self-willed. He could not consent that matters should remain as that letter left them. He himself proposed a committee to examine the matter to the bottom, and to report upon the Society's works. Thus the archbishop's censure falls dead. He begins by blaming the letter, and ends by adopting its suggestions! The fire blazed up, as it always does when truth is on one side and numbers on the other. For three hours there was a warm dispute as to whether Mr. Dealtry should be on the committee. We could not speak freely, for

the presence of the archbishop constrained us much. He would not let us discuss the doctrine itself, but only the question of the contradictions amongst the tracts. But, in spite of all, many things were said touching the root of the matter. As for the Bishop of London, he made a long address, in which he admitted pretty nearly all we wished. Nevertheless, Mr. Dealtry was rejected, and the committee named.

'After the meeting there was a good deal of conversation between Mr. Dealtry, Cunningham, and myself, and Drs. Mant and Pott. But we could agree on nothing. Conciliatory suggestions did no good. No one approved them. Nothing will be done on the 5th March. It will be necessary now to remain quiet till the report of the committee is presented. Adieu.'

Many will feel interested at this glimpse into the interior of things in the year 1816. At that time there were venerable men who fervently prayed, "Give peace in our time, O Lord:" and who would have been ready to meet Daniel Wilson with the remonstrance, "Art thou not he who troubleth Israel?"

To this, his earnest and anxious reply is ready:—"All the religion of Jesus Christ fades away before the dogma of Dr. Mant. Regeneration is reduced to baptism—then explained away—then lost sight of. 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this evil generation, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father and the holy angels.'"

The report of the committee was, on the whole, deemed satisfactory; and what the "Respectful Address" had contended for, was admitted to a certain extent. A new edition of Dr. Mant's tract was also published, in which the most objectionable expressions—all those indeed on which the controversy turned—were expunged or modified.

So that the ventilation of the question did good. Had the venerable Society been guided at the time, with that dignity, prudence, and moderation, which so happily characterise it now, the discussion would never have been raised.

Roused by it, Daniel Wilson determined to preach upon the

subject of *Regeneration*, when again called to address the University in the year 1817. His reasons are assigned in the following letter, dated Jan. 13th.

'As to my subject—I know not what to say. I think much of your arguments. I love peace with all my heart. I know well the responsibility which attaches to me, and particularly in the University. But—but—but—there are an infinity of reasons on the other side:

'1. The doctrine of Regeneration is of primary importance. All turns upon it.

'2. It is a doctrine on which the attention of every one is now anxiously fixed. That is a great point.

'3. It is a doctrine opposed by the World and the Devil, in a way which absolutely commands the Church of Jesus Christ to speak out plainly.

'4. It is a doctrine which I am more bound to maintain, because of the part I have taken in London, both in the "Address" I have printed, and the opinions I have expressed at the Christian Knowledge Society.

'5. Moreover, a discourse from me upon this subject will arrest attention.

'6. And if I pass it by, it will be like a shrinking from what I consider the truth of Christ.

'These are my reasons. As for the method of treating a subject so serious, I find myself in a difficulty. I wish to speak as the Oracles of God. I desire to discuss the question with a gravity and force which may touch the heart. But how to accomplish this! How difficult to mingle in controversy without losing Charity and Humility! But I must make the attempt.

'I have no idea of treating the matter polemically. I wish rather to show the state of man, the nature of grace, the divine character of the New Birth, and its necessity for the attainment of the knowledge of God, for our salvation, for the performance of our duty, for grafting in our hearts the love of the truth and hatred of sin, for uniting us to God and bringing about a divine intercourse with Him through the Spirit.

'What grandeur attaches to that idea of Union with God!

What elevation and dignity! But who can conceive that our English Protestant Church would confine it only to the sacrament of Baptism? Those who understand not its grandeur may well lower it, till nothing remains save what Baptism confers; but the true Christian ought, above all things, to rise to the height of the doctrine, and not lower it to his own standard.'

The sermon was accordingly preached on the 24th Feb., from the words, "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit, is Spirit," (John iii. 6.) It is not necessary to enter into the discussion, further than to explain the preacher's views. He dreaded the intermingling of the Church and the World, and the mistaking of the form for the power of Godliness. He held that the great spiritual and moral change, called the New Birth, was an essential and distinguishing feature of the Gospel. He believed it to be always necessary in itself, but not always and necessarily wrought in Baptism. He called it REGENERATION. Others contend for the thing—he contended for the word also. He was willing to use other Scriptural expressions, such as "Conversion," "Renovation," "Renewal," as expressing the change from "darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God;" but he would insist upon the liberty to use the word "Regeneration" also. Baptismal regeneration was not necessarily, in his view, real regeneration. The liturgical sense of the word was one thing, the saving sense another. They might be identical, but proof was wanting:—

'If the infant, as the faculties of reason and understanding are unfolded, gradually displays a spiritual frame or temper of mind according to the holy image of God, the case is decided; he needs not the blessing which we no longer merely hope that he has received, but which we rejoice to discern in its obvious effects. But if, as he advances in age, he appears to be utterly void of spiritual knowledge and spiritual obedience, he evidently still needs, as in the instance of the adult void of true piety, this inward renewal in all his powers in order to love and serve God.

'The greatest divines of our Church, including the Reformers themselves, frequently speak of Regeneration, and the New Birth, simply and by itself, as well as in connection with the sacrament of Baptism. With them, so far as I understand their language, Conversion, Renovation, Regeneration, New Birth, a New Creature, Transformation, are terms employed, as applicable in common to the general doctrine of the incipient recovery of man to the image and love of God, not indeed in opposition to what may perhaps be called, the ecclesiastical completion of it in Baptism, or to its occurrence by means of that sacrament, but still not as invariably connected with it.

'When we consider the magnitude of that change in all the faculties of the soul which we have before described, in connection with the actual character in every period of life of the vast majority of those who have been baptised, must not this one consideration forbid us to suppose that Regeneration is invariably connected with Baptism? For myself, at least, I must distinctly avow that this one consideration, independently of other numerous and in my mind conclusive arguments on the subject, is abundantly sufficient to prevent my entertaining for a moment such a supposition. And on this ground, not only the propriety but the necessity of the use of the term which I am now maintaining, seems to me at once and undeniably to follow.'[1]

Such were the views propounded in this sermon, and such the opinions held with little modification, by the preacher to the end of life. The unbiassed exhibition of them, in this place, would in every case have been a duty, but it is especially so, now that the question has been so strongly revived. Recent authoritative decisions, though they have not ended controversy, have brought about this one positive result, that a certain latitude of opinion is admissible in the Church upon the subject of Baptism. Though opinions therefore may differ from those expressed in this sermon, and some may approve and some disapprove, yet none may condemn.

The delivery of it gave great offence to the authorities at Oxford, and permission to print it at the university press was

[1] Sermon on Regeneration.

refused by the then Vice-Chancellor. "It savours of St. Edmund's Hall," was his reply, "the press is engaged." It was printed, however, and went through five editions.

This year (1817) was a troubled one. The transition from a state of war to peace was attended with much national and individual suffering. The harvest was bad, commerce depressed, disaffection widely prevalent. Daniel Wilson was alive to the emergency, and printed an excellent sermon on "Contentment," applicable not only to the times then present, but to all times of national trouble. With it may be classed other single sermons, one preached at St. Mary's, Oxford, before the judges, and another at Islington on the death of the Duke of York.

He was not a politician properly so called, but he took a warm interest in all matters connected with the good of the Church and the welfare of the State. The newspaper was a necessity to him. The chief Reviews were always looked for with interest, and some anxiety. He was a loyal, but not a party man. There was perhaps a growing liberality as he advanced in life, but for the most part he formed an independent judgment on each matter as it arose. Thus when all the nation was convulsed by the trial of Queen Caroline, his mind retained its balance :—

'My simple common sense opinion,' he says, (and it is almost the only allusion to politics in the whole of his correspondence) 'has long been that the name of the Queen never ought to have been omitted in the State prayers, till guilt was legally established, and that it ought to have been restored, and the usual external honours of her rank conceded, the moment the Bill failed. Then she would have been taken out of the hands of an angry Opposition, and consigned to the sure fate of profligate and abandoned females. Still—still—still—I know not what to say. All hearts are agitated—the minds of our common people are poisoned—the balance of our Constitution is weakened—the Ministry is feeble and indecisive—and the meeting of Parliament is looked forward to with real consternation. The gentry and clergy are sound, but the people are demoralised. The sooner a man arises to whom

the full confidence of the country may gradually attach, and whose hands may grasp firmly the reins of the State—a minister like Pitt—the better.'

This year he also printed the first of a series of sermons to very young children. The second was preached in 1820, the third in 1822, the fourth in 1823. They are admirably adapted to their purpose, and ought to be preached when Dr. Watts' "divine songs" are sung.

In the month of May he preached the anniversary sermon of the Church Missionary Society, at St. Bride's Church. The cause of missions was always near his heart, though he could have had no presentiment that he should one day enter into that field of duty. His public appeal on this occasion was full of force and earnestness, and the result corresponded. The sum of 393*l.* 11*s.* 11*d.* was collected; being the largest amount raised for the Society during the first twenty-seven anniversaries.

Next year he was called to a still more decided effort on behalf of the same Society. On the 1st December, 1818, a public meeting had been summoned by advertisement to form a Church Missionary Association at Bath. The then Bishop of Gloucester (Dr. Ryder) who was also Dean of Wells and a Vice-Patron of the Society, presided. At this meeting the Ven. J. Thomas, Archdeacon of Bath, appeared in his official character, and delivered an Address, which he afterwards printed, as a protest against the introduction of the society into his archdeaconry. He denounced the attempt as a violation of ecclesiastical order, charged the presiding bishop with invading the province of his episcopal brother, declared that the society had assumed a title to which it had no claim, expressed his conviction that the Association would prove a hotbed of heresy, and finally as archdeacon, recorded his protest against its formation.

Looking back forty years it is hard to realise all this. In these days few indeed would be found to countenance it, but the archdeacon claimed to speak in behalf of nineteen-twentieths of the clergy then within his jurisdiction.

It was imperatively necessary that the Protest should be noticed, and the accusations brought against the society repelled, and Daniel Wilson was requested to undertake the duty. His reply is a model of clear argument, grave rebuke, and good temper. By one and the same process it acquits the society and condemns the archdeacon. Even after the lapse of so many years it may be read with interest and profit. Apart from the direct issue, it upholds the whole principle of missions, and the whole machinery of the Church Missionary Society. From the attack made upon it, that Society rose triumphant, and has ever since waxed stronger and stronger. The obligation then conferred has been gratefully acknowledged in the following terms. Referring to this controversy, the Committee say :—

"Pamphlets on both sides, to the number of eight or ten, were published: but that which was written by Mr. Wilson vindicated the constitution of the Society with much Christian temper and spirit, passed through fourteen editions within two months, and rendered such aid to the cause that the hostile attack was turned into an important benefit."

His own notice of the pamphlet is as follows :—

'*January*, 22, 1818.

'I am writing after a strangely long silence. You must forgive me, my friend. Business has absorbed me so that I have not had a moment, I will not say of leisure, but of peace and quietness. Noise, confusion, hurry, quarrels, sorrows, afflictions, even despair, have encompassed and nearly overwhelmed me. Now I begin to breathe again. My pamphlet is revised. The answer of the archdeacon has not yet appeared. I am able to resume my ordinary duties after a month of uneasiness.

'You know, I believe, that various friends have been of the greatest use to me in compiling my pamphlet. I read it twice to Mr. Wilberforce, and some touches of his marvellous eloquence will appear in the new edition. The two Grants have helped me, particularly Mr. Robert Grant, to whom I am indebted for the argument on Authority, and on the

contributions of the poor. I do not mention Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bickersteth, because you know as well as I, the interest they take in our Society. I am anxious about the archdeacon's reply, knowing well my own shortcomings, and the maliciousness of the enemies of religion. But my trust is in God. His arm, His providence, His spirit, these are my weapons.'

The pamphlet eventually passed through seventeen editions. Many publications professing to reply to it appeared, but none were considered worthy of notice. There was no response from the archdeacon, and the fire died out from want of fuel. But from the ashes sprang up a warmer zeal and a greater liberality on behalf of missions, and it was all overruled of God, that so "His way might be known upon earth and His saving health among all nations."

"The success of the pamphlet" says a contemporary, "was perfect, and the excellent Society derived essential benefit from the investigation of its principles and labours."

Whilst this controversy was going on, Daniel Wilson's first printed volume of sermons appeared. They had been preached at St. John's, and were published, as the dedication states, to supply in some degree the deficiency of personal intercourse.

The book seems to have met with a rude reception in some quarters at first, for writing on the 28th January to a friend, the author says:—

'As to my poor volume, you know how it has been condemned. Do write without delay, and give me your candid opinion. The last page had scarcely left the press, when the archdeacon's affair came on, and disturbed all my accustomed train of thought.'

Whatever check the volume may have received on its first appearance, it was but momentary. All opposition was instantly overborne. The first edition of eight hundred copies was sold in a fortnight, and another called for, and many followed in rapid succession. It proved handsomely remunerative. The author used to speak of having realised 600*l.* or 800*l.* by the publication. This would be thought little of,

perhaps, in the case of some popular work or important history, but a volume of sermons is a very different thing, and remuneration is rarely thought of by the author.

The discourses in this volume may be taken, no doubt, as fair specimens of his preaching at St. John's at that period; and they lose nothing by comparison with the productions of the pulpit in the present day. They are really sermons. In arrangement, they come between the innumerable divisions of earlier writers which overload the memory, and the modern essay, which makes no impression on it. Errors of style are to be found; but they are well nigh forgotten in the clear exposition of Scriptural truth, the discrimination of character, the appeals to conscience, the interesting narrative, impressive exhortation, and tender pathos which everywhere abound; and which want only the living voice, the appropriate delivery, and the promised grace, to accomplish all the great ends of preaching.

Imagine the capacious building, the crowded audience, the rapt attention: every eye fixed upon the preacher, and every ear listening to the following words, taken from a sermon on the "Passion of our Lord," and the effect may easily be realised:—

'In speechless agony he hangs upon the cross. Even his heavenly Father withdraws from him. The darkness which surrounds the cross, was but an emblem of the sufferer's soul.

'Who can speak the mysteries of the scene? All the other sorrows of his passion are not to be compared with the dereliction he now endured. How bitter the pang of separation from God is, can be best told by those who most ardently love him. *His presence is life.* It has made Apostles sing praises in prison, and martyrs triumph at the stake. What then must the Son of God have now felt, whose love to his Father was perfect, and whose union with him was inexpressibly intimate. Of no other part of his passion did the Saviour utter a complaint—not of his sufferings in the garden, or at the bar of Pilate, or when nailed to the cross—not under the insults of the Jews—not of the thorns, the nails, the vinegar, the gall—not of the flight of his disciples. But

when his heavenly Father withdrew the communications of his presence, he exclaimed in the depth of his anguish, Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani! My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me! Then was *the travail of his soul.* Then did he endure the wrath of God, the curse of the law, the temptations of the powers of darkness; all the woe arising from a full view of the evil of sin, and of the accumulated guilt for which he was about to atone.

'Well may the Greek Church have adopted the remarkable language which occurs in her Litany—BY THINE UNKNOWN AGONIES! Yes, what we know of these agonies is little indeed, is but a faint image of the incomprehensible and unutterable reality of the sufferings which he endured. We are able only to say that he sustained all the pain of which his perfect human nature was capable; and all the anguish inflicted by the anger of God, the penalty of sin, the terrors of judgment, the assaults of the devil. And if in this world a single drop of divine wrath, falling into the conscience of a sinner, has at times quenched every hope and involved him in inconceivable misery, darkness, horror, and despair; who shall measure the depth of that agony when all the vials of eternal wrath were poured out even to the dregs, on the head of the Redeemer!'

We may learn from this volume, his views on the main doctrines of the Gospel.

Do we desire to know how he speaks of *Conviction of sin?*

'Men must be convinced of their sins, or perish. And whether this conviction resemble the sudden alarm of the Philippian jailor, or the gradual illumination of Cornelius, Lydia, the Ethiopian eunuch, and the Bereans, the results are the same. The careless and wicked are effectually brought to see their sin and danger, and to enquire after the way to salvation. They are pricked in their hearts with remorse and confusion; their vain excuses are silenced, they feel their lost condition, they humble themselves in contrition of soul before God; and admit without reserve the charge of guilt and condemnation which his holy law prefers against them.' (Serm. iii. p. 58.)

Do we desire to know how he defines *Faith?*

'Faith is an implicit credit given to the Divine testimony in the Holy Scriptures. Faith receives with simplicity the witness of God, that cannot lie. The penitent reads under its influence, every part of the volume of inspiration, and credits all he reads, however new, mysterious, or humiliating. Since however, man is a fallen and ruined creature, and the leading truth of the Bible is the record concerning Christ, Faith, when genuine, fixes most intensely on this doctrine. It consequently produces in the first place an humble supplication for mercy, and a simple trust and reliance on the Saviour's merits; and then forms us to a union with him, and a hope in the future blessings he has promised. It thus becomes the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen. Especially, it worketh by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world; and the fruits of holiness, thus produced, distinguish it as a living and divine principle, from a natural, a speculative, and unproductive assent of the understanding.' (Serm. v. p. 108.)

Do we wish to know how he treats of *Good Works?*

'Repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ, are the beginning of all religion. This will lay the axe to the root of the tree. By repentance the sinner breaks off from transgression. By faith he receives the gift of righteousness, and obtains the benefit of remission. The merits of Jesus Christ being imputed to his account, he is accepted as righteous before God. He, who thus receives forgiveness from the hands of his compassionate Saviour, will assuredly begin to love his neighbour as himself. Thus holiness and pardon will be inseparable. The regenerating grace of the Holy Spirit which he has already received in its incipient operation, will make him more and more a new creature. He will put off the old man with his deeds, he will put on the new man, and be gradually adorned with all the softer virtues of compassion, meekness, and forgiveness, towards those around him. This is Christianity. This is the principle and practice of religion.' (Serm. x., p. 238.)

There is an admirable sermon in this volume on the "Ten Talents;" a consolatory one on "Religious Dejection;" and an encouraging one on "Decision in Religion," from the character of Ruth.

Two important discourses also will be found on "The Force of Habit." They have evidently been prepared with more than common care, but cannot claim the merit of entire originality. The basis of the argument on which they rest, will be found in Bishop Butler's fifth chapter on a "state of Probation as intended for moral discipline and improvement." The illustrations employed, and the adaptation of Christianity to the argument, is Daniel Wilson's, but the first idea and the argument itself, is Bishop Butler's. In the pages of the one, it stands an admirable and unanswerable moral essay; in the hands of the other, it is moulded into two powerful and convincing evangelical sermons. When we read, that "the principle of virtue improved into a habit, will plainly be a security against the danger we are in from the very nature of propension or particular affections"—we recognise Bishop Butler. But when we read that "there never was and never can be, any other effectual mode of changing the intellectual habits and social usages of the sinner, of stopping him from rushing down the precipice, of awakening him from his profound lethargy, but that which the Scriptures reveal, viz: an entire conversion of the whole soul to God by the mighty operation of the Holy Spirit"—we recognise Daniel Wilson. He seems now to have conceived the idea, which he subsequently wrought out, that the argument from analogy admitted of expansion, and could be made available, not only in support of a revelation from God, but of CHRISTIANITY, in its peculiarities, as being that revelation.

One interesting anecdote, connected with this volume of sermons, may be mentioned now, though properly belonging to a later period. A young American clergyman named Douglas, had arrived in London, quite alone, in search of health. Being seized with sudden and serious illness whilst sojourning there, he was asked whether he would wish to see a clergyman. He at once named Mr. Daniel Wilson, from the simple circumstance

that he had read and appreciated this very volume of sermons. A message was accordingly dispatched to Mr. Wilson, and found him at Mr. Fowell Buxton's. After communicating with the messenger, he returned to the company, and related the circumstances of the case. At his request all present then knelt down, and prayed that the intercourse about to take place with this unknown and dying man, might be blessed of God. The first interview, which was satisfactory, was followed by several others, and then Mr. Douglas died. Being a stranger in a strange land, and having no certain burial-place, Mr. Wilson, who had taken deep interest in the case, opened his own vault, and buried him with his own family. Some months passed on, and the circumstance was fading from memory, when at a large gathering of English clergymen, the Rev Mr. Nettlewood, an American, was requested to describe the revivals of religion then taking place in his native land. He illustrated his remarks by the case of a Mr. Douglas, a young clergyman, whose first religious impressions had been produced at one of these revivals. He mourned over him as one lost; and told how he had come to Europe, had arrived in London, was improving in health, and anticipating a return to America and extended usefulness, when suddenly all tidings from him had ceased, and all traces of him had disappeared. "I have been," said Mr. Nettlewood, "from one end of this great city, to the other. I have enquired of many if they had ever met him; but the name of Sutherland Douglas was unknown to all. Can any here tell me anything respecting him?" Mr. Wilson was one of the clergy present, and he at once stepped forward, and in a voice broken with deep emotion, said, "My dear sir, I can tell you all about him. I attended on his dying hours; and he now is buried in my family vault." The whole assembly melted into tears, at the affecting narrative and striking coincidence. And all pondered on the wondrous chain of God's providence, of which the sermons now under review, formed one link.

Sermons preached about this time for several parochial schools, will explain his views on the important subject of national and scriptural education; and a sermon before the "Prayer Book and Homily Society," unfolds the principles

which he thinks must be settled before secession from the Church can be justified.

'For myself,' he says, in a sermon preached at Islington, 'I will teach my child all the great facts and verities of the Christian religion: and with these I will connect an enlightened but devoted adherence to the edifying rites of our episcopal Church. I will present my child at the font of baptism. I will teach him to ratify in his own person in the rite of confirmation the vows then made. I will lead him to the altar of our Eucharistic sacrifice. I will train him to the observation of the sabbath, and the celebration of the public worship of God in the sublime devotions of our liturgy. To these habits, I will add a spirit of steady loyalty to his king and country, a willing subjection to the law, a reverence to the persons of those in authority in Church and State. Thus I will teach him to *honour all men, to love the brotherhood, to fear God, and honour the king.* Nothing shall persuade me, while I have the Bible in my hand, to separate these essential parts, from the solemn duty of education. No, I will sow the young soil with the specific seed which I wish to reap. I will graft the tree with the precise kind of fruit I wish it to bear. I will bend the tender shoot in the very position and form in which I wish to see it grow. I will imbue the new vessel with the fragrant odour which I wish it ever to retain.

'I will indeed go as far as any one in promoting harmony and co-operation with other bodies of Christians, where we are agreed in main principles, and when we cannot co-operate I will unfeignedly love them still; but I will distinguish between charity and indifference; and I prefer acting on my own convictions, and adhering to my own Church in a matter like education, where the sacrifice of principle can only lead to a hollow alliance, without abiding charity, or real esteem.'

On the subject of "Secession," he says:

'Before an individual proceeds unwarrantably to disturb the unity of the Church by separation and division, he should be prepared to reply to these two questions:—

'1. Is he ready to subvert altogether the existing establishment of Church polity?

'2. Has he a fair probability of substituting for it another decisively better?

'Because the subversion of any Church would inevitably follow, if each individual were to act after the example, which, so far as he is concerned, he authorises and encourages.

'And because, if nothing greatly superior is, in a fair prospect of human events, to succeed, all the guilt of disturbing without amending, of exciting confusion with no adequate countervailing advantage, will lie at his door.'

The sermon before the Prayer Book and Homily Society, as opening his views on Church government generally, was prepared with much care; and before being preached, was submitted to the judgment of Thomas Scott, the commentator. An interesting account of this, the last interview with that excellent man, remains. It was written at Aston Sandford, on June 25, 1819.

'I sat up with Mr. Scott last night till near twelve o'clock, talking over my correspondence with the Bishop of Chester on the doctrine of salvation. This morning he gave us a most beautiful exposition of Romans x. 12, &c. Afterwards Mr. Scott went over my homily sermon with me. He alters but very little, and approves of most of my ecclesiastical notions.

'Mr. Scott is tolerable in health, though seventy-two years old, and asthmatical for forty-five years. He is very busy with his new edition of the Commentary on the Bible. He has now finished the whole of the first volume, and parts of the second and third. He finishes four or five sheets a week, expounds twice a day, has above a hundred communicants at his sacrament, is popular and beloved in his neighbourhood, and has fuller churches than ever. It is quite delightful to see him once more in the flesh.'

Before long he was called to preach the funeral sermon of this venerable man of God. There was no one whom he more

delighted to honour, no one in whom he placed more confidence, no one whose writings he more habitually studied. To the close of his life, Scott's Commentary on the Bible was the book of his choice. It exactly suited him. He never seemed sensible of its defects. He never felt it heavy. New authorities arose, new comments appeared: but still his word remained the same—"The old is better." He recommended it to every one whom he valued, and read it always himself. Its accordance with Scripture, its perfect honesty and integrity of purpose, its moderation in statements of doctrine, the practical and holy tendency everywhere manifest; all these won his heart and kept it. And now when called to bear testimony to the writer's excellencies in a funeral sermon, he threw himself thoroughly into the work. He had to describe a man of strong natural and original powers, and at first a determined opponent of the chief truths of the Gospel, gradually borne on, to his own dismay and to the injury of his temporal interests, by the simple force of truth, to an agreement in the common faith of the Church, and an admission of those doctrines which he had denied. Arriving at this point, all his powers were consecrated to God. He became the laborious preacher, the voluminous writer, the wise commentator, the sagacious adviser, the opponent of error in every shape, the leader in everything that was valuable. Straitened in finances, a heavy preacher, a great sufferer, he had yet much happiness and did much good. And the savour of his name remains—if not as a popular, yet as a most wise, useful, and holy man.

Such was the character Daniel Wilson had to portray, and he did it well. One sermon was preached, at first, in the neighbourhood of Aston Sandford, the small church in that parish admitting scarcely a tithe of the mourners who crowded from all parts of the neighbourhood; and this sermon was expanded into two, when preached subsequently at St. John's. They are so largely quoted in the admirable and well-known "Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott," written by his son, the late Rev. John Scott, of Hull, besides having themselves passed through several editions, that further reference to them is needless. For those who may think them too eulogistic, the following extracts from letters written at the time are inserted

here. They are the words of one who, when they were written, was Canon of Durham, but who now with so much Christian wisdom and gentleness, occupies the highest ecclesiastical dignity in the Church.

"1821. I have read Wilson's sermons on Scott with great interest. But, surely, he paints too highly, and praises above measure! What more could have been said of Luther? And we had the same strain about Milner too. Are all apostles?"

"1822. I remember last year expressing an opinion that Daniel Wilson had extolled Scott beyond bounds. Really, since I have read his life, I think otherwise. His devotedness, disinterestedness, industry, scriptural wisdom, and truly apostolical character, are most admirable and instructive! What a pity that he could not to a greater degree recommend his matter by his style."

In the year 1823, appeared the first of a series of Prefaces to various select Christian authors, published by Chalmers and Collins of Glasgow. They were five in number. The preface to Adams' "Private Thoughts," appeared in 1823, to Butler's "Analogy" in 1825, to Wilberforce's "Practical View" in 1826, to Baxter's "Reformed Pastor" in 1829, and to Quesnel "on the Gospels" in 1830.

The preface to Adams' "Private Thoughts" is short, but complete. It inspires a desire to read the work which it introduces. It contrasts the depth and seriousness of the author's reflections with the superficial divinity of the day. It anticipates objections and removes them. Thus it accomplishes every purpose which a preface has in view, and it neither needs nor asks for any higher praise.

The preface to Butler's "Analogy" takes a far higher flight, and requires a longer notice. It was here that the writer aimed at extending the argument from analogy, and adapting it to Christianity, to which reference has been already made. How he succeeded, other authorities, higher and abler than he who writes these lines, shall say.

The first authority is that of Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester :—

"The preliminary remarks and analysis of the argument prefixed to the volume of Butler's Analogy, are in themselves masterly performances, and may not improperly be instanced as the finest proof he (Daniel Wilson) has left of his mental power. They are written in his best style; brief yet clear; vigorous, and terse, and flowing."

The second is Dr. Copleston, then Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and afterwards Bishop of Llandaff:—

"*April*, 1825.

"I have but just finished your Introductory Essay to Bishop Butler's Analogy, and although it appears to me that your abridgment of the author is exact and judicious, yet the latter part of the Essay is what I chiefly admire and value. The remarks from p. 86, onwards, are excellent, and will be of great practical use, which I believe abridgements seldom are, except to the person who makes them.

"But the connection of this argument with the other branches of Christian evidence, is admirably pointed out and illustrated. I have no doubt also that you are right in thinking that Butler has fallen short of that view of Christianity which is most effectual in subduing the heart of man and training him for heaven. But allowance may surely be made for the nature of his argument, which was principally to refute the infidel, and to bring men as willing disciples to the Gospel. The full development and the powerful enforcement of Gospel truths is the constant business of our profession. He has not entered so largely into this office as *might have been done*—and yet, as it seems to me, he has gone as far as his undertaking required him to go. The foundation has been firmly laid. And every one who has advanced thus far, must know, that a great deal remains for him to do before the work can be considered as completed. This work gives ample scope for the abilities and zeal of all our fellow-labourers, and I willingly acknowledge that among them you have had a distinguished share. That the due reward of such labours may be your lot in this life, as it certainly will be hereafter, is the sincere prayer of, &c., &c.

"EDWARD COPLESTON."

The third authority is that of the Rev. C. Jerram, his friend and successor at St. John's :—

"I go the full length with you in all you say, and admire the manner in which you bring the subject home, and show its vital importance.

"I think, also, that your remarks on the argument of Butler retaining all its force, or even augmented force, on the supposition of your statement of evangelical truth being the basis of the system, is exceedingly good.

"I wish an Act of Parliament could be obtained to prevent any edition of Butler from being circulated, without your Introduction."

The preface to Wilberforce's "Practical View," attempts in the first place, to give a just conception of the merits of the work itself; it then describes the reception it met with on its first appearance, and its connection with the revival of true religion; and concludes with some general observations on the gradual progress which had since taken place. Much valuable matter is thus secured, and the interest in the work greatly increased.

The venerable author himself read this preface, and there may be some truth in the remark he made after doing so, as recorded in his "Life;" for the terms employed were highly laudatory :—

"Such things ought never to be published till a man is dead." ("Life," vol. v. p. 345.)

Daniel Wilson naturally availed himself of this opportunity to express his abhorrence of slavery : but his opinion found fuller and freer utterance subsequently in a sermon preached at Cheltenham, Islington, and St. John's, and ultimately committed to the press in 1830, under the title, "The guilt of forbearing to deliver our British colonial slaves."

The preface to Baxter's "Reformed Pastor" is not so much an explanatory comment on it, as a stirring appeal, on the basis

and after the manner of it. The writer does in 1829, what Baxter did in 1656—he attempts to rouse a slumbering Church; and bids all to faith, and calling upon God.

A few words from a letter addressed by Dr. Chalmers to him, will be a sufficient commendation :—

'EDINBURGH, *May*, 14, 1829.

"I have just perused with very great delight your preface to Baxter's 'Reformed Pastor.'"

Quesnel, "on the Gospels," was the last of the series of Prefaces. It is chiefly historical and explanatory, and will be found both interesting and instructive. The praise bestowed upon the labours and research of sixty years, is mingled with the cautions necessary for the perusal of the work of one, who, though excommunicated by the Pope, in 1714, yet lived and died a Roman Catholic.

Midway among these Prefaces, viz. in 1823, appeared a work of a different character. Weighed down with his abundant labours, Daniel Wilson was compelled to seek rest and recreation on the Continent. His family accompanied him; but all being occupied with their respective journals, the duty of a correspondent fell on him. His letters were read by a large circle of anxious and admiring friends at home. They naturally inspired interest, and the demand for publication, eventually made, could scarcely be refused.

The result was, the appearance of two small volumes entitled "Letters from an absent Brother." They were what they professed to be, and are literally without pretension. When first published, they entered too much into matters of personal detail, and many of the conclusions were no doubt hastily drawn. But much of this was altered in a second edition, and there is a freshness of feeling running through the whole, an enjoyment of nature, a vein of true piety, a zeal for God, a description of Popish superstition and Protestant laxity, a seeking out of good men, and a doing of good works, which insensibly interest the reader, carry him unwearied from place to place, and leave him pleased and instructed

with this unexciting narrative of a five months continental journey.

But the most important of all his works before he left England (and this is the limit here assigned to his "Literary Life") was "The Evidences of Christianity," completed and published in two volumes in the year 1830. This was probably the last book of the kind presented to the Church, before the modern school arose, which, slighting evidences, laid the main stress of Christianity upon tradition and Church authority. The introduction of a principle so essentially Popish into a Protestant Church, could not fail to cause great agitation; and the pendulum which had before been keeping true time, has ever since been oscillating violently between the two extremes of Tractarianism and Latitudinarianism. When agitation ceases as cease it will, and quietness returns, then will Christianity be regarded once more as a "reasonable service," and works upon the Evidences, such as this, will assume their proper place and be rated at their proper value. Its chief peculiarity, as distinguished from similar attempts, is that it combines close reasoning on the evidences with strong appeals to the conscience. No doubt a certain difficulty follows: for those who need the evidences will disregard the appeals, and those who value the appeals will not need the evidences. Still there are four large and important classes to whom the work will be invaluable: first, those who are entering on a religious life; secondly, those who are satisfied of the truth of Christianity, but unable to give to any one that asketh a "reason of the hope that is in them;" thirdly, those whose faith may have been shaken by intercourse with unbelievers; and fourthly, those who are anxious to revive forgotten truths in their own souls.

For all such characters these volumes are well adapted, since they do exactly what is wanted. They speak at once to the head and to the heart. No labour was spared by the author. He availed himself of the writings of seventy-nine other authors to enrich his own: twenty-three different works in various languages were consulted on the single subject of inspiration. There was no haste. Eleven years elapsed between the first conception and the final publication. It was in the year

1819, that he thus wrote to Mrs. Hannah More upon the subject:—

'9, Chapel Street, *November* 16, 1819.

'I have need of your advice. The awful signs of the present period have led me to think that possibly a course of sermons on the Evidences of Christianity might not be without its use. The objections to such a step, are, I am aware, sufficiently formidable. The number of works extant, the improbability of those who are infected with infidelity being present, the difficulty in the hurry of other indispensable duties of preparing such a course as may tolerably satisfy a thinking person, the danger of injecting doubts into the minds of the unstable, &c.

'The arguments in favour of the measure are the obvious ones of the arrogant and widely diffused publications of infidelity, the necessity of inculcating old truths, the hope of confirming the minds of the young, and the satisfaction of having made the attempt.

'Now allow me to request your opinion on this preliminary question.

'I have an idea that a middle line might be traced out between cold external argument and flimsy declamation, something solid and yet practical, not controversial or over-critical and yet not vapid, and insulting to an adversary; something that should partake of Paley's historical clearness, and Abbadie's close reasoning, and Grotius' brevity, and Scott's practical and weighty argument, and Porteus' inimitable sweetness and piety, and half-a-dozen other virtues of half-a-dozen other men, which never were combined, and which it is madness and presumption and folly even to talk of imitating, and which throw the whole attempt into mere fairy vision.

'But, seriously, I have a notion in my head that something of argument and practice might be conjoined.'

In consequence of Mrs. Hannah More's advanced age and weak sight, her answer was conveyed by means of an amanuensis; but before the letter left, she took the pen and traced a few lines of encouragement, ending thus:—

"What your hand findeth to do, do, not only with all your

might, but quickly. May the Holy Spirit direct and strengthen you, dear sir, is the prayer of your faithful and affectionate

"HANNAH MORE."

Thus encouraged by the advice of Mrs. Hannah More, and many other friends, he began to carry his design into execution. He prepared a course of Lectures, and delivered them at St. John's Chapel during the winter months of the year 1819. Then followed their preparation for the press, and in October, 1820, he reports progress as follows:—

'WORTON, *October* 26, 1820.

'I cannot prevail upon myself to break up my ten weeks retreat this summer without giving you some kind of account of my progress in the work which you were so good as to encourage me to undertake. I have been steadily pursuing it at every leisure moment, and have made a rough copy of the whole. The subject has so opened upon my mind as I have gone on, that I more and more perceive how it admits of new illustration, and additional statements in almost every branch of it. Nor can I help, at times, stopping to admire the goodness of the Divine providence in surrounding the most important of all enquiries with a brightness of evidence to which nothing was ever equal or similar. It was indeed only last week that I was meditating on one topic—sufficiently exhausted one would think—that of the Scripture Miracles, and I was really filled with surprise at the prominent and untouched elevation on which they stood, and looked down as it were, with disdain on the wretched prodigies which infidels have sometimes dared to set up against them.

'The variety of the Christian evidences has also been a subject of my admiration, and I feel persuaded that when the inspiration of Scripture, and the excellency and efficacy of the Scripture doctrine, sustained by the accumulated historical testimonies, are brought forward fairly before an honest mind, the conviction of the truth of Christianity must be quite irresistible.

'In short, my dear madam, I am enraptured with my subject; and whether I ever live to complete my projected book or not,

the study delights and edifies me, and more than repays the labour it may require.

'I think it will take a year and a half more to complete my design. For I cannot go on fast. Every thing demands thought, and reading, and prayer. Two volumes octavo will be about my limit. A mere table of contents satisfies no one. And I cannot well compress such an argument into a less compass, for it is by the weight which each branch lends to the rest, that the entire force is to be collected.'

It is interesting thus to penetrate the mind of an author, and trace the progress of his work. How few who take it up, and skim it slightly, and offer easy criticisms, are aware of the labour and research, the thought and prayer, that have been given to its composition!

The design was not completed at this time. Health forbade, and change of circumstances intervened, as will be related in due course. It was not till the years 1827—1830, that the Lectures were again delivered in Islington Parish Church, and finally completed and published.

It would be a vain attempt to analyse the work. It must be read. In fact, it has been read and diffused so widely in four editions throughout England and India, that any further notice would be superfluous, if not impertinent. No thoughtful reader can rise from its perusal without finding knowledge increased, doubts removed, faith confirmed, and every good purpose strengthened.

Meanwhile all England was convulsed by the avowed purpose of the Government to concede the claims of the Roman Catholics. In years past, Daniel Wilson had been adverse to the concession of their claims; but now his mind changed, and he took a prominent and earnest part in furthering the proposed measure.

When Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, resigned his seat for Oxford, and again became a candidate for it, Daniel Wilson warmly supported him. His reply to a member of Convocation, was published, and was as follows:—

'Islington, *February* 19, 1829.

'I shall have the greatest pleasure, not only in voting for Mr.

Peel, but in lending all the help I can in promoting his re-election. I consider his conduct to have been most noble. If I differed from him in judgment I should still support him, on the ground of his admirable public services; but, agreeing with him as I do, I shall naturally be most anxious to serve him. I conceive Mr. Peel has rendered the most important and critical service to his country which any statesman has done in my memory. The tranquillity of the empire will be owing very much, under Providence, to his manly and honourable decision.

'Let me know the day of election, and I will come down at all events.'

When the measure was under discussion, he wrote a letter to the editor of the "Christian Observer," which was afterwards separately published as a pamphlet, in which he stated at length the reasons which had led to his change of mind, the evils which he apprehended from a refusal of the measure, and the benefits he anticipated from its adoption. He also entered at length into the religious bearings of the question. This letter had a wide circulation, and made a great impression. It alienated some friends from him for a time, and sacrificed a few for ever. But there were many with him—Wilberforce, Acland, Dealtry, the Grants, &c.; and all kinds of testimonies are still extant, expressing assent and approbation. Letters from Sir J. Macintosh and Dr. Chalmers, are amongst them. The former sought an interview, for the purpose of consulting him how best, in his speech in Parliament, the religious difficulties of the question might be met; and the latter writes from Edinburgh, as follows:—

"I have to offer you my best thanks for the copy of your admirable letter, in whose reasonings and views I entirely acquiesce. My speeches are not worthy of perusal by one who has read, and far less by him who has produced, your full and comprehensive view of the question."

Mr Simeon of Cambridge also says in characteristic words:—

"The best way is to let Mr. —— alone. You are not the only friend of robbery and murder! I remember Mr. Cecil says—'If a little man be attacked, he is very anxious to vindicate himself, *because he is afraid of being snuffed out.*' There must be a larger pair of snuffers than any Mr. —— possesses, to snuff you out, my brother, or to impair your light.

"I think I once told you, that I take the moon for my pattern. When she is at the full, the dogs bark at her. But I never yet heard of her stopping to enquire, why they barked.

"Your co-heretical friend and brother,

"C. SIMEON."

This first letter, written in March, was followed by a second in April. In it he stated the measures which he considered desirable for Ireland under her altered circumstances. These measures were chiefly of a religious character; and this second letter, though not so brilliant or exciting as the first, was yet eminently practical and useful. Dr. Chalmers said of it, that he felt "quite confident a great and general impression would be made by the views thus brought forward."

Whatever judgment may be formed of the part he took in this matter, there can be no doubt as to the singleness of his purpose, and his earnest sincerity. He himself, in after years, expressed regret, and a feeling of disappointment that the result had fallen short of his anticipations. But it is too soon to decide. We know but in part. The problem is even now not worked out. The results, when developed, may show that the tendency of the measure was to promote the glory of God and the good of the Church.

The year 1830 was productive of another valuable work. Seven sermons on the "Lord's Day," were preached and published. It was a favourite subject; and here the author tells us "all his heart." He yields nothing to timid friends or angry foes. The seventh day of rest, as instituted in Paradise, confirmed on Sinai, morally binding upon all, restored to its integrity by our Lord, changed from the last day of the week to the first by His Apostles, designed for holy purposes and the soul's health—these points, and others of much

moment, are supported by arguments of all kinds, drawn from all sources.

A critical reader may, perhaps, find fault with the accumulation of arguments, and say that three or four weak points will never make a strong one. He may also complain of the style; for though not now florid (that is past) it was unpleasantly authoritative. These faults, however, are trifling compared with the result; which is, to place the divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's Day upon a basis incontrovertible and immoveable.

Two or three funeral sermons may be noticed together; one occasioned by the death of Charles Grant, Esq. in 1823; one by the death of the Rev. Samuel Crowther, vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street, in 1829; and one by the death of the Rev. Basil Woodd, minister of Bentinck Chapel, Marylebone, in 1831. All are interesting, and the discrimination of character admirable.

A controversy arose, in 1831, between Daniel Wilson and Dr. Burton, Professor of Divinity at Oxford. It sprung primarily from the errors of Mr. Bulteel; and turned upon the subject of baptismal justification. Whilst engaged in it, a friend called, and found him not only busy, but anxious and uneasy. Enquiry having been made as to the cause, Mr. Wilson said, "I am doing a most difficult and delicate thing. I am reading over a controversial letter which is about to be printed, in order to find out and strike out whatever is not in a Christian spirit. There is not a more difficult thing than to write on controverted points in the true spirit of the Gospel. After I have done what I can myself, I shall send it to a friend, that he may correct what I have left imperfect."

We may now open the study door, and return to scenes of active life. The first object which meets the eye, is St. John's, Bedford Row.

CHAPTER IX.

ST. JOHN'S.

1811—1824.

Origin of St. John's Chapel—Dr. Sacheverel—Closing of St. John's Chapel—Manner in the pulpit—Composition of Sermons—Anecdote of a French pastor—Number of Sermons—Courses of Sermons—Lost MSS.—Congregation—Distinguished auditors—First impressions—Extensive usefulness—Dr. Buchanan—Canon Dale—Basil Woodd—Correspondence—Question of Law—Confirmation—Collections—District Visiting Society—Auxiliary Bible Society—Visits to Oxford, Norfolk, Birmingham, Dublin, Armagh, Bristol, Manchester, Staffordshire, North Wales, Liverpool, Buckinghamshire, Northamptonshire, Cambridge, Halifax, Huddersfield, Casterton, Leeds, Knaresborough, Channel Islands, France—Anecdotes—Opinions on various subjects—French translations—Eclectic Society—Failure of health—Continental tour—Dangerous illness—Recovery—Becomes Vicar of Islington.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL was built in the reign of Queen Anne and the days of Dr. Sacheverel. It stood upon ground belonging to the trustees of Rugby School, and within the boundaries of the Parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn. The tradition is, that the Queen, looking favourably on Dr. Sacheverel, and desirous of promoting him, sent for the patron of the rectory of St. Andrew's, which was then vacant, in order to express her wish that the Doctor should be appointed rector. The presentation belonged to the noble family of Montagu, now merged, by the marriage of the heiress, in the Dukedom of Buccleugh and Queensbury. Some intimation of the Queen's purpose having transpired, a "clerk" was selected, and duly appointed, before her Majesty's summons was obeyed, and her wish expressed; and then with courteous words the impossibility of compliance was pleaded. Queen Anne, however, was not to be so baffled. The newly-appointed rector was made a bishop. This not only vacated the living, but

placed the next appointment at the disposal of the Crown. It was instantly conferred upon Dr. Sacheverel, and he lived and died, Rector of St. Andrews. He was buried in the chancel of the church, and the inscription over his tomb still remains: "Infra jacet Henricus Sacheverel, S. T. P. Hujusce Ecclesiæ Rector. Obiit 5 die Junii, Anno Dom. 1724."

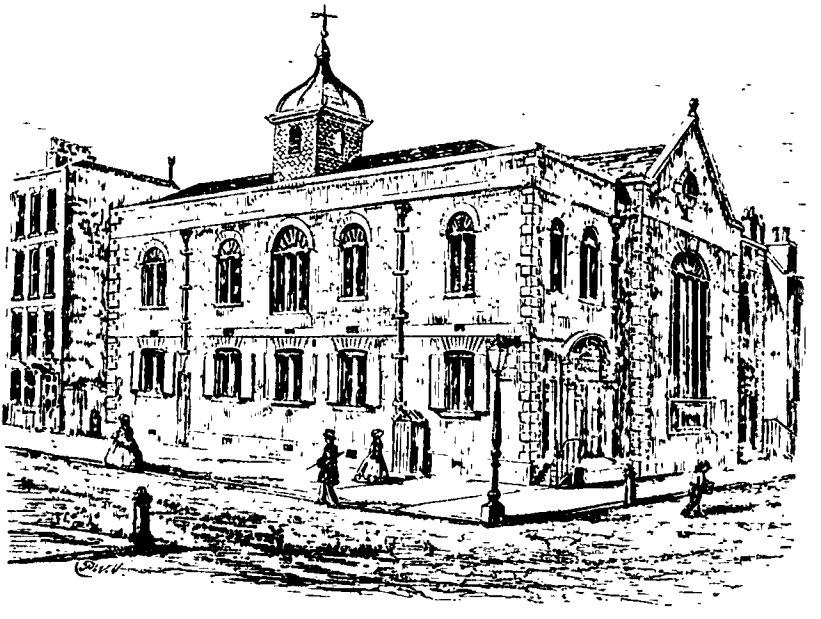
Some of the citizens were greatly offended at the appointment, and as a safety valve against the pressure of High Church doctrines, combined, and built St. John's Chapel in Bedford Row. If this was indeed its mission, it has been accomplished; and now the place which once knew it, knows it no more.

One Thursday evening in November, 1856, when the verger was about to ring the bell and summon the congregation for the usual week-day evening service, he could produce no sound. Still many were assembled, and divine service proceeded; but when the Minister ascended the pulpit, he perceived, from signs not to be mistaken, that the whole of the immense and massive roof had shifted and sunk, and might at any instant crush him and the whole congregation. A very short sermon naturally, and most wisely, followed this discovery; and that was the last sermon preached, or ever to be preached, in a chapel where the TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS, had been so long and so faithfully held forth by a succession of able and pious ministers.[1]

The building never had been consecrated, but was held on lease by each successive minister, who officiated under the bishop's licence, with the consent of the rector of the parish: and this was the tenure by which the chapel was held in the days of Cecil and Wilson.

Possessing no sort of ecclesiastical character externally, the building was yet in the interior, and previous to an enlargement in 1821, which brought forward the galleries and injured the proportions, a noble and imposing structure; and few recollections of a religious kind are more deeply written on the memories of a generation now passing away, than of the crowded congregations in that interior hanging upon Daniel Wilson's lips, and listening to his commanding oratory and

[1] The chapel has been recently pulled down, and the materials sold.



ST JOHN'S CHAPEL BEDFORD ROW WITH DWELLING HOUSE.

impassioned appeals. There was nothing of affectation in his mode of address, thus to win popularity, or draw a crowd. He stood as God's minister to do God's work. He was an earnest man, when earnest men were comparatively rare; he fully preached the Gospel, when preachers of the Gospel were comparatively few. Add to this, that he was stedfast when many were given to change, and moderate when many were prone to extremes; and you have the primary causes of his great and ever-increasing influence at St. John's. Others there were. His manner was natural. His voice was perfect. His enunciation was remarkably clear and distinct. His action varied with the subject: now grave, now vehement, but always graceful and appropriate. When through a crowd of standing auditors, he walked up the long side aisle, before the sermon, with features set and full of seriousness, every eye turned towards him with a feeling of interest as to what the Lord God was about to say by his mouth. Those who have known him in the decline of life, or those even who have only known him in Islington, have no idea of his power in the pulpit of St. John's. In the decline of life, peculiarities often crept into his discourses; and in Islington, local and parochial matters upon which he wished to influence men's minds, were frequently introduced; but there was nothing of the kind at St. John's. He was then like a man, "set for the defence of the Gospel." Mr. Simeon used to say that the congregation were at his feet. All felt his power. The preaching of "Christ crucified," and the salvation of the souls of men were his great objects—never forgotten—never out of sight. There was a seriousness in his manner, before which levity shrunk abashed; an occasional vehemence, which swept all obstacles before it; a pathos and tenderness, which opened in a moment the fountain of tears; and a command, which silenced for a time the mutterings of unbelief.

In the earlier part of his ministry at St. John's he preached extempore. He thought it most useful at the time and for the people. Writing to his assistant minister, in the year 1811, he says:—

'Of the taste of the congregation of St. John's, I am perfectly

ignorant. Since I have been ministering to it I have simply adopted that course which I conceived on the whole to have the preference—to be most for the glory of God, and the salvation and holiness of the Church. I may have erred fundamentally in my opinion, as I have unquestionably fallen short in every part of what I have aimed at accomplishing. But whilst my views continue the same, I certainly should violate my conscience were I to act upon the sentiments of others.'

His sermons were thoroughly prepared, but only a few notes taken up into the pulpit. These notes were gradually enlarged, in order to lessen, as he was accustomed to say, the strain upon his mind; and finally, the sermons were fully written, though not always preached as written. His mind was clear and his self-possession unruffled. Argument therefore readily mingled with exhortation, and exposition of Scripture was varied by appeals to the conscience. There were no set phrases to fill up gaps; no needless repetitions to spin out time; but all was clear, solid, natural, impressive, instructive. Occasionally there was hesitation for want of the right word: but the only effect of this was to excite the idea of fulness of matter and eagerness of purpose.

Every part of the service was in harmony, and in the spirit of a memorandum which had been left by Mr. Cecil when no longer able to exercise his ministry:—

"I am anxious that whoever takes the future management of the chapel, should conduct it in the same order; and that no new customs should be introduced; that all neglects and abuses may be watched over and restrained; and that the same grave and holy uniformity be preserved."

The prayers were accordingly read without any chaunting; a psalm was sung after the second lesson, as well as before the communion service and sermon; the organ, which was one of the finest old instruments in England, was played by Miss Cecil, a mistress of the art, who caught up and carried on the sentiment and feeling of the hour; and the whole was grave, devotional, and edifying.

The sermons were often long, but that was deemed no grievance: and as he had no parochial charge, they were made the centre round which other duties revolved. Texts were selected on the Sunday evening or Monday morning, and his thoughts were then concentrated on them for that week. If a brother clergyman was met in the streets, the conversation would turn, not on the current news of the day, but upon last or next Sunday's sermon:—What the text? What the treatment? What the effect? No labour was deemed too great. He had that peculiarity which characterises every distinguished man—he was pains-taking. He was always a student, and delighted in study. The body of the discourse was written in very large short-hand, so as easily to catch his eye, for he was very short-sighted in middle life; whilst the blank side was covered with extracts from critics, commentators, fathers, divines, and devotional writers of all kinds. This involved great labour, and must by no means be confounded with the "short and easy method" of looking at a commentator, adopting his comment, and from it framing the sermon. In one of his manuscript sermons, which had been several times preached, there are long extracts on the blank leaves from eight different authors: and six or seven sermons examined promiscuously, show long quotations from fifty-nine different authorities: amongst them Vitringa, Luther, Lowth, Calvin, Scott, Henry, Maclaurin, Leighton, Davenant, Chrysostom, Cyprian, Daillé, Bishop Pearson, Dr. Wells, South, Milner, Macknight, Clement of Alexandria, Bourdaloue, Bishop Horsley, Waterland, Lardner, Blomfield, Butler, Girdlestone, Cecil, Hooker, Sumner, and Witsius. He had thus matter for many sermons under one cover, and upon the same text: and by varying the authorities he could, and did, vary to a great extent the tone and character of the discourse. Thus the sketch formed in his own mind, was filled up with the great thoughts of great men, and what was original was enriched from the stores of others. This power of adaptation is not common, but it was one of Daniel Wilson's peculiarities. He was always on the watch for useful hints. A simple, pious, and unpretending French pastor was once brought to his study to be introduced to him. At St. Quentin, the place where this pastor ministered, a

species of revival in religion had taken place, and through his instrumentality. He related the circumstances in a simple way, and particularly mentioned one sermon he had preached, which appeared to have produced a great effect upon his people. Mr. Wilson had listened with much interest up to this point: but the instant he heard of the sermon, out came pen and paper, and a rapid series of questions began. What was the text? What the divisions? What the plan of treatment? What the classes addressed? All was taken down, avowedly for future use, in the hope that a similarly good effect might be again produced. Thus he gathered honey for his own hive from every quarter.

A register was kept of every sermon preached, with ruled columns, and short comments, such as :—

'Christmas day, 1811. I was very dry, cold, and lifeless. I did not seem to come home to the hearts of the people.

'Feb. 26, 1812. This was a most delightful service to my own mind.

'Nov. 16, 1817. Funeral sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

'April 16, 1820. Sermon on Dean Milner's death.'

Before he went to St. John's, he had preached six hundred and forty sermons. Whilst at St. John's he preached one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven sermons. At Islington he preached eight hundred and twenty. At various places, between the years 1801 and 1832, he preached seven hundred and eighty. Whilst at home on a visit from India, seventy-eight. And in India itself, two thousand three hundred and one. Making a total of five thousand eight hundred and six sermons, and addresses partaking of the character of sermons! It is not meant that he composed that number of separate sermons: but that he had preached that number of times. Many sermons were preached eleven and twelve times, and many oftener still. It was his frequent custom. Thus he writes to his assistant at St. John's, in 1809, from Oxford :—

'I have just been prevailed upon to take a charity sermon

before our corporation here. I think of 1 Peter i. 22, as the text. I mean to try it first at Worton, and then bring it to Oxford, on its way to St. John's, December 10th.'

He was fond of courses of sermons, and preached them regularly on the Wednesday mornings during Lent, and at other times on the Sunday. Thus during successive Lents he preached on the Fifty-first Psalm, the temptation in the wilderness, our Lord's prayer, our Lord's passion, the Fifty-third chapter of Isaiah; and at other times from the Fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, the Epistle to the Ephesians, the early chapters of the Acts, the books of Jonah and Ruth, the history of Hezekiah, the parable of the Marriage Supper, the thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, the work of the Holy Spirit. Some of these courses of sermons were wonderfully effective in his hands.

Many of his manuscripts were lost; many were published; many were stolen and destroyed by native servants in India; so that those now in existence are but like "two or three berries on the uppermost branches,"—reminiscences of "labours more abundant." He ever acted on the saying which was often on his lips:—"We may err in a thousand ecclesiastical matters, but we cannot be doing wrong in preaching the Gospel." This therefore was his delight; and here he was "instant in season and out of season," reproving, rebuking, and exhorting, with "all long-suffering and doctrine." He never came up to his own idea of what a preacher should be: for writing to Mrs. Hannah More, soon after the first publication of his volume of sermons, in 1818, he says:—

'Let me thank you for your flattering opinion of my volume, which infinitely dissatisfies me, however kindly my friends may bear with it. I have a conception sometimes of what preaching ought to be—but I fall far short in every attempt.'

The congregation assembling at St. John's was calculated to draw out all the powers of the minister thus set over them in the Lord. They were gathered from all parts of the metropolis, and there were few persons truly interested in religion who

were not occasionally present. In after years, when, as bishop, Daniel Wilson passed through the length and breadth of India, he was still amongst his hearers; and the sermons preached at St. John's were the frequent subjects of discourse: "I remember hearing your lordship at St. John's;" "I remember such a text, or such a sermon at St. John's;" these were the constant salutations.

Amongst the regular attendants were John Thornton and his sons—names suggestive of singular goodness and beneficence. There sat Charles Grant with his family, and two distinguished sons, the one afterwards as Lord Glenelg, President of the Board of Control, and Secretary of State for the Colonies; the other as Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. There also sat Zachary Macaulay accompanied by his son, the legislative counsellor of India and historian of England: ennobling literature and now ennobled by it. Dr. Mason Good was there; a physician of high repute, the master of seventeen languages, and translator of the Psalms and the book of Job, who from a disciple of Belsham was now "sitting at the feet of Jesus." Near him might be seen Mr. Stephen and his family, Mr. Cardale, Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Wigg, Mr. Charles Bridges, and many others of high repute and piety. Lawyers of note, also, who afterwards adorned the bench, were pewholders in St. John's. The good Bishop Ryder often attended, and Lord Calthorpe, Mr. Bowdler, the "facile princeps," as he was termed, of the rising barristers of his day, and Sir Digby Mackworth. Mr. Wilberforce was frequently present, with his son Samuel, "to take care of him." The late Duchess of Beaufort also often sought to hear him, with many members of her family. Individuals of every "sort and condition" were thus assembled —high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Thirty or forty carriages might often be counted during the London season, standing in triple rows about the doors; and though there was, as is too often unhappily the case in proprietary chapels, but scant accommodation for the poor, yet they loved to attend, and every vacant sitting-place was filled by them, the moment the doors were opened.

The importance of such a congregation is obvious at a glance; and the minister himself was quite sensible of it. In

November, 1811, the early days of his ministry, he wrote to his wife:—

'Mr. Stephen enclosed to me a letter from Mr. Marriott, a gentleman very high in the law, who came to St. John's with Mrs. Marriott on Sunday evening, in which he expresses his conviction that every part of the discourse was agreeable to Divine truth. What a cause of praise to the Giver of all mercy! May the conviction thus wrought, lead to still further measures of knowledge and grace. How important is the situation of a minister in London! He never knows whom he is addressing.'

And in a letter of a later date he expresses himself to the same effect:—

'On Sunday evening I was quite surprised as I was going into chapel, by a knock at the vestry door, and Mrs. R. Ryder and Lady E. Somerset (daughter of the Duchess of Beaufort), with another lady, requesting me to find them seats. May God our Saviour bless his word to these and all others who hear it!'

All persons were not, of course, equally attracted. A first sermon did not always please: but let any one hear him a second time, or a third, and they seldom wished to hear any other preacher. "I will never go to hear that Daniel Wilson again;" was the expression of a young man, then training for the law, and making no profession of religion, now of mature age, unspotted reputation, and true piety, who had been persuaded to attend St. John's. But he did hear him again; and now his observation on retiring from the chapel was, "I will never hear anybody but Daniel Wilson, if I can help it." Failing in his endeavour to obtain a pew, he sat for six months upon one of the drop-seats affixed to the outside of the pew doors in the middle aisle; and there amidst the crowd of worshippers, drank in the word of life.

It is told of another individual, now advanced in life, and distinguished both in the political and religious world, that when he first came up to London, to study for the bar, he

casually (as men speak,) entered St. John's chapel one Sunday evening. After standing for a long while in the aisle and failing to get a seat, he felt vexed and chafed, and was retiring. One of the settled congregation, however, saw him going, followed him to the outer door, brought him back, and made room for him in his pew. The sermon that he then heard, was instrumental to his conversion, and he walked from thenceforth in the way that leadeth to everlasting life. The incident is not only encouraging to ministers, but instructive to pewholders: the opening of a door may lead to the salvation of a soul!

Another incident may also be noted. A near relative of Daniel Wilson was one of a large company, when a gentleman approached and sought a personal introduction. "I wished to be introduced," he said, in explanation, "to a relative of one to whom I owe everything for time and eternity. I am only one of very many who do not know and never spoke to Mr. Wilson, but to whom he has been a father in Christ. He never will know, and he never ought to know, the good he has been the means of doing, for no man could bear it."

Such incidents might be multiplied: but it needs not to those who know the power of Divine grace, and who remember the sure word of prophecy, "My word shall not return unto me void; but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the things whereto I sent it." (Isaiah lv. 11.) The celebrated Dr. Claudius Buchanan, writing in 1814, well expressed what many felt, "I rejoice to hear from time to time of your labours, and of the triumphs of the Gospel at the church of St. John's. It is a theatre of grander events than the general Congress."

It has been already stated that no parochial charge was legally attached to St. John's Chapel: and indeed it was necessary that the minister should be much upon his guard, lest a feeling of jealousy should be aroused in the parish. But to the wants of his own congregation he was at full liberty to attend, and when his advice or help was needed, he was always to be found in his study, which was at the end of a long passage, and was connected with the chapel.

One day, a young clergyman called upon him. Whilst at

college he had translated the whole of the plays of Sophocles, into English verse. He now needed advice as to the publication of them; and came to ask, whether it would be in any sense derogatory to his new character as a clergyman? Mr. Wilson listened to the details with much interest, and then with the good sense which characterised him, gave the following advice: "If as a clergyman," he said, "you had given yourself to this work, it would have been unbecoming, and contrary to the duties you had undertaken. But as a college exercise it was perfectly legitimate; and the publication, now that you are in orders, will be in no sense wrong. On the contrary, it may do you good; establish your character as a scholar; and extend your usefulness. Publish by all means; and then give yourself wholly to the work of the ministry." The advice was taken, and the results anticipated followed. The "young clergyman" then, is now the Rev. Thomas Dale, canon of St. Paul's, and vicar of St. Pancras.

But after all, he was a busy man, and not always patient of such interruptions. He had laid to heart, and often repeated, a saying of Mr. Cecil's, that "if a minister was always *to be had* he was good for nothing." Many accordingly who called on him, met with a kind reception, but a speedy dismissal. The moment the business was ended, the hand was shaken and the "good-bye" spoken. Of this his old friend, Mr. Basil Woodd, who was fond of a little quiet talk, used to complain. "When I go to see Mr. Wilson," he was wont to say, "before I have well settled myself in the chair and got into conversation, I hear him say, 'Good-bye, dear Basil Woodd, here is your hat, and here is your umbrella.'"

No doubt affection was, in some degree, checked, and a certain kind of influence forfeited by this, and some persons may be disposed to blame it: but the man who himself fills a public post, with unceasing engagements, and every hour occupied, will not be disposed to throw the first stone!

Much time was necessarily taken up by correspondence. In the year 1812, he preached a sermon, in which he expressed an opinion that all close intercourse should be avoided with those who denied the Divinity of our Lord; quoting, as an authority, the words and example of St. John, who was emphatically the

Apostle of Love. The next week a letter was sent to him by one of his hearers, of twenty-three pages of closely written paper, objecting to this statement, and avowing himself by education an Arian "to say the least," and opening the whole controversy. It is easy to imagine what time and thought the answer would require.

Then a circumstance occurred which attracted much public interest at the time, involved much legal disputation, and occupied much time. It was the case of an excellent young person, who was shamefully treated, and finally disinherited, by a rich but half insane father. She had no helper but Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Bartlett who was then the assistant minister, but they gave themselves no rest till justice was done to her.

These are mere specimens of the multitude of cases which came before him as a London clergyman. Whenever anything within his range got wrong, he was applied to as the person to set it right, and he was always prompt and ready to respond to such appeals. It was not here he grudged the time.

There was a good deal of machinery connected with St. John's, which claimed his attention. There were large Sunday Schools, taught by members of the congregation, in which he was much interested. The Welsh Schools, as they were called, or schools for the instruction and entire maintenance of children of the Principality, attended at St. John's. Collections were annually made also for the St. Andrew's Parochial Schools. It was for the benefit of all these primarily, that the "sermons to children," already referred to, were preached and printed.

The confirmations also occupied and interested him greatly. He speaks himself of one occasion, when three hundred and twenty-five young persons, "the flower of his flock," were presented to the bishop, and a large proportion of them afterwards led on to the Lord's Supper. It was for their benefit, that he published his tracts on Confirmation and the Lord's Supper.

The number of communicants at St. John's was very large. Sometimes there were five hundred present at one time; and the average was three and four hundred; which would tell of a

a total amounting to six or seven hundred at the least. So greatly was the service protracted, that though the elements were administered to a whole rail of communicants at a time, a few minutes only intervened between the conclusion of the morning and commencement of the afternoon service.

The collections made for religious and charitable purposes were very frequent and very large. No church in London surpassed St. John's in liberality; and those who were members of it, tell now of the pleasure they felt, when, in the year 1819, on the issue of a King's letter on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, their contributions exceeded the united contributions of St. James', Piccadilly, and St. George's, Hanover Square, and amounted to 157*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.*

The following list is really worthy to be held in remembrance:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
'Feb. 5, 1812. Collection for British prisoners in France	106	15	9
'March 13, 1814. For the Germans, suffering from French war	262	0	0
'Aug. 13, 1815. For the sufferers after the battle of Waterloo . . .	214	0	0
'Nov. 9, 1817. For district Visiting Society .	193	4	6
'Nov. 19, 1817. British and Foreign Bible Society, Wednesday morning	114	14	8
'March 29, 1818. For Church Missionary Society	203	12	9
'Jan. 31, 1819. For St. Andrew's Parochial Schools	88	1	9
'May 23, 1819. For Welsh Schools . . .	114	16	2
'Sept. 19, 1822. For the Jews' Society . .	125	10	5

These are extracted from his own notes, as specimens of what the congregation contributed, and as proofs that they were "fruitful in all good works."

His appeals were very urgent; for though he had perfect confidence in his own people, yet many strangers were always present, and he was not willing that any should escape. His words on one occasion will illustrate his plain speaking and

power over conscience: the echo of them might even now do good to grudging Christians. He was pleading the cause of charity, and closed by saying, "Some will, I fear, notwithstanding what I have urged, pass the plate and give nothing, thinking *nobody sees*. I tell you—I tell such an one—GOD SEES."

His people were also sound in their Church principles. They loved the truth, but they loved the Church also, and they proved it by what took place when the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, one of their ministers in succession to Daniel Wilson, publicly seceded and published his reasons for so doing. Personally he was much admired and beloved; but only about twenty individuals followed him. The body of the congregation were too deeply rooted and grounded in Church principles to be moved from their steadfastness.

The first real District Visiting Society was established in connection with St. John's. The principle of visiting and relieving the poor methodically, and by the instrumentality of the laity, was then a novel experiment, though now so extensively prevalent. The suggestion was owing to Mr. Stevens, one of the congregation; every Tuesday evening the visitors met their minister in the vestry for consultation and prayer; and the reports of their proceedings, drawn up by him annually from the year 1812, are still extant. Sums varying from 500*l.* to 800*l.* were every year expended, vast good was done, and an admirable example set.

It need scarcely be added that associations for aiding all the great religious and missionary projects of the day were in active operation. In the proceedings of the City of London Auxiliary Bible Society, the minister of St. John's took a lively interest, and all the local reports, from 1812 to 1819, were drawn up by him. He was also an influential member of the Church Missionary Society, and habitually aided their deliberations.

But he did more than this. He was not merely a passive, but an active friend. He formed one of that band of energetic men, who, like pioneers, precede the host. The track they made is now well marked, and travelling deputations find no difficulty. But it was not always thus. Valleys had to be exalted, and mountains brought low, crooked places to be

made straight, and rough places smooth. To introduce the cause of missions in its varied ramifications, and form associations throughout the country to give it permanence, required in those days men of moral courage and deep conviction, physical strength and intellectual power; and it found such men in Basil Woodd, William Goode, Edward Burn, Melville Horne, James Haldane Stewart, John William Cunningham, and Daniel Wilson. All honour to them!

Withdrawing from his usual duties at St. John's during the summer months, and establishing his family at Worton, or some other country place, he held himself for a time at the service of the Bible or Church Missionary Society; and when the tour marked out for him was finished, he joined his family and enjoyed his rest. Many letters remain, written to his wife during his absence, containing an account of his missionary tours. Considerable extracts may advantageously be made from these. They are interesting in themselves, and characteristic of the writer at this period of his life.

The earliest record is in the year 1813, when he appears to have gone to Oxford to assist in forming a Bible Association for the county.

'*June* 9, 1813.

'The private preliminary meeting was very well attended, and all the business was done which we could have expected. No doubt we shall have a good meeting. We have the Duke of Marlborough as patron, and about twenty-nine presidents from the nobility and gentry of the county. What success we may have with the University remains to be seen. We are waiting for the answer of the Dean of Christ-Church, in the hope of succeeding with other heads of houses, if he should be favourably inclined. We have astonishing difficulties to meet with amongst the University men. I fully intended to leave Oxford on Friday, but I find so much is to be done, that I must stay as long as I possibly can. I hope God will graciously appear for us and bless us.'

Later in the autumn of the same year he visited Norfolk, in company with the Rev. J. Pratt and the Rev. H. Tacy, on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. The kind invitation

of friends drew him aside for a few days to the pleasant watering-place of Cromer: and it is a sight so rare and so refreshing to see him in perfect relaxation, even for a single day, that the account by his own pen shall be given at length:—

'CROMER, *October* 8, 1813.

'On Monday Mr. Hankinson would make me dine with him to meet a neighbouring clergyman. In the morning I took a charming walk upon the cliffs with Goldsmith in my hand. The cliffs in general are not higher, perhaps, than seventy or eighty feet, but there is one about two miles from Cromer which is fully three hundred feet. This I ascended, and enjoyed one of the most charming sea-prospects I ever remember. The day was beautiful beyond expression, the coast covered almost with ships of every size, the waves gently heaving and murmuring around, and all nature seemed to harmonise in one song of joy and praise. Oh! that our hearts might be filled with love and admiration at the glory and grace of God. Oh! that we may be led by the faint glimpses of majesty and mercy which appear on the face of nature, to the full effulgence of both as they shine in the face of Jesus Christ. I met with some sweet lines of Goldsmith's, on the vanity of worldly pleasures, which I will give you; not as bearing at all on what I happen to be writing about, but as having occurred to me on the day which I am describing:

"To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?"

'The lines I have marked are particularly beautiful, and the last is one of the most affecting I ever read.

'But Goldsmith is not my only companion here. I have Milton and Cowper, besides a volume of selections. I have not read so much poetry for seven years.

'We dined at 4·30. The clergyman is a very worthy pious man, bred and born in Norfolk, and as single-minded, unaffected, homespun as ever I saw a good man in my life. I am very much afraid that the young men in this county are taking that wild inconsiderate sort of ground which greatly tends to dishonour the Gospel, and injure its effect. One of them is the greatest puppy I ever heard of: a rose in his three-cornered hat, long locks of hair, short cassock, no preparation for the pulpit, a great extempore preacher, a Hebrew critic (*alias* dawdler), and the introducer of Hutchinsonianism into the county. May God preserve our young men from this sad, idle, prating, foolish state of mind!

'The largest land-owner is Mr. Coke of Holkham. He possesses sixty thousand acres. Most of the farmers, indeed, are like country gentlemen, with ornamental grounds, handsome houses, well educated families, and never sitting down to dinner without some "Norfolk dumplings!" We had them at Mr. Brereton's. They tasted to me very much like our dough dumplings.

'Wet as it was yesterday, I was not the least dull, and scarcely put out of my way, except that I could not bathe, nor take my usual walk. This morning the sun shines beautifully on the earth. I ran down to the beach to bathe, but really the surf was so high and the waves so boisterous, that I came back and left the ladies to bathe alone—for in this village all bathe together. One man only and one horse supply us all. The machines are about six in number. So far is this custom carried, that several young ladies are capital swimmers, and display their skill for the amusement of those who happen to be looking on.

'I go to Norwich to-morrow, and return on Monday.

The account of his visit to Norwich follows:—

'*October* 11, 1813.

'Yesterday I have reason to bless God for a profitable and delightful day. Mr. Pratt preached twice on Sunday, October 3rd, and the concourse to hear him was such that people were actually hanging at the windows to catch what they could of his sermons.

'Yesterday, strange to say, the clergyman of the largest and most fashionable church in Norwich offered me his pulpit. It is one of the most beautiful and magnificent churches I ever saw. It was not crowded. There might be fifteen hundred people, which was three times the usual congregation. But it consisted, I understand, of all the principal families in Norwich—mayors, old and new; mayors' wives, aldermen, members of Parliament, merchants, lawyers, gentlemen, &c. I preached from Revelation, xvi. 9. "They repented not to give him glory." I was heard with the deepest attention. I preached thirty-five minutes. The first effect I heard of as following, through God's blessing, was, that one of the members for the city (C. Hervey, Esq.), a man of great influence, and one who had warmly opposed our society as being conducted by Calvinists, has consented to become a vice-president, and acknowledged that he was wholly mistaken on the subject.

'In the afternoon I preached at St. Laurence's, a small church in comparison. Here the whole city seemed to have come together to hear what new doctrine this was. People pressed to church half-an-hour before service began. I imagine there must have been one thousand people. You might have walked on their heads, and what more surprised me was, that the same persons who had been at St. Peter's in the morning, flocked again in the afternoon. I am informed that all the most wealthy and influential persons were present. My text was Psalm cxxx. 4. "But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." In both discourses, I endeavoured to declare "the whole counsel of God," especially insisting on the deity, atonement and grace of our redeemer Jesus Christ, endeavouring to be as correct as I could in my language, and as little vehement as possible. I quite stand amazed at what God hath wrought. Why did not we return disappointed? Who gave us favour in the eyes of forty thousand strangers? "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be praise." The subscriptions now amount to 900*l.*'

In the year 1814, he was again engaged in the service of the same Society, and in company with Mr. Pratt and

Mr. Jowett, visited Coventry and Birmingham, and crossed to Ireland.

From Dublin he writes:—

'*June* 15, 1814.

'We are labouring with all our might to promote the great object of our coming. We find some things to encourage, and some to impede our efforts, but I doubt not we shall be able to form a grand Society. We have already several noblemen who, we expect, will patronise our design. We are to preach in different churches next Sunday. We had only one sermon each to preach last Sunday, as we find the clergy uncommonly difficult to manage. The people are a fine, noble, generous, ardent race, full of spirit and fire, and as easily led wrong as right. They are hospitable to an excess. Our waiter blunders most ludicrously. Mr. Pratt told him the other night that he should lock his door, and that he did not wish to be disturbed in the morning. "Oh," says the waiter, "then you will call yourself in the morning." When we called on Lady Lifford, the maid told us her ladyship was out, but that she would be soon in, "for she will come home," said the girl, "at twelve o'clock, and it is now a quarter past!"

'Our presence here was indispensable. Without us no Society would have been formed: whereas now in a few years Ireland will be covered with Societies.'

He went on by himself to Armagh, and writes as follows:—

'*June* 24, 1814.

'One line to assure you of my safe arrival at Lord Lifford's. I came here last night from Dublin, and I shall be actively engaged in preaching and establishing an association in this metropolitan city till Monday, when I return to Dublin to embark in the packet for England. The earth contains not, I think, a more beautiful spot than this mansion where I am now writing. It is situated on an eminence, and commands on every side the most extensive prospects you can imagine. The kindness of Lord and Lady Lifford is equal to the warmest hopes I could have formed, and I doubt not a good association

will be established. We had a magnificent meeting at Dublin —interesting beyond all description.'

He sums up the result of the Irish tour as follows :—

'Our journey has been wonderfully prospered. A noble Auxiliary Society and Association was formed at Dublin : amount raised 1200*l.*; and my Association at Armagh has four or five noblemen at its head, and twenty-four clerical subscribers.'

In the year 1815, he visited Bristol, Manchester, and Staffordshire, on behalf of the Society, in company with Mr. Pratt (the secretary), Mr. Burn, and Mr. Jowett. Short extracts from his letters will here suffice to give an idea of the result.

'We had a noble meeting at Bristol from eleven o'clock to four. Collection, 67*l.* Excellent speeches.

'At Manchester we have preached two sermons each, and to-day we have our meeting at two o'clock.

'I have just returned from one of the most interesting meetings I ever witnessed. The room crowded to excess. It lasted three hours.

'I preached our last Manchester sermon at St. James'. We had two thousand people.

'The result of our whole journey, including Bristol, Manchester, and Staffordshire, Mr. Pratt estimates at 2000*l.* I really think myself it may amount to 1500*l.* I do think, God gave us the hearts of the people in a remarkable manner.'

A still more extensive tour of the same kind, and with the same companions, was undertaken in 1816. It now included North Wales.

'I write to you still in French,' he says, 'because it is well for us both to accustom ourselves to the language.

'We quitted Manchester by coach at two o'clock, and arrived at Liverpool at seven. We are received at Mr. Bickersteth's. There are one hundred thousand souls and twenty-two churches,

many supplied by excellent young men. I am to preach twice, and Mr. Pratt three times.

'I preached at Everton Church in the morning, as arranged. Collection 49*l.* I was then taken by Mr. Jones to Seaforth, about five miles from Liverpool. Mr. Gladstone, one of the first Liverpool merchants, lives there during the summer with his wife and family. There I preached from 1 Peter ii. 9, and collected 28*l.* After tea the carriage took us to Liverpool, and Mr. Pratt preached at St. Andrew's an excellent discourse for an hour and ten minutes. Mr. Gladstone took us home. I was not at all fatigued. We supped at ten, and sat up singing hymns till eleven. We did not get large collections. The thing is not yet understood here. Men must know the joyful sound—the joy of grace—the doctrine of salvation—before they obey the law of Christian liberality.

'About August 10th, I hope to return and be quiet. I should like far better to remain always with you and never part, but the work of Christ our Saviour calls us sometimes to separate for a while. It is a duty to help on the cause of religion, and do something for that God who does so much for us.

'We have formed a magnificent association in North Wales. All is in train, and a good feeling prevails. Many seem earnestly desirous of advancing the good work.

'The first time I preached in Wales was at Tremeirchion. We began at seven o'clock. Three hundred people were present. When they began to read the prayers in Welsh, I was taken by surprise. I could not understand a word. I preached in English. No one could understand me, of course, but those who knew English. I was struck with astonishment. Half the congregation sat still without knowing a word I was saying.'

In the month of June, 1817, he accompanied Dr. Steinkopff into Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire, on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He writes from Buckingham very characteristically:—

'*June* 18, 1817.

'Our friend Steinkopff is an angel. We have had during our journey much sweet and spiritual intercourse, and when

night covered us with its dark shadows, we shut the windows of the coach, and Dr. Steinkopff began to pray to God aloud for us, for the Bible Society, for the Church, and for the world. The meeting at Buckingham was very numerous, and the Spirit of our God and Saviour seemed to fill every heart with a soft and holy influence. One hundred persons afterwards met at dinner very pleasantly; and when it was over we had much profitable and pious discourse, and then I went and preached at Gawcott, about a mile from Buckingham. My text was 2 Tim. iii. 15. The church was crammed.'

In November of the same year he paid a similar visit to Cambridge, where he collected 87*l.*, and records with great delight his intercourse with the Dean of Carlisle (Dr. Milner), Professor Farish, Mr. Simeon, Mr. Mandell, Mrs. Dornford and others.

In the year 1818 he visited Yorkshire, and writes from Halifax as follows:—

'This town is situated in a most romantic and beautiful spot. It lies at the base of immense hills. Mr. Knight, the vicar, has a charming parsonage. He was inducted last February on the presentation of the Crown, and has thirteen chapelries under him.'

He passed on to Huddersfield, and writes from thence:—

'*October* 12, 1818.

'I attended the meeting here at two o'clock. There are 40,000 souls in the district. A lady at breakfast this morning has given me 50*l.* as a donation. At three o'clock I set off for Casterton, then to Leeds, and then to Pontefract.

From Casterton he writes on the 14th:—

'This is the first quiet day I have had since I left home. I travelled eighty-four miles on Saturday, one hundred and ninety-four miles on Monday and Tuesday, eighteen on Thursday, twenty on Friday, twenty on Sunday to and from

the churches, seventy-eight on Monday, and I shall have to go seventy-eight on Thursday, one hundred and ninety-eight on Friday and Saturday, and seventy-three on Monday or Tuesday, making in all full seven hundred and sixty miles before I see you again at Worton.

"I am delighted with this pious family; and the scenery before me is quite enchanting. I have just discovered a new beauty in the prospect out of my window. The sun is shining on the valley, and I discern two or three bright spots where the river is visible in the distant landscape on my left. The contrast between these glimpses of water and the thick foliage around is very beautiful: whilst the vast and obscure sides of the mountains beyond, form a further variety and a noble background. Thus, methinks, in the vale of this world, there also is a river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God:" beyond which the eternal mountains stretch themselves in interminable extent. May the "river" brighten the scenes we pass through, till our feet tread on those "everlasting hills," and we hunger no more, neither thirst any more for ever.

'Oh! may the refreshment of soul I have found in this journey, dispose me to greater diligence, devotedness, and humility, in the regular duties of the approaching winter. The consequences of every sermon quite alarm my mind. Wherever I go, I find I am amongst my hearers. The squire of the next parish, W. C. Wilson, sat in my middle aisle at St. John's, amongst the poor, all last spring.'

In the year 1819, he again visited the North, and wrote from Leeds to his two sons at Worton. The details of this letter are somewhat personal; but it will be remembered that we are writing, not the history of missions, but the life of Daniel Wilson, and that the insertion of everything characteristic is desirable.

'*July* 14, 1819.

'I am now more than two hundred miles from London, and as I shall be returning towards home to-morrow, I think of writing to you instead of your dear mamma.

'When I wrote on Monday, it was just after our meeting. As

soon as dinner was over, I went to see the cloth manufacture of Leeds. I saw the famous carding-machine for bringing the rough wool down to a proper fineness, and throwing it and making it ready for weaving. I saw also weavers weaving cloth sixty-three inches wide. Then we examined the milling-machine for thickening the cloth after it is woven, and the cropping-machine for cropping or picking off the roughnesses from the cloth. All these machines are worked by one steam engine. The master, Isaac Hirst, is the first man in the world in this way, and has beaten a hundred manufacturers of different nations upon a competition. He has just made a blue coat for the Prince Regent, the finest ever manufactured, which cost 7*l.* 10*s.* a yard, and the wool of which was picked out by parcels from wool of the value of 10,000*l.* The Prince has sent him a handsome letter of thanks, and made him his own manufacturer. This Mr. Hirst, five years ago, was a common workman. So you see what industry and God's blessing can do in such a country as England.

'At six o'clock we had Mr. Hey's social meeting of about thirty friends, and I expounded and prayed with them, and then set off for Harewood on our way to this place, Knaresborough.

'We stopped an hour at Harrogate with Mr. Lutwidge of Hull, and read and prayed with his large family.

'At four o'clock we arrived at the Rev. Mr. Cheap's, who is one of the kindest and most pious men I ever saw. He has a parish of seven thousand souls. Mrs. Cheap is sister to the Rev. H. Fisher, now a chaplain in India. We sat down to dinner; and amongst other things there was a "missionary pie," sent to Mr. Cheap's for us from a distance of twenty-five miles. It was an immense size, with raised crust an inch thick, and contained several ducks and fowls, a tongue, mutton, and many other things.

'After dinner we had our missionary meeting in Mr. Cheap's garden, covered with an awning stretched against the house on two sides, and supported on poles in the middle and corners. The ground was laid with mats. There were benches to sit on, and a platform at the end. I never was at such an interesting meeting. There were eight hundred persons present, at least,

and a Sunday School of little girls, who closed the meeting by singing most sweetly. I was quite charmed.'

His tours were not always thus pleasant. He writes in the year 1820, from Liverpool, whither he had gone in company with the Rev. John W. Cunningham, on a missionary tour:—

'I had a most fatiguing day yesterday, aggravated by the excessive rain. The anniversary of the Church Missionary Association at Chester was very interesting. They actually raised during the eight months since their formation 503*l.*, which, considering the opposition of the bishop, and the neutrality of the clergy, is quite astonishing. The meeting was over at 3·30. We dined in a pretty large party, and before we had fairly swallowed our hasty meal, we were hurried off to church. Two churches were opened to Mr. Cunningham and myself in the very heart of Chester; and for the first time three or four aldermen were present when I preached, and a great crowd of respectable inhabitants, to hear the new doctrine. I took my favourite old sermon on Isaiah, lx. 1. The deepest attention prevailed, and I am told, the greatest astonishment as well as approbation was almost universally felt. May God bless the attempt!

'The rain fell in heavy showers as we walked from church to the friend's house, where the chaise was to come to take us to Liverpool. At seven o'clock we set off, and reached the river Mersey at 9·30, the rain still coming down in torrents. Amidst the darkness and confusion, we found a steamboat about to cross to Liverpool. We went aboard, our feet dripping with wet, and having seated ourselves in the cabin, continued there till a drunken party of Liverpool tradesmen rushed in with oaths and clamour. Mr. Cunningham began to reprove the first man for swearing. This made them worse; and we were obliged to leave the cabin, and stand exposed on the deck to the inclemency of the night and the weather till we reached the port. We had then a mile and a half to walk through the drowned streets and in the darkness to the coach-stand, and did not reach our home till eleven o'clock.

'I am marvellously limp and weary this morning. But a

good cause, kind friends, and every accommodation imaginable, will soon recruit me. When I return, I shall have travelled four hundred and twenty miles, attended four public meetings, preached two sermons, and lost two nights, all in six days, with my full Sunday duty at each end of them.'

In the month of August, 1822, he joined the Rev. Mr. Tacy and another friend, on a visit to the south of England and the Channel Islands: and this seems to have been nearly his last official tour on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. His health had already failed, new duties called, and other men entered into his labours. His account is dated October 14th, 1822.

'I left London on Monday, August 5th, and reached Exeter on the Friday, where our friends the Cornish's received us most hospitably. I preached there twice on the Sunday, and was present at the missionary meeting.

'On Friday, August 14th, I embarked at Weymouth for the Channel Islands. Twenty-four hours of calm, and then of contrary winds and tempest (throughout which I felt as if I should die from sea-sickness) brought me to Guernsey. It is a delightful island, thirty thousand souls, Normandy customs, beautiful scenery, soft mild climate, delicious fruits; the novelty of everything charmed and fascinated me. I was never more struck. In addition to all this, I was greatly touched by the kindness and friendship of Mr. Brock. I preached in French for the first time in my life. Imagine my embarrassment on mounting the pulpit, and seeing before me a vast array of a thousand listeners, understanding nothing but French. I managed to be understood. I believe the warmth of my heart opened my way, for it seemed to me that the more interested they were in the subject, the more they listened. There is one universal language which religion purifies and strengthens—the love of Christ, contrition of heart, faith in the redemption of the Cross—this attracts the soul of man, and is conveyed better by feeling than by words.

'I went from Guernsey to Jersey, and there had another sermon in French, and before an audience far more difficult to

please. I succeeded, however, in keeping up their attention. They listened with interest. God grant, that it may be to their profit!

'Whilst staying quietly at Jersey, the proposal was made for me to cross to France, the northern coast of which is not distant. I did not hesitate, knowing how uncertain another opportunity might be.'

Accordingly he crossed to Granville in Normandy, and pushing on through Coutance, Saint Loo, Caen, and Rouen, reached Paris on the 3rd September. He described the Paris of that day, and stayed a week.

'I preached,' he says, 'twice on the Sunday—first in English at the Oratoire, and then in French, at Mr. Wilder's house. I also attended five meetings of different religious societies. It gave me peculiar pleasure to witness the beginning of such institutions. Feeble they must be, but full of hope. They are to carry light into the midst of the thick darkness, both of infidelity and superstition, which rests on all. Nothing can bring back these vivacious and irritated people to peace and religious feelings if these Societies do not.

'I left Paris with sincere regret, having begun only to taste the delight attaching to these moral and religious Societies. Farewell.'

It is an interesting fact, that at one of the meetings thus referred to, and which was for the Paris Bible Society, Mr. Wilson's speech in English was delivered to the audience in French by the celebrated M. Guizot. It created a great sensation at the time; for the speech was full of devout, spiritual, and evangelical thoughts and feelings; and it was not supposed that M. Guizot was at that time prepared to sympathise with them. This visit to Paris was not without its influence upon Daniel Wilson's plans in after-life: and his trip to Guernsey was never forgotten. Twenty-seven years after, he writes to the Rev. Mr. Brock, in answer to his inquiries on that point:—

'*April* 30, 1849.

'Forget you and Guernsey? No, no. There are few places of which I have a more lively remembrance than your dear *aboriginal* island, your beautiful fruit, and your own hospitable abode. I remember also the terrible voyage I had to make, and how nearly we were lost off the "Caskets." My visit to Granville is fresh also in my recollection. Nor do I forget my miserable French sermon, and the mispronunciation of "cour" for "cœur." Well, many years have passed since, and I was truly rejoiced to see your handwriting, and to receive as I have, your young friend De Vic Carey. With him I have chatted over all the history of Guernsey, all your churches, and all your affairs.'

Before leaving this part of Daniel Wilson's life, a few incidents connected with his tours may properly be introduced as illustrative of his character. The first has been already well told by the Rev. J. W. Cunningham, his old and much beloved friend, in the pages of the "Christian Observer."

Circumstances brought the friends together, on a missionary excursion, at a dinner table, where the provision was most luxurious and costly, and where a company was assembled quite foreign to the character of the deputation and their immediate object. In due course, the host arose, and in a sort of uproarious manner called upon the company to drink "Health to the Deputation." The whole spirit of the dinner was offensive to devout minds, and the question was how to change it. Others sat still, but Daniel Wilson rose up, and said, "I believe it is customary when any one's health is drunk, to return thanks; and this I do most cordially: and most affectionately do I wish you, sir, in return, and this company good health. But then" (he added in that deep tone into which his voice naturally fell when he was strongly moved) "you will, perhaps, allow me to tell you in what I conceive 'Good Health' really to consist." And then he proceeded to speak of the *health of the soul* in language so solemn and affecting, that every one at the table felt the power of truth thus announced, and the whole character of the assembly was at once changed and solemnised. And yet all this was said

and done with such exquisite good humour and kindness, that not a single person was offended; but all manifested their gratitude to him in expressions of respect, almost amounting to affection.

An incident of a somewhat similar character occurred at Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton's house in town. A large party of clergy and laity, attracted by the May meetings, had been invited to his hospitable board. All were of one mind, and all desirous of mutual edification, but the evening was passing away and the conversation was still desultory and broken. Suddenly a loud voice was heard from the top of the table addressing one seated near the bottom. It was Daniel Wilson speaking to Dr. Marsh. "William Marsh," he said, "may I ask you a question? You have had some experience in dealing with criminals lying under sentence of execution: is there any one portion of Scripture that you have found more efficacious than another in bringing them to conviction of sin and true repentance? But"—checking himself and referring to Mrs. Fry, who was sitting beside him—"perhaps I ought rather to put the question to my neighbour. May I, dear madam, ask whether any particular passage of Scripture occurs to you as having proved most useful to that class of our fellow-sinners?"

"I can have no hesitation in answering thy question," replied Mrs. Fry; "one passage I have found far more effectual than any others; and the simple reading of it has often proved most useful. I refer to the latter part of the seventh chapter of Luke's gospel. It has softened many hearts, and made eyes weep that never wept before."

"The seventh chapter of St. Luke!" said Daniel Wilson. "The latter part! Let us examine it. How glad I am that I asked you." Then taking a little Testament from his pocket, he began to read the passage. This led to a comment on it, to enquiries from others, and to general conversation: narratives flowed from Mrs. Fry, and illustrations of various kinds from others, so that all were pleased, instructed, and edified.

The formation of the Bible Association at Oxford, was a

difficult and delicate matter, in which he showed much tact. At a kind of preliminary meeting of many of the authorities of the University he was present, endeavouring to remove objections and to win assent. The weather was oppressive, and Daniel Wilson approached one of the Heads of houses, who was present not as an approver but a listener, with cake and wine. This gave occasion for conversation, and a hope was expressed that he would patronise the Society and take part in the meeting. An immediate refusal was given, and strong objections urged:—the Society, it was said, would increase the influence of dissent, and tend so far to the injury of the Church.

"Exactly so;" replied Daniel Wilson, "this will be the result, if the work is left in the hands of the dissenters; and therefore, Doctor, how important it is that men of weight and influence in the Church should come forward and take the lead."

Other arguments were added, and prevailed: and thus by his tact and good temper, he gained his point, and the Doctor became an office-bearer in the Society, and made a speech at the meeting.

Again, when the "Lord's Day Observance Society" was to be formed, and a preliminary meeting was being held, the good result was very much owing to his forbearance and influence. Many were assembled who, agreeing in the general object, differed upon the subject of tests of membership. It was strongly urged that some test should be adopted ere the Society was formed, and the majority of those present seemed to lean that way. Had the attempt succeeded, the original proposers of the Society would have been compelled to withdraw, and the whole scheme would have failed. Before the meeting came to a division, however, he rose and proposed an adjournment for further consideration and for prayer. This saved the Society. At the next meeting, the more vehement advocates of a party test did not attend, and it was agreed that the expression of the fundamental object of the Society would be sufficient: viz., that it was formed to maintain the "divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Lord's day." Thus a commence-

ment was made, and a most excellent Society established, which continues unto this day.

Two or three more incidents may be added, as illustrating his habit and mode of prayer:—

A friend (the Rev. Thomas Harding, now vicar of Bexley), accompanied him to Brighton on behalf of one of the religious Societies. Two large meetings had been attended; and the evening having been closed by an address to a circle of friends at Sir Thomas Blomefield's, and by prayer, they entered the coach together on their return to town. There were no other passengers. The moment they had fairly started, Daniel Wilson, drawing up the window, said, "Now, my dear friend, we must have our evening prayers together ere we sleep." He then in a few outspoken words commended his friend, himself, and those whom they had just left, to the Divine protection: and his petitions ended, he settled himself into his corner, and fell fast asleep.

Once on a visit at a friend's house he was requested to officiate at morning prayers with the family, but to be very short, because of some pressing engagement. On the servants being seated, he said, "I am requested to be very short to-day: I will therefore give you Christianity in a nutshell. Our heavenly Father said of our blessed Redeemer, 'Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased.' Any soul that can say of that Redeemer, 'Thou art my beloved Saviour in whom I am well pleased' is a real Christian. Now, letus pray."

The last trait of character to be mentioned is related by Dr. Marsh, and is very short and simple. He sometimes travelled on behalf of these Societies with Daniel Wilson, and on arriving at their inn, they were frequently compelled to share a double-bedded room. On such occasions Dr. Marsh records the fact that the last sight which met his eyes at night, and the first sight in the morning, was always Daniel Wilson on his knees.

It has been already stated that much of his time during his Ministry at St. John's was taken up by correspondence, but no specimens of it have been given, save such as were necessary to carry on the narrative. He commonly wrote short, hasty,

pithy letters, like a busy man. But it was not always thus. When his advice was seriously sought, it was seriously given; and when affliction pressed, his sympathy and counsel were always ready. Many valuable letters were thus written to a lady of high rank, who felt "the warmest affection for him, and the deepest reverence for his character;" many also to Mrs. Hannah More, to Mrs. Foljambe, to his sister, and others. They are all dated from 1811 to 1824, the period on which the attention of the reader is still fixed; and they express his opinions on various matters of deep importance in the divine life. These opinions will, for the sake of brevity, be extracted from the letters, and placed under their different heads.

ON PRAYER.

'The efficacy of this great duty, or rather blessing, of the Christian profession, rests on the mediation of our divine Lord. All prayer is acceptable, presented with simplicity in the name of Jesus Christ. The various differences of attainment, though of importance in other respects, are of none in this. We all stand so completely condemned before the holy law of God, that at His throne of propitiation, the very feeblest is as welcome as the most strong and advanced suppliant. In short, no one can know himself without discovering that he is nothing, that he deserves nothing, and that he can ask for nothing in himself. But, Adorable Grace! he may, he ought, he must implore with humble confidence all he needs, in the meritorious name, and through the intercession of the Son of God. What is that cross, that passion, those tears, those agonies of our divine Lord, if they are not the foundation of our pardon and our prayers, the spring of our peace and our expectations, the argument of our desires and our acceptance? I am persuaded that you will discover more of the harmony of these, and of other Christian doctrines, as you advance in the humble study of your Bible and the experience of its blessings.'

ENCOURAGEMENT.

'Christianity proposes such a weight of excellence to us, that a whole life is little to reach after it. And yet it stoops to our infirmities with such exuberant kindness, that even a sigh is heard, and the first incipient desire of salvation listened to and fulfilled.'

CAUTION.

'"Festina lente"—hasten slowly—is, in a proper sense, the Christian's motto. There is nothing valuable to be done in a hurry; and, above all, nothing in religion. The most ardent and sanguine temperaments have as much to learn on the one hand, as the most dull and phlegmatic have on the other.'

THE UNION OF REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

'Both must be co-existent, in some measure, when they are genuine. Indeed, before we can repent, we must credit the report of the Gospel as to our ruined condition, as to the holiness of the law, the threatened punishment due to transgression, and the nature of a return to God. But, still as faith pre-eminently means a belief in those parts of Holy Scripture which reveal the person, work, and sacrifice of the eternal Son of God, and is thus the instrument of our pardon and justification, repentance is ordinarily represented as preparing for it. Thus: "testifying repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ." "Repent ye and believe the Gospel." The two, however, are the effect of the same Divine teaching, are inseparable throughout our Christian course, and mutually aid and produce each other. The more deeply I repent, the better am I prepared to welcome the glad tidings of a Saviour; and the more affectionately and humbly I believe these tidings, the more is my heart broken on account of sin. "They shall look unto Him whom they have pierced, and mourn."'

ON CONFESSION.

'Certainly there can be no harm in a confidential disclosure of your religious difficulties to a minister of God, whose age and circumstances make it unexceptionable. On the contrary, we find from the example of the Apostles that the cares, and anxieties, and most minute embarrassments of the early Christians were exposed to them, and relieved with a paternal tenderness. The Epistles abound with communications of this nature.'

THE BIBLE.

'The Bible is the most brief, and yet the most full of all books. It enters into our cases; and like an exquisite portrait, seems to look full in the face of each beholder. The astonishing sacrifice on the Cross: there is our object of hope, our refuge from guilt, our source of mercy and acceptance. The sanctifying Spirit of grace: there is the author of holiness, the teacher of wisdom, the comforter under trouble. The two united: faith in a vicarious propitiation, and reliance on an almighty sanctifier, are the spring of our duties, and the foundation of our hopes.'

FRAMES AND FEELINGS.

'Our frames and feelings will vary. They depend on health, vigour, natural spirits, and much of the lower part of our habit and constitution. We must not, therefore, look too much to them. The standard of character is the bent of the higher and nobler faculties of the soul, the understanding and the will, the governing and fixed habits of our affections, the sincerity of our choice of God, the growing conformity of our tempers to the example of Christ, the uprightness, consistency, and wisdom of our conduct in the relations of life: all connected with a deep sense of utter unworthiness, and an exclusive and affectionate reliance on the merits of Christ by whom, and on the spirit of Christ through whom, we have access to the Father.'

THE ORTHODOX AND EVANGELICAL CLERGY.

'There are two classes of divines in our Protestant Reformed Church of England. The one call themselves "Orthodox;" the other are known by the term "Evangelical." The question is, Which of these is right? Which agrees most nearly with the plain language of our articles, homilies, and liturgy? Which approaches nearest to the Holy Scriptures? Which affects the heart and reforms the manners of men most effectually? Which live most above worldly considerations and pursuits? Which die with most peace? Which meet the sufferings that bring on death with most patience and meekness? Which lay the best ground for tranquillity of conscience before God, and for obedience to all laws human and divine before men? In a word, Which bring forth the best fruits?

'Now, to ascertain this momentous point, it is clearly necessary to understand what constitutes the proper characteristics of the two classes. They both agree in the fundamental tenets of the unity of the Godhead, the mystery of the Trinity, the divinity and atonement of the Saviour, the person and deity of the Holy Ghost, the immortality of the soul, and the future judgment. They both agree in admitting the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and the authority and purity of our national Church.

'Where then is the essential difference? *In the use and application of what they believe.* The pious and devout Churchman feels himself a miserable lost sinner; feels his only hope to be in the meritorious Cross of the Lord Jesus; feels himself in need of the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit; feels the supreme value of his eternal salvation; feels the necessity of renouncing his own moral goodness in point of merit; feels the value of time, the nearness of death, the unutterable importance of eternity, the danger of a worldly spirit, the madness of indifference to religion, and the reasonableness of an immortal preparing for immortality.

'Now every one of these points the Orthodox Churchman, as

he would fain claim to be, allows also; but in the use of what he allows, he is so tame, so little really interested, so soon satisfied, so afraid of enthusiasm and excess, so timid and reluctant, that there is often little more than the form of piety; whilst the time, the affections, the pursuits, the heart are given to literature, or honour, or wealth, or pleasure in some form or another. To this inert and lifeless state of religious feeling and sentiment, accordingly, the plain doctrines and duties of the Bible and of the Church are first insensibly lowered down, and then imperceptibly explained away; and thus a worldly religion takes the place of a spiritual one. Compare the sermons of modern divines with those of the Reformation, or their lives and standards of sentiment, and the case will speak for itself. Would the present race of ordinary clergy have written our thirty-nine articles? Certainly not.

'Then look to the lives of the two classes of men—their labours, their parishes, their families, the effect of their ministry in the actual turning of men from vice, folly, and perdition, to God and goodness. The worldly clergyman, however respectable in general society, scarcely aims at converting the soul of a sinner. Nothing can lay a foundation of morals and loyalty, but the fear of God and the power of conscience. And when once the conscience of any one is awakened to his real obligations to God, what doctrine can suit his case, but the doctrine of a crucified Saviour! The truths which he before opposed, he now flies to as his refuge and consolation. And from the faith of that Saviour springs every good word and work.'

ON THE DEATH OF RELATIVES UNPREPARED.

'My general advice is this. Before the stroke of death has fallen, use all possible means for instructing, directing, saving the sinner. After it has fallen, be silent before God. Whilst the will of God is to us unknown, we may and should labour and pray, and hope, and wait, and never cease our efforts for the conversion even of the most obdurate. But when once that will is certain by the event, other duties are called for—submission, patience, humiliation. I would have used all the

means in my power with Cain, Pharaoh, Ahitophel, Saul, Balaam, and even Judas. But when once God has declared His will in the punishment of these obdurate sinners, whether by the miraculous infliction of death, or by the ordinary course of nature, only leaving them to their own madness in destroying their own lives—what then is our duty? Surely to say, like Eli when his sons perished, "It is the Lord;" or like David, "Let him curse, because the Lord hath said, Curse David;" or to be like Aaron when "he held his peace." Sin—one sin—is of a malignity so deep, and of a guilt so unspeakable, that God may most justly punish it in any way He pleases. Our only duty then is, unqualified humiliation. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?"

'I need scarcely say that suggestions like the above should be made with the greatest tenderness, and in proportion as each afflicted case may seem capable of receiving them. The first bursting out of grief should also be allowed to pass away, and the mind be propped up for a time, by general considerations of God's supreme Providence and care; and then, afterwards, when reason and religion have resumed their seat, and faith is beginning to be exerted, we may throw in these and other important considerations.'

ON CONFORMITY TO THE WORLD.

'I cannot wonder at the difference of judgment expressed by your Grace's friends on so wide and difficult a subject as the World: a subject more full of practical difficulties than almost any other. Still, if I am asked my opinion, I give it honestly.

'Firm resistance in things sinful in themselves—mild expostulation in things inconvenient—submission on the part of inferior relatives to the superior in points not in themselves unlawful—a spirit of charity and tenderness in all cases—these are the sort of maxims I have recommended in hundreds and hundreds of instances during twenty-five years. A furious heady opposition which irritates and inflames, which oversteps the proprieties and duties of our age, station, and sex, I have ever discouraged.

'The application, however, of these general maxims must be left to the judgment and conscience, in the sight of God, of each individual. That many young persons may have fallen by compliances which they at first made from a principle of duty, is quite possible. But the cause must have been—not the yielding when duty required it—but the neglecting of the means of grace, relaxing prayer, entering into the spirit of the world, going beyond the line of duty, violating the sabbath, and such like. *These would ruin any one.* The fact is, the question of the WORLD in a professedly Christian country, is very much a question of the HEART. No minister can lay down precise rules.

'I observe that the Bible confines itself chiefly to two points, "The minding of the flesh," and the "minding of the Spirit." I also observe that the duty of children to obey their parents, and wives their husbands, is most express. Nor can I omit observing such directions as these: "I became all things to all men;" "Whatsoever things are lovely and of good report;" "Be pitiful, be courteous;" "The meek shall inherit the earth." The inimitable example, also, of our Lord in attending the marriage feast, and in going to be the guest of Levi, during His ministry, and His thirty years' subjection to His parents previously, have great weight with me.

'I come back, therefore, to the same points from which I started. In things *per se* unlawful, we must at once obey God rather than man. In things inconvenient and displeasing we may use all mild arguments, but if these fail we must obey those who have authority, under God, over us. In things indifferent, we are always to yield with cheerfulness and amiability. In all things we are to see that humility and charity guide every word.

'For the application of these, my general rules, prayer, the spirit of wisdom, the Bible, faith, love, joy, are the best helps.

'There is, however, another point which has often occurred to me on this subject—the WORLD WITHIN US. Evil tempers, self-will, pride, and vanity, are very apt to be neglected or indulged whilst we declaim against the WORLD WITHOUT US.

Nineteen-twentieths of all sanctification consists in holy tempers, which are far more difficult to acquire than anything else. The victory over the world is that holy superiority, that heavenly taste, that deadness to sensual gratifications and external ease, that temper which faith in the Son of God inspires, that spirit of prayer and love to God and heaven which lifts us above the atmosphere of this world, whilst it teaches us with meekness and self-denial to fulfil our respective duties in it, to submit our will to God's will, and to take up our Cross and follow Christ.'

RELIGIOUS EVENING ASSEMBLIES.

'I have been insensibly drawn in, a good deal against my own judgment, or at least fears, by Lady B., to take a part in her Friday evening assemblies. I very much doubt whether it is possible, as human nature is constituted, to make a party of fifty persons, either so easy as to have the appearance of a friendly coterie, or so grave as to have the character and fruits of a religious meeting. At present my office has been to speak in a middle tone, between talking and preaching, and to engage four or five clergymen who may happen to be present, to relieve me in the recitative. But this will never do. It offends the modesty of private conversation. It is too general for the enquiring, too solemn for the gay, too dry for the young, too flippant for the old; and in the meantime some of the evils of dress, and dissipation, and display, and loss of time, and lateness of hours, must creep in, and will increase: whilst the attendant good will, I fear, rather lessen.'

A MOURNFUL SCENE.

'I have had the mournful duty of committing to the tomb our dearest Mr. Wilberforce's eldest daughter, and yesterday paid a visit of sad sympathy to the afflicted family. She was a sweet, tender, lovely, and pious child; her parents' delight and joy; and her end was so remarkably peaceful—the anticipation of heaven so mild and yet radiant, her trust in the care of her Saviour so child-like, and her triumph over the fear of death so truly cheering, that the loss of such a daughter

was less painful than the health or continuance in life of a disobedient son, or of any one, in fact, less decided in preparation for another world.

'The scene at the funeral in Stoke Newington was very affecting. The kind uncle, Mr. Stephen; the two brothers, William and Robert; the venerable Mr. Grant; Sir R. H. Inglis, and some others, combined, as it were, all the ages and functions of life around the tomb of the young sufferer, and bade us look down into the cavern which is to engulph us all—and how soon none can tell. Blessed be that name which is above every name! There is One, who has gone down to the gloomy abode before us, and has made death the gate of life, and the grave the margin of immortality.'

STATE OF THE CHURCH IN 1821.

'A more lively impression of the importance of Christianity, is I think, evidently left on the minds of the great from the sad disorders which have recently taken place. The character of the clergy is still rising. The great religious institutions are assuming a new importance, by becoming the means of uniting the Church in prayer for the effusion of the Holy Spirit. In London, as in Bristol, zealous efforts are making to excite regard to the subject. The antinomian abomination has spent itself, or been forced back into its ordinary ambushes. I add to these signs for good, the Bristol, Elland, Creaton, and London Societies for educating young men for the ministry of the Church.'

ON IRRELIGIOUS RELATIVES.

'Your grief is a poignant one—but it is not altogether a despairing one. The same grace which has taught and quickened your own heart, may through your means reach his. And the very acuteness of your present sorrow, may serve to redouble those importunate prayers, and that wise yet unremitted course of efforts which you are using on his behalf. In the meantime, the consolation of St. Paul in 1 Timothy i. 15, may be yours, changing only the circumstances. Your duty

seems to be penitence, prayer, effort, and resignation: for God doth what He will in the dispensations both of His providence and grace. He is Sovereign in every sense of the expression. But He is also a Father, a Saviour, a Friend, a Refuge, a Rock, a Shield, a Hiding-place. Our resignation therefore is to be opposed to impatience and murmuring; not to hope, expectation, and the humble joy of faith.'

ON DEFECTIVE MEANS OF GRACE.

'Truly am I sorry at the state of deprivation as to spiritual instruction of which you complain. But, if on the whole we are in the way of duty, we may humbly rely still on the word of promise, on the power of God, on the efficacy of the Scriptures, on the grace of the Saviour and Comforter of the Church. The great business is with the heart—wayward, foolish, perverse, unbelieving, proud. If the heart be prostrate in penitence, and filled with holy faith in the divine Saviour, all will be right.

'May God, therefore, enable us to keep our hearts with all diligence, for out of them are the issues of life.

'You have the Bible, and the throne of grace, and the liturgy, and some kind and pious friends, and multitudes of good books. And God can make a diligent use of these means more beneficial to your soul, than a negligent use of the most abundant ones. And, Oh! pray for your minister. Who can tell in what manner the Lord may open a way for His word. And beware of fretting. We deserve not so infinite a blessing as a "*Well of Salvation.*" Let us ask then with importunity, but with submission and a sense of unworthiness. Let us not mistake impatience and self-will for zeal and holy love. If God were to send you a good minister, but not a wise, holy, sound-thinking one, perhaps you would soon begin again to complain. So wait, expect, pray: and when the man comes, he will come in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. We must not prescribe to God, even in what we think will promote His glory.'

ON FAITH.

'Faith is the link between ourselves, and an unseen world, an unseen Saviour, an unseen glory. Faith receives the atonement, faith is accounted for righteousness, faith purifies the heart, faith appropriates the promises, faith overcomes the world, works by love, and abounds with the fruits of obedience. It is a grace of the heart as well as of the understanding. It includes trust and affiance as well as knowledge. It credits a divine testimony, and acts, and loves, and obeys, in accordance with the truths which that testimony reveals. It most eminently receives the record of God concerning his Son; his person, mediation, righteousness, death, glory, kingdom. On this divine Lord it relies for pardon, and grace, and salvation, and therefore "it is of faith that it might be by grace." Let us pray that the life which we live may be "by faith of the Son of God," and then we may hope that, like the ancient patriarchs, we shall die in faith, and enter into that glory which will consummate all its hopes and anticipations.'

ON LOVE TO GOD.

'The love of God in Christ Jesus is heaven. We were created to love God, we fell by loving self and the creature, we are renewed that we may love God again, weakly and imperfectly on earth, perfectly in glory above. We aim at this love more and more as we grow in grace. It must go through our whole nature. The mind must think of God, the will delight in God, the affections cleave to God, the appetites and senses obey God, the members be instruments of God. He who loves God and not with his whole heart, loves something else and not God. The cause of loving God is God himself; and the only measure to love Him, is to love Him without measure. This is the sum of the whole law,—and our utter inability to fulfil it makes the necessity for the Gospel.'

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

'The love of Jesus Christ softens, melts, and fills the heart. From it flows a tender love to our neighbour in his body, soul, relations, circumstances, according to his nearness to us, his necessities, and our opportunity of benefiting him; mortifying in ourselves the contrary passions of pride, vanity, discontent, peevishness, taking and giving offence. This is religion:—not knowledge, but love—not talk, but power—not love in general, but love in particular—not profession, but painful mortification of self and ill-temper, that we may love with a pure heart fervently.'

ON PATIENCE.

'The world is so full of sickness and sorrow, that patience perfects and completes the Christian. Without this, something is lacking: with it, he is prepared for all the will of God. But observe; patience is to have her "perfect work." This expression shows that we may have something of this grace, and yet be far from having enough of it.

'Patience has then its full operation, its due and proper effect, when it bears with resignation all the various dealings of God, all the sorrows and pains, and long continued afflictions of this life; when it holds on and holds out all God's time, waiting for "the end of the Lord;" when it receives with meekness the occasional trials which are permitted to increase our general afflictions; when under all, faith is unshaken, humility uniform, and love fervent. When this is the case, patience has her "perfect work." It is to be learnt nowhere but in the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, who endured the cross, leaving us an example that we should follow his steps. This is the school. Nature has no such lesson to teach, and no power to impress the lesson if she had. Philosophy and human wisdom are proud and impatient, and incapable of inculcating a duty which they neither understand nor value. But the Saviour is the Sanctifier and Redeemer of the Church. In His school, the penitent believer learns patience, contentment, and holy peace.

There he acquires calm and undisturbed repose. He is "careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, makes his requests known to God:" and thus "the peace of God which passeth all understanding, keeps his heart and mind through Christ Jesus." Thus in the instructions, motives, promises, duties, doctrine and example of Christ he learns patience. The Holy Ghost enables him to do this. Communion with his Saviour promotes it. Prayer and praise strengthen it. Affliction and experience work it. All the events of life exercise it. Heaven will terminate it for ever and ever.'

GOD'S CHASTISEMENTS.

'It is generally in a way of chastisement that God instructs. Like Jacob, or Joseph, or Abraham, or Moses, or Hannah, or Job, or Samuel, various personal or family trials come upon us, and in those seasons God opens our hearts, and seals our instruction. He teaches *old* lessons and *new*:—

'He teaches the evil of sin, the glory and grace of the Saviour, the blessed consolations of the Holy Spirit, the vanity of the creature, the misery and disorder of the world, the nearness and importance of eternity.

'God instructs also in new points of knowledge and duty. We learn more to effect in one month, in a season of sickness or calamity, than in ten months of prosperity. There, in the silence of a sick chamber, the heavenly Dove can be heard in his softest notes, and can instil peace and comfort into the heart.

'And all this instruction is "out of God's law." It is all in the Bible; but we did not observe it. God teaches us in affliction to look for it there, and to find it. A thousand beauties strike us in the Bible when God teaches us "out of His law." How blessed then is the man whom Thou chasteneth, O Lord, and teachest him out of Thy law. "The afflictions of the righteous," says Berthier, "are the steps by which he ascends to heaven: the felicity of the wicked is the declivity by which he goes down to hell."'

OVERMUCH SORROW.

'On the subject of the grief you feel, I doubt not but the infirmity of nature may have fallen into some excess. I am sure I know no duty in which we do not fail. In affliction, therefore, we either sink into something of dejection, or are too much hardened by indifference. The devil urges us on our weaker side. But what then? Let us confess our constant failings; let us repent of them as we do of all other sins; and let us apply to our great Physician for healing—to the balm of His wounds, to the virtue and unction of His Spirit!'

NATURE AND GRACE.

'To plan for ourselves, to act on our own choice, to arrange our projects even in religious matters, this is human nature. To lie in the hands of our God and Saviour, to know no will but His, to frame every design in submission to His supreme control—to do this really and habitually, and in the detail of our duties, this is the effect of Divine grace. The "*only wise God*" is an expression full of deep and valuable instruction.'

Correspondence of another kind occupied him greatly about this same period. He had become much interested in the religious state of France, then a prey to superstition on the one hand and infidelity on the other; and it occurred to him that the translation of some of the works of our sound and evangelical divines might prove highly beneficial. Into this project he accordingly threw himself with his accustomed energy. He fixed upon the writings of his two great favourites, Thomas Scott and Joseph Milner, and aimed at the translation into French of the "Commentary on the Bible" written by the one, and "The History of the Church of Christ" by the other. The amount of labour expended in this cause can scarcely be conceived. He had to consult and interest all the more distinguished French and Swiss pastors; and with this view to carry on a correspondence (still preserved) with M. Gaussen of

Satigny, Merle D'Aubigné of Geneva, Leander Van Ess of Darmstadt, Filleul of Jersey, Paumier of Rouen, Chabrand of Toulouse, Kieffer of Paris, Martin of Bordeaux, Perrot-Droz of Neuchâtel, and many others. He had to enlist friends in England, to form a committee, and raise funds. He had to select and appoint translators of the works, and correctors of the press.

Nothing can convey a stronger idea of energy and force of character, than his undertaking to construct and guide all this machinery, amidst his numerous and constantly increasing avocations. Operations were commenced. He made himself personally responsible for 300*l.* per annum. A London Committee was appointed to control the whole scheme; a Geneva Committee to translate and revise; a Paris Committee to print and circulate. The whole machinery was fairly set in motion, and worked satisfactorily, though slowly. The extent of the undertaking was to be controlled by experience and the available funds. It went so far, that the Gospel of St. Matthew, the Acts of the Apostles, and St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, with Scott's Comment, were translated and printed; and thus a valuable comment upon a most important Gospel, Epistle, and History, were added to the stock of French divinity. St. John's Gospel was also translated, but not printed. No further actual progress was made. A supply without a demand always involves the risk of failure. There was here no demand. The scheme was not self-supporting, nor perhaps calculated for popularity, for Scott's writings must have appeared heavy to the majority of French readers. The project all depended upon the energy and strength of one man. His health failed, and he was unable to sustain it. It fell with him; and no attempt has since been made to rebuild or to restore the ruins.

Every hour of his time would seem to be already filled up, and yet there was one more duty running through all the period now under review, which has not yet been noticed. The vestry of St. John's Chapel may well be deemed remarkable, as a place from whence numberless schemes of benevolence and Christian charity have emanated, and where "prayer was wont to be made." It was the head-quarters of a Society called the London

Clerical Education Society, formed for the purpose of carrying young men of promise and piety, but of straitened means, through the University, by defraying their expenses in whole or in part. The income of the Society was variable, being raised by private contributions, and increased by occasional legacies. The trustees were noblemen and gentlemen of high reputation and proved piety, and Daniel Wilson was secretary. He was indefatigable in maintaining, so far as in him lay, the efficiency of the Society, and in keeping up the standard of piety amongst the young men, who were selected with the utmost care, and watched over with the greatest vigilance. The Society was formed in connection with St. John's Chapel in the year 1816; and a report in the year 1822 mentions the fact that eleven young men of high character and attainments had already been prepared for Holy Orders through its instrumentality. It is evident that the care of such a Society must have required great watchfulness, and added seriously to the labours and responsibility of the minister of St. John's. The meetings were held in the vestry of that church.

There, also, a society assembled for many years, called "The Eclectic." It was instituted in the year 1783, and remains to this day. It numbered amongst its earlier members the honoured names of Newton, Foster, Venn, Cecil, Scott, Pratt, and other London clergy, with Mr. Clayton and some equally eminent dissenting ministers, and a few laymen. The object was to discuss subjects of divinity with a view to mutual edification; and in doing this, the discussion was quite free, and the range of subjects very wide. It met every alternate Monday at four o'clock in the afternoon, and admitted by vote a certain number of visitors each year. Daniel Wilson became a visiting member about the year 1803, and a regular member when minister of St. John's in 1809.

In a letter written to the Rev. G. Clayton in 1855, he says,—

'Our meetings together at the Eclectic must be of some forty years standing. I remember you so well, and your seat in our room, and your venerable father's, and Mr. Cecil's, and Mr. Foster's on the other side of the fire-place. I am now in the fifty-fourth year of my ministry. Deo Gratias.'

It is unnecessary to dwell further upon the proceedings of this society, since they have been recorded in a most able and interesting work by Archdeacon Pratt of Calcutta, called "Eclectic Notes." It may suffice to say, that Daniel Wilson was deeply interested in its welfare, and most regular in his attendance, and that he spared no pains to enrich the discussions. A few cursory remarks never contented him. Even when unable to attend, he would send his notes to be read by another: and nothing but a regard to brevity prevents the insertion in this place of specimens thus prepared and preserved. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with his might: and he ever illustrated a truth which all experience teaches, that if business is to be done, it is the busy man who does it.

The Eclectic Society will be again referred to: but it is time that this chapter should be drawing to a close. Before this, however, is done, it must be noted that in 1821 the lease of St. John's Chapel expired and was renewed. The opportunity was taken of enlarging the accommodation which had been so long and so greatly needed, by adding two rows of pews all round the front of the galleries. Extensive repairs were also undertaken: and the congregation, with their usual liberality, raised nearly 2000*l.* to meet the expenses. The chapel was closed in June, 1821; and re-opened in the following November. Part of the interval was passed at Brighton, where he took the duty for Mr. Pearson at St. James's Chapel: and part in close and anxious attendance upon his father-in-law, Mr. William Wilson, who died in peace, after a somewhat lingering illness, on the 24th August, leaving large possessions, and the better heritage of a good name to his surviving and sorrowing family.

And now let the reader gather up the threads of this busy life at St. John's: let him recal the family anxieties; the ministerial duties; the public controversies; the private claims; the literary labours; the voluminous correspondence; the "journeyings often;" and all the varied plans of usefulness which had pressed on Daniel Wilson since the year 1812, when first he settled in London; and then consider whether it was possible (humanly speaking) for body or mind to bear, unhurt,

such a continued strain. Strong and vigorous as his constitution naturally was, it began at last to give way. He had already tried change of residence, and removed, on January 1st, 1820, into what then might be called a country house at Barnsbury Park, Islington. But there had been no real cessation of labour. The effects naturally followed, and he began to complain. He writes to Mrs. Hannah More, as follows:—

'*December* 3, 1821.

'You are just the very last person that I could ever forget: but the truth is, I have been so extremely ill during the whole summer that writing became burdensome to me.

'The sermons for Mr. Scott, thrice carefully re-written, first began to oppress me in the spring—a confirmation followed—five months repairs of my chapel brought large additional anxiety—the death of a dear child—and last and deepest of all, the loss of an invaluable parent, completed the series of my afflictions, and reduced me to a state of debility and sickness, from which I am hardly as yet recovered. Thanks be to the Almighty's goodness, however, I am much better, and have preached twice on each of the four Sundays since the re-opening of my chapel. I am obliged, however, to be upon my guard. My weekly lecture must be dropped. My extra duties must be suspended. And I must, as I ought, go softly on the path of life, which has become to me so peculiarly uncertain.

'All is right. My proud heart requires much discipline. The world within as well as without the Church is seductive. To be upright with God, to subdue the selfish disorder of the passions, to walk humbly, to pray, to wait for heaven, to love the master whom we serve and the service for His sake, and, at last, to ascribe everything to His mercy and grace: this is religion! And how difficult to preserve, and nourish, and increase it in any measure as we ought! I do assure you, my dear friend, the nearer I approach the verge of time, and look over to the eternity which lies beyond, the more I tremble for myself, and frequently desire to give greater diligence to make my "calling and election sure."

'You shall see before long a private memorial of my father-

in-law, which I have drawn up for my brothers and sisters. I am sure it will please you.'

The resolution here expressed of refraining from all extra labour was, to a certain extent, carried out during the summer and autumn of 1822; but it was too late. Towards the close of that year, his strength again gave way, and in November he was prostrate. On the 29th November, 1822, he writes thus to a friend.

'Though scarcely recovered from a languishing illness, I must endeavour to send you a few lines. May it please God that I learn the lessons which the retirement of a sick room, or rather, which the grace of God, my Bible, and spiritual meditations should teach me. I write badly, because I cannot sit up. The world is passing away. Eternity (and how eloquent is that word now to me) is drawing nigh. Nothing affects me but that which appertains to the kingdom of God. May that kingdom come! Oh, that truth, love, zeal, may more and more pervade the Church militant on earth.'

On the resumption of his duties in the early part of 1823, he preached a course of sermons on the sickness and recovery of Hezekiah, moved thereto, no doubt, by the points of similarity it presented in his own case: and he thus describes his state in a letter, dated February 14th, 1823.

'I write without reflection, effort, or annoyance, as when speaking to a friend. It is a pleasure thus to scribble letters; and any other way would be insupportable to me. I like them to be open, free, frank, and affectionate.

'I have not strength to go on with my "Evidences of Christianity." The papers lie quiet, waiting a more propitious day. I give myself to my two Sunday sermons. One is always written, and I put tolerably strict limits to the other; nevertheless, I need your advice. No friends give me frank and open advice. I like scolding. Truth always pleases me, though sometimes it may cause annoyance at the moment. I see no one; and neither pay nor receive visits. I amuse myself

with French. The translation of Scott's Comment now occupies me. The work is begun at Paris, Rouen, Toulouse, and Geneva. I have written twenty letters about it lately. Geneva translates; Paris corrects the style; London superintends the sense. They will translate St. Matthew's Gospel first. The education of young men in France also occupies me. All these things compel me to read a good deal of French. I study the first authors. My great desire is thoroughly to discover the state of souls in France, the cause of their misfortunes, the nature of their literature, the means of remedy.

'I cannot close without one word respecting Reginald Heber's nomination to the bishopric of the East. Never was anything, so far as I can judge, more happy.'

It will easily be imagined that a relaxation of this kind was not sufficient: and entire change soon became imperative. Acting upon medical advice, therefore, that journey to the Continent was arranged, which has already been alluded to, and was described in his "Letters from an absent Brother." He was accompanied by his wife and family, and by a valuable friend, since deceased, the Rev. John Natt, Fellow of St. John's, Oxford, and afterwards vicar of St. Sepulchre, London.

The anticipation of this journey seems to have acted like a stimulant upon his jaded mind, and something of the old energy is visible in the following letter.

'*June* 11, 1823.

'I want your advice about our route—Calais, Brussels, Liege, Coblentz, Basle, Zurich, Geneva, &c.

'I beg you to give me a list of towns, places, mountains, lakes, and people, which I may visit without fatigue, whilst spending one month between Calais and Geneva. As soon as we leave Geneva about the end of July, we shall make further arrangements. Paris will detain me one month; especially if my Gospel of St. Matthew is going on there. I hope to resume my customary duties the first Sunday in November. I beg you to give me a clear decisive sketch of my route, full of lights (bright spots), so that I may omit nothing of importance, and write by return of post.'

The route pursued was very much as thus sketched out: and the tour, lasting from June to November, was a source of much enjoyment. Health also returned, and when the party arrived in England the object proposed seemed to have been attained.

But such was not the will of God.

His return was hailed with joy by his congregation, and he gladly prepared to resume his ministrations amongst them. He reached home on the 31st of October: but even whilst travelling from Dover he felt some premonitions of indisposition, and remarked that he thought the illness of the year before would soon return. He preached, however, on Sunday morning, November 2nd, from Psalm cxvi. 12, 13: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His goodness unto me? I will take the cup of salvation and will call upon the name of the Lord;" but was so greatly exhausted after the service, that he was unable to preach again that day. This was most unusual with him.

He had been much agitated during the previous week by the intelligence of the sudden death of Mr. Charles Grant; and when on this Sunday afternoon and the following day he sat by the side of the afflicted widow, he "could scarcely," he said, "collect himself sufficiently to utter a few words of consolation." Then followed the sudden preparation of the funeral sermon, which was preached on the next Sunday morning, and subsequently printed.

Then came a sermon in the cause of charity. He was flushed and excited, and said that he had felt so nervous that he could scarcely force himself into the pulpit.

He was now under medical care, but could not be persuaded to "rest awhile." On Sunday, November 30th, he preached twice: once, in an animated strain, from the words, "Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord" (Isaiah li. 9); and once, in a low and depressed tone, from the words, "Oh, my God, my soul is cast down within me" (Psalm xlii. 6); and then he was silent for eight months!

These were, in fact, his last sermons as minister of St. John's. When he again ascended the pulpit, he was Vicar of

Islington: but the way was through the "valley of the shadow of death."

Such was the will of God.

All the symptoms of the previous year's illness now reappeared in an aggravated form: total prostration of strength, abscesses and glandular swellings, languor, and faintings, and extreme depression. He seemed like one "going to the gates of the grave, and deprived of the residue of his years." (Isaiah xxxviii. 10.) He had been a teacher of others: he was now himself sent to school. The excitement of an active life was now changed for the solitude of a sick chamber. Higher duties in the Church awaited him, and the "discipline of sorrows" was the preparation. His course had been that of one "valiant for the truth;" it was now as when a "standard-bearer fainteth."

Who can fathom the purposes of God in thus dealing with his servant? There was no apparent cause. But we know, and are sure, that He doth not willingly afflict the children of men; and that He doeth all things well:—

> "Some gracious purpose has to be fulfill'd:
> Some sin prevented, or some murm'ring still'd:
> The process may be long, the mystery great,
> But whilst the Father works, the child must wait."

His journal might have thrown some light upon all this, but it had been discontinued. It had long ceased to tell the results of self-examination; the hinderings of prayer; the failings of temper; the wanderings of affection; the subtle workings of pride; and the temptations attendant upon a public life, and an influential position. Its very silence is perhaps suggestive.

But the chamber of sickness is to the man of God a place for retirement, humiliation, and confession; and by resorting thither, something may be learnt concerning the divine chastisements, and how they "work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose."

This may be done in the case before us: for a sister, who was his wife's dear friend and counsellor as well as his own, was in daily and almost hourly attendance, and she kept a record of all that passed. From that record we may glean the needful particulars.

"At the commencement of the attack," she says, "I read to him by his desire the third chapter of Colossians; he said, 'That is one of my favourite chapters. It contains the whole of the Gospel—doctrine and practice.' He went on to say, 'Many are the lessons to be learnt in affliction. What I want is to get nearer to God, and to *feel* that it is the hand of my heavenly Father. But my mind is weakened with my body, and that it is, makes me think this affliction more trying than the one last year. But though my thoughts wander, and there is much distraction of mind, yet, blessed be God, I feel that my feet are upon the Rock, Christ Jesus. I can cast myself as a guilty, helpless sinner, at the foot of His cross, and beseech Him to have mercy upon me for His Name's sake.'"

'*Dec. 8th.* He begged his wife to read the description of the Christian armour in the epistle to the Ephesians. She read:—

'"Finally, brethren, be strong in the Lord."

'Ah!' he said, with fervour, 'that is what I desire: to be *strong* in the Lord.'

'"Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth."

'Yes,' he continued, 'there we see the importance of sincerity.'

'"Above all taking the shield of faith."

'That is what I greatly need,' he said, 'for now is my trial of faith.'

'And thus he went on through all the verses: his spirits low; his feeling that of daily increasing weakness; his impression that he should not long continue here.

'*Dec. 9th.* He occupied himself a little in correcting the press for his "Letters from an absent Brother."

'*Dec. 17th.* This day had been appointed for a meeting to be held in the house of Dr. Steinkopff, at which thanksgivings were to be offered for the safe return of himself and Daniel Wilson. But this was now turned into a meeting for supplication and prayer, that God would be pleased to restore His servant once more to health and life. The meeting was

very interesting, and attended by many friends, who were addressed by Mr. Bickersteth from Psalm lxviii. 20: "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death."

'Pain, and weakness, and inflammation continuing and increasing, the congregation of St. John's resolved also to unite in prayer on behalf of their valued minister. It was not thought expedient to give anything of publicity to the design; but a certain hour was appointed, and each family was to pray "apart." (Zechariah xii. 12.)

'*Dec. 22nd.* He spoke of his illness as being very trying: but amongst the "all things" which should work together for his good. "My anxious desire," he said, "is to get *the abiding permanent effect of a sanctified affliction.* Affliction tends to awaken conscience, to unmask the world, to show the value of prayer, to endear the Saviour, to make us see the importance of an habitually close walk with God. God says, He sits 'as a Refiner and Purifier of silver;' and I desire to submit to His blessed will."

'Afterwards, when reading a letter from Mrs. Hannah More, just received, in which she spoke of him in high terms, he stopped me ere I had well begun, and desired me to proceed no further, adding, "Satan is ever ready to take advantage of the kindness of friends to fill the mind with vanity."

'*Dec. 26th.* He was a little revived, and was informed that a surveyor, sent by Dr. Strahan, the vicar of Islington, wished to see him about some of his glebe-land.

'He turned away with dislike from the subject, and said, "Glebe-land! My glebe-land will be in heaven I hope. It is my full persuasion that this affliction will be unto death, and that it becomes me to set my house in order; for I shall die and not live."

'*Dec. 30th.* He was somewhat better, and said, "I desire to use every means that God has put in my power, and then—— 'Here I am: do with me, Lord, as seemeth good in Thy sight.' When I was abroad, I went over the Porcelain manufac-

tories. There I saw the potter take the clay and mould it to the form he wished. Whether larger or smaller, handsome or ugly, he moulded it till it assumed the intended design: and when finished, if it was the exact vessel he desired, or if there was any defect in it, he re-moulded it till it came forth agreeably to *his* wishes. And thus am I in the hands of my heavenly Potter; that I also may be moulded to the form He desires: and though it is trying to flesh and blood, 'Shall the clay say to the potter, Why hast thou made me thus?' Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth. My desire and prayer is, that I may be as clay in God's hands and know no will but His."

'To the noble lady with whom he had previously corresponded, and who visited him with much sympathy and kindness about this time, he said, "Religion in the heart is a divine flame: but (pointing to the fire at which he sat) unless it be watched, and continually stirred, and fed with fresh fuel, it decays and goes out. So religion in our hearts would decay and die out but for the Holy Spirit, who watches over and prevents it by His mighty power. He sends affliction to fan the smouldering embers, and stirs us up to more diligence and fervour. And my own desire and prayer is, that by this illness I may get more of the Holy Spirit's teaching—greater nearness to God—a deeper sense of the evil of sin—more true love to Christ; and be enabled more simply to trust in His finished salvation."

On the 1st January, 1824, he was somewhat better, and his bed was covered with books.

"I am anxious," he said, "that the various lessons I am now being taught may never be erased from my mind. If my life is spared, I shall desire to 'go softly all my days.' I am thankful that I can now read the Bible with delight: and my one only wish is that my soul may be benefited. I desire to examine my heart and see the depth of its wickedness. I feel that Satan is at my right hand, ever ready to take advantage over me. Therefore, to watch and pray is my constant duty, if I would walk closely with my God."

'*Jan. 2nd.* After walking round the room, he laid himself on the sofa, and soon broke out into these words: "'Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' And who is it, that could thus call his afflictions light? The man who had been in 'shipwrecks' and 'imprisonments' and 'deaths oft,' these were *light* afflictions. What a spiritual view must St. Paul have had, and how must he have realised eternal things in all their vast importance, thus to have estimated the lightness of everything beside."

'He then entered more closely into the present state of his religious feelings. He said, that for some time previous to his illness he had in heart departed from God; that his journey abroad had greatly distracted his mind, and still further increased this spiritual declension; but that it was his constant grief and lamentation, and his earnest desire was to return unto the Lord with full purpose of heart; that those addresses in Jeremiah to the backslider he especially took to himself, and felt their awakening power; that the fifty-first Psalm was the very language of his heart at this moment; that he already began to feel the salutary effects of this chastisement; that his Bible was becoming increasingly precious to him; and that *now* when awake in the night, one sweet passage after another presented itself to his memory with great refreshment; and though not yet restored to the "joy of God's salvation," yet he could wait and earnestly pray for this blessing: adding with peculiar solemnity, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust; quicken thou me, according to thy word."

'*Jan. 3rd.* His physician told him he was going on well; but that his constitution would have stood very little more, and that he must be extremely careful for two years to come.

'When repeating this conversation, he said that he considered it a most important opinion, and should make a memorandum of it, in order that, "if his life was spared, he might refer to it hereafter, and call to mind how near he had been to eternity."

'*Jan. 5th.* He said, "It is one thing to bear the Christian name, and to stand well with the world, and even with the

Church; and another to *walk closely with God.* A fair profession may be kept up, whilst the heart is cold and lifeless."

'*Jan.* 11*th.* He was in much pain, and unable to move. "I know," he said, "that this affliction springs not from the dust, but is sent to answer some wise and gracious design. This increased pain is likewise part of the process; and God shuts me out from the world that I may be brought back to Him. And if this gracious end is accomplished, I should think little of a twelvemonth's illness. But how to get my heart alive again to God is the great point! It must be the gradual work of time, with the Holy Spirit's blessing upon the use of appointed means."

'*Jan.* 12*th.* I spoke of a cousin, very ill, concerning whom Dr. Abernethy had said, "Not all the world could save him." "How awful!" he said. "How awful! to be called before the judgment seat of Christ. Happy the man who has fled for refuge in the days of health to that Saviour who alone can save him. Eight weeks have I now been ill; and I trust I shall ever consider them as eight of the best weeks of my life. If this affliction brings me back to God, and restores my wandering feet, I shall bless Him, though it last for eighteen weeks."'

Some hymns were then read to him which, he said, were very sweet and pious; and his sister goes on to remark: "His humble teachable spirit exceeds anything I have ever met with (and Mr. Bickersteth says the same) before. It is the spirit of a little child, longing, watching, eager to catch hold of anything that will impart a ray of light and instruction; and it is, I am persuaded, the immediate work of the Holy Spirit of God, for nature could never produce fruit so beautiful."

'*Jan.* 13*th.* He said, "I have not those sensible joys I long after. But if God sees fit to withhold comfort from me, I desire to submit: whilst at the same time I pray for them, and seek for them in the ways of God's appointment."

'*Jan.* 16*th.* He was better, and able to see friends. He rather

mourned that these kind visits had broken in upon him and robbed him of his time for reading and meditation. "I want to get on towards heaven," he said, "but the world intrudes; and how to prevent it, I cannot tell, now that I am better." He said that he was reading with great pleasure Owen on the "Mortification of sin in believers." He thought it did him more good than any book of the kind he had read during his illness. It was deep and searching, and went to the root of the matter; and that was what he wanted: superficial books did not suit him.

'*Jan. 19th.* The physicians began to talk of Brighton. He said it would have been a great pleasure to him to have preached once before he went. "My dear people at St. John's lie very near my heart. But such is not the will of God."

'*Jan. 22nd.* He went out for the first time for a little walk; and on Jan. 23rd for a drive. On Jan. 27th, pain, faintness, exhaustion, depression, all returned, and a serious relapse was threatened. He, however, gradually rallied. "I feel," he said, "that this fresh attack is a kind of disappointment; but the great thing is to lie passive in God's hands."

'He was told of the death of the cousin before mentioned, one of whose last expressions was, "I have found a precious Saviour." With great emotion he replied, "What else could be desired? This is all we any of us want in life or death. How awful a thing does it appear to me to die! One moment fixes irrevocably our fate! And God judges not as man judges. Man looks at the outward appearance, but God judges by the heart. When I look back upon my life, I see so much sin, imperfection, and corruption in every thought, word, and action, that my only hope of salvation is in coming simply to the Saviour as the poor Publican did, with '*God be merciful to me a sinner.*'"

'A few days more, and he was at Brighton. The change was immediately beneficial. But the alternations of sickness and health were frequent; and the progress, though on the whole

towards recovery, was slow. The same submissive, humble, trusting state of mind, however, remained.

"I am very poorly," he writes, after a long interval; "but my mind is calm, reposing on the blessed will and mercy of God my Saviour."

And again: "My constant stay and resource is the omnipotence and mercy of God, to whom all things are known, and all things possible. That omnipotence and that mercy I desire to lay hold of by faith in the sacrifice of the Redeemer; and there I REST. Life and death are within the compass of the promise, 'all things are yours.' Here is all-sufficiency for my aid."

These letters were written, April 15th, 1824. On May 18th, 1824, Daniel Wilson was Vicar of Islington.

CHAPTER X.

ISLINGTON.

1824—1832.

Living of Islington—Dr. Strahan—Successor for St. John's—Letter from Mr. Pratt—His own impressions—Anticipations of the Parishioners—Parochial matters—Vestry meetings—Additional services—New churches—Public appeal—Prayer—Bishop of London—Church commissioners—Sites—Plans—Curates—Schools—Pastoral address—Lectureship Vestries—Guildford—Journals—Illness of Mrs. Wilson—Her Death—Confirmation—New library—Personal habits—Consecration of new churches—Proprietary school—The Apocrypha controversy—Newfoundland School Society—Parish troubles—Mr. Church-warden Woodward—Bishop Turner—Charles Grant—First idea of Bishopric of Calcutta—Interview with Mr. Charles Grant—Appointment to Calcutta—Interview with Lord Grey—Consecration at Lambeth—Reflections—Eclectic Society—Attendance at Court—Visit to Farnham Chapel—Islington Testimonials—Departure from Islington.

A VERY different scene presented itself before the eyes of Daniel Wilson, when led by the good Providence of God, he emerged from "the valley of the shadow of death." A parochial charge was now to be assumed, thirty thousand souls watched over, churches erected, clergy multiplied, schools organised, church-wardens conciliated, vestries managed, and spiritual destitution of all kinds supplied. This was very different from ministering to an attached congregation, and edifying a select circle—and all this was involved in his new position as Vicar of Islington. His steps were yet feeble; he paused for a short time, contemplating the prospect; and then went forward "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

The advowson of the living of Islington, had been for many years in the possession of Mr. William Wilson of Worton. By deed of sale, dated June 8, 1811, it had been conveyed to him for the sum of 5500*l.*; and on his death, in the year 1821, was bequeathed to his son-in-law. When therefore Dr. Strahan

the vicar, died on the 18th May, 1824, it fell at once to Mr. Wilson. He was instituted on June 4th, and inducted July 2nd, entering that day on his forty-seventh year. His first sermon, after a silence of eight months, was preached in the parish church, from the words, "Feed the church of God which is among you," &c. (1 Pet. v. 2, 3.) But he was quite unable to continue his ministrations at Islington, or even to bid farewell to his flock at St. John's; and he retired again into the country until the month of November.

This interval will afford an opportunity of considering the state of Islington itself, and the view taken of his new duties by the vicar, and his many friends.

In the year 1824, Islington had still some pretensions to be called the country. A few remnants of green fields still divided it from the metropolis, and traditions of shepherds and shepherdesses yet lingered. All such distinctive marks are now swept away, and no casual observer can tell where London ends and Islington begins.

With its immense and rapid increase of late years we have nothing now to do. It suffices, that at the time of which we write, the number of inhabitants was about thirty thousand, and that there was but one church, and one chapel of ease, for the spiritual necessities of that great multitude. Strong local attachment characterised the people, combined with good sense, kindly feeling, religious principle; and under good guidance they rose at once to duty, and abounded in good works. But all this was marred by occasional outbursts of party spirit, easily provoked, and with difficulty allayed.

The Rev. Dr. Strahan had been for many years the vicar; and his character entitles him to be spoken of with great respect. He was a fine specimen of the old school of divines —venerable in appearance—courteous in manners—a good scholar—an excellent reader—regular in the discharge of official duties—and a favourite with a large section of his parishioners.

Under him Islington slept. Under his successor it awoke. And it has never slept since. It has done more perhaps than any other parish, to meet the wants of an increasing population,

and has set an example, which might advantageously be followed by the whole country.

The appointment of Mr. Wilson to the vicarage, naturally caused "great searchings of heart." He was thoroughly well known as a leader among the Evangelical clergy—prompt, fearless, decided, active, uncompromising; and whilst many of his own St. John's people who resided in Islington, and all who loved him for "the truth's sake," greatly rejoiced, there were others who feared the new doctrine, and doubted "whereunto it would grow." These doubts and fears however did not make them forget that they were gentlemen and Churchmen, and they agreed that their new vicar should be received with all possible courtesy and respect. Such conduct had its reward; and many who at first shrunk from the messenger, lived to bless God for the message which he brought.

The event which was thus regarded with varied feelings by the parishioners of Islington, was viewed with unmingled regret by the congregation at St. John's. They had sympathised with their minister in his illness, and felt most anxious for his recovery. Their united prayers on his behalf had been heard and answered, but the life spared was not henceforth to be spent in their service, but in another part of the vineyard. Some little disappointment also may naturally be supposed to have mingled with their feelings of regret; for they had just enlarged the chapel, and renewed the lease; and thus incurred a large expenditure in vain. But the contingency was not unexpected. The removal of their minister had been only a question of time; and the call of duty was too clear to be mistaken. Nothing remained therefore but acquiescence; and the hope that a fit successor would be found. And this, in truth, was the very first matter which claimed Mr. Wilson's attention and obtained it. He speedily fixed upon the Rev. Charles Jerram, vicar of Chobham, who had been for some time officiating at St. John's with much acceptance, as his successor. Mr. Jerram accepted the appointment, but owing to ill health and family affliction, did not enter upon it till the month of November, when he took upon himself the lease, and freed Mr. Wilson from all further responsibility. He meanwhile, unable to preach a farewell sermon, had taken leave of

the congregation in a circular letter, addressed to all, but directed to each individual member in particular. It was dated August 18th, 1824. After referring to his weak state of health, he recalled to mind the truths which had been ministered amongst them, by Mr. Cecil, and himself; appealed to every man's conscience in the sight of God, exhorted them to stand fast in the faith, commended his successor to their kind consideration, and bade them most affectionately farewell. Some months elapsed before he was able to appear again in that pulpit, and he was then in the full discharge of his new duties.

To a wide circle of friends also, in all parts of the country, the accession of Mr. Wilson to the living of Islington, was a matter of deep interest. It was mingled also perhaps with some slight feelings of apprehension lest his health should prove unequal to the task, his zeal overpower his discretion, and past experience fail to meet the present necessities. One admirable letter written to him by his former tutor, Mr. Pratt, will suffice to express what many felt; and an extract from it is therefore inserted here.

'DOUGHTY STREET, *July* 29, 1824.

'Be assured that you have and shall have, my earnest prayers for your special success in your weighty charge. Your past life as a student, a tutor, and a minister, has been a life of great intellectual exertion, and you have had grace given you to meet its demands in a way for which very many will have reason to praise God for ever. But if your constitutional temperament would have allowed you to go through this course of mental labour with the least possible demand on the spirits and physical strength, yet it would have sorely tried and sensibly worn you. But necessity now calls you to a somewhat different course; and mercifully, your new course is as expedient and desirable as it is unavoidable. To throw your whole intellect, by constant and exhausting efforts into your ministry at Islington, as you have done at St. John's, would bring you quickly to the grave. But that course would be out of place at Islington. Your changed circumstances will require you to render prominent and characteristic in your ministry, those qualities of tenderness and affection which will less

exhaust your own spirits in preparation, and be more consolatory to your own soul in the delivery. The shepherd, the father, the overseer, the example, the "brother and companion in tribulation," "Paul the aged," rather beseeching though he might be bold to exhort; these and other similar characteristics of the maturer labours of the apostles, point out your way, and show after what manner your own closing ministry should be modelled. I trust that you will be mercifully enabled to cast all the burden of care which so great a charge brings with it, on the Lord. I hope you will cut off as speedily as may be, all extraneous duties, such as the French Commentary; for I am quite persuaded that under your circumstances, you must do personally as little as possible in things out of your own parish. Surround yourself, as far as needful, with able, docile, and affectionate assistants, and then live like a father in the midst of his children; and God our Saviour, I have good hope and humble confidence, will make your last days, your most fruitful.'

And what, meanwhile, was passing in Mr. Wilson's own mind? One extract from his journal (written some years after), will tell his feelings on the retrospect of the past; and three letters, one to his son, and two to his mother, will unveil his anticipations as to the future.

In the Journal he writes as follows:—

'My course in London was strangely intermingled with great mercies from God, and great miseries from my own evil heart. My Saviour knows all. I can neither record, nor realise all the temptations, the backslidings, the corruptions of heart, which have defiled me. It is terrible to think of.'

The letter to his son shows his deep sense of the responsibility of his new position.

'ISLINGTON, *June 5*, 1824.

'I know you will rejoice to hear that yesterday I was instituted by the Bishop of London to the vicarage of this place. My induction, which gives me possession of the temporalities of the cure, I have fixed for Friday, July 2nd;

the day of my birth. On Sunday, July 4th, Dr. Strahan's curate leaves, and I enter on my own duties either personally or by my curate, a Mr. Marshall, to whom I have promised my nomination. To day I shall receive the mandate of induction, which I have requested your dear uncle William (the Rev. Wm. Wilson, Vicar of Walthamstow, now Dr. Wilson) to execute.

'I am happy in the thought that you will be at home at my induction and reading-in, (if I should be well enough) because I wish to interest you as early as possible in the solemn charge of thirty thousand souls, which is now laid upon me. Upon you, my dear boy, this charge will devolve some day if you live; and from you it will, I trust, descend as an inheritance of grace and mercy from your dear grandfather to future generations. Consider how much will depend on the religious character and the decided practical piety of myself and children. If this spring of all usefulness should be dried up, the parish will be a curse to us instead of a blessing and an honour—the highest honour God can put on a family, viz: to preach amongst such a people the unsearchable riches of Christ.'

His letters to his mother carry on the same idea, and are the more interesting, because she was now far advanced in life. His earlier letters to her will not have been forgotten; these are the last:—

'WORTON, *Sept.* 20, 1824.

'I just write you a hasty line to assure you that I am going on much the same. My general health is certainly gradually improving, and I think I am better now than before the erisypelas attacked me. But all is right. Resignation is our duty and our interest. It meets and responds to God's sovereignty over us.

'Yesterday my mind was much occupied with reflections on my Ordination vows. I hope I felt some gratitude to God for his unnumbered mercies, as well as humiliation on account of my unnumbered sins and deficiencies. To have been honoured by being put at all into the ministry of the glorious Gospel, is an unspeakable grace. But to have been so largely blessed at Chobham, Oxford, Worton, and St. John's, and now to have

been called to an immensely wide sphere like Islington, with unbounded opportunities of usefulness, is a grace which quite overwhelms my mind. And then, when I connect this with my state of health and the extreme uncertainty of any future capacities of serving God in public, I feel that I can only lie in his hands, as clay in the hands of the potter, and say "Not my will, but thine be done."

'It is not the least of my mercies, that hitherto everything has gone on so admirably at St. John's and at Islington. I expect trials as to both. But hitherto all has been calm; in pity to my bodily and mental infirmities. I bless God also, that your life and health have been spared to see *me placed in my last scene of duty*, for I can anticipate no further remove in this world. My warmest affections are fixed on your happiness and comfort, and that of my dear brothers and sisters. I pray God to bless them all, and prepare them for his heavenly kingdom.'

'WORTON, *Nov.* 14, 1824.

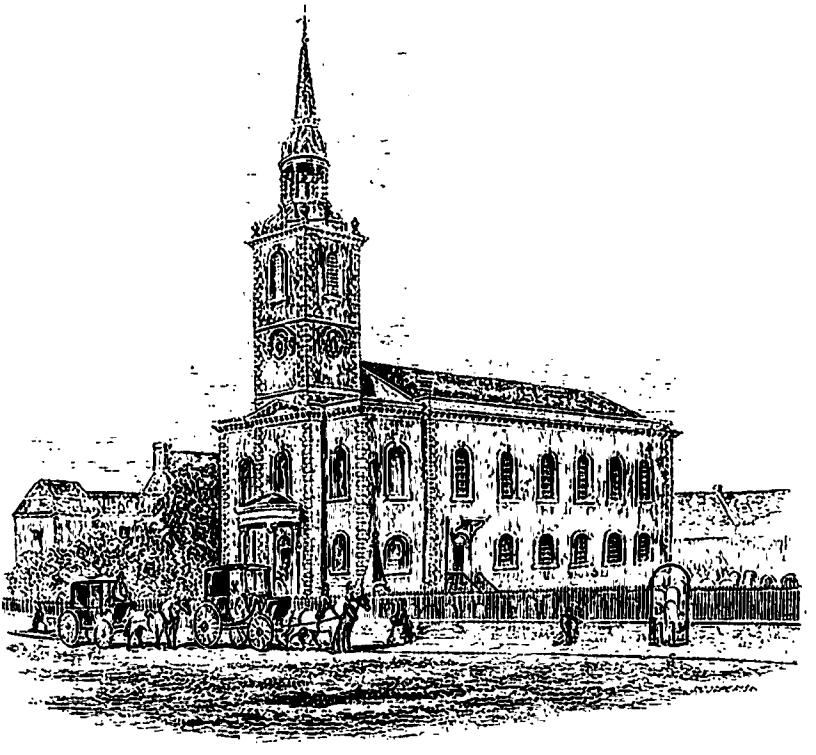
'I have been meditating to day on the words of Elihu (Job xxxiii. 16, 17), "Then he openeth the ears of man," &c.

'One design of our heavenly Father is to break up our counsels and plans, and thus hide from us that secret vanity and self-applause, which are so natural to us. It is now a twelvemonth since my thoughts and plans and purposes have been overturned. I have been during this time again and again forming my schemes, and God has withdrawn me from them. I thought I should be well enough to do this or that. I designed to preach so often at St. John's; I planned what I would do this month and the other—God has "withdrawn" me from my purposes! I have not preached once at St. John's since Nov. 20th, 1823, that is, for exactly a year: and now my dear brother and friend begins his new duties there.

'Now may I cease from all purposes, and betake myself to prayer. May I now be nothing, that God may be "all in all." If I should be permitted to enter on my new duties at Islington, may I enter on them fearful, humble, resigned, emptied of self; without schemes, purposes, or castles in the air; and with pride and self hidden from mine eyes. May Christ live in me. May I be content to know the duty of the day; and leave off

planning, and foreboding, and managing for futurity, as out of my province.'

The intervening months having past away, he returned to Islington in November, and on Sunday, the 28th, preached an Advent sermon from Mark i. 15, "The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of God is at hand. Repent ye, and believe the Gospel." He thus afforded some indication of the course he intended to pursue. He desired to win a way for the Gospel by moderation, gentleness, and order, without failing in fidelity, or compromising the truth. He knew the congregation before whom he was called to minister; and recognised his new position. Before long, however, some persons began to wonder at what they deemed a sacrifice of principle. He seemed to restrain himself in the pulpit. His appeals seemed to be less fervent, and his manner less earnest. They said "he was very different at St. John's." They almost doubted if he preached the Gospel. But this was "their foolishness." The sermons were the same. They were St. John's sermons wisely adapted to Islington: and the course pursued was the one most likely to produce the desired effect—"if by any means I may save some." He was gently remonstrated with by a well-wisher, and his reasons were asked. The answer was immediate, and to this effect:—"I could preach away the parish church congregation in a fortnight; and in another fortnight, perhaps, I could fill it with a congregation twice as large. But these are my parishioners. I do not wish to drive them away. I long for their souls as one that must give account. My heart's desire is to lead them to Christ. The branch in the vine must not be cut off, but made fruitful." And his actions out of the pulpit, as well as in it, were in accordance with these words. When troublous times came on, and many were offended; some friend told him of an angry parishioner who had declared that neither he nor his family would ever come to the parish church again. "What do you say?" was the Vicar's response, "What name did you mention? Where does he live? I will call on him to-morrow morning." He called accordingly, and saw the family, and all was set right in a moment: for few could resist him, when he wished to please.



ISLINGTON PARISH CHURCH.

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It is scarcely necessary to say that this action was entirely disinterested. As vicar, he was of course independent of all secular motives; and the slightest intimation of an intention of giving up a pew in church, was followed by twenty earnest applications for it. The effect of the conduct he pursued was in the end, what he desired. None left the church: but on the contrary, prejudices began to yield, hearts to soften, grace to work. Religion became prominent, and worldliness drew back complaining and murmuring:—"There is no such thing as getting a comfortable game at cards now, as in Dr. Strahan's time." One old gentleman, a high Churchman from his youth, was so full of anger at the change, that he could scarcely speak upon the subject. He threatened to leave the parish altogether. But whilst he lingered, the angel of the Lord "laid hold upon his hand," and all was changed. "No," he replied to an application about his pew, "I shall not leave. I shall remain. I find now that religion is heart-work." It will readily be supposed that vast crowds assembled in the church, and that every standing-place was occupied. It was the practice of the vicar now to sit in the pulpit. He was at first compelled to do this from ill-health; but it became a habit, and he continued it to the end of life. A stool was constructed which would take to pieces, and which raised him, sitting, to the height of a person standing. Cross bars steadied it and rested his feet: and upon these, when excited by his subject, or desiring to impress some weighty truth upon his auditors, he often rose, greatly increasing his height, and suggesting the idea originated by John Knox, that he was about to "flee out of the pulpit." The effect, though not graceful, was impressive, and earnest; and in Daniel Wilson's case, something of dignity was always attached even to his peculiarities.

But it is not in the pulpit we shall now have to consider him, so much as in the parish. In parochial matters he was instantly involved; and there was something of peculiarity in Islington, which made every movement complicated. It was not simply a parish with vicar, church-wardens, church-rates, and vestry-meetings; but it was governed by a local act of

Parliament. A large body of trustees were elected by the people at large: and they managed the funds of the parish, subject to the approval of the rate-payers in vestry assembled. There were three church-wardens, the senior of whom exercised officially the chief authority. They assigned the pews (with a few exceptions), collected the rents, and applied the proceeds to church expenses. The public vestry-meetings were, till recently, held in the church itself (the chairman having his seat in the reading-desk), when scenes of turmoil and confusion sometimes took place, unbecoming everywhere, but most disgraceful in the house of God. Excited crowds filled all the pews, loud clamour frequently arose, religion was itself assailed, profane words were heard, and evil passions of all kinds were let loose. But this belongs to a later day: at first the sea was calm.

Additional church accommodation was the most pressing want; but, as a previous step, it was necessary to consider whether that which was already available, could be rendered more efficient. In the parish church there were but two services on the Sunday: one in the morning, for which the vicar was responsible; and the other in the afternoon, which was supplied by a lecturer. A third service in the evening, therefore, was clearly practicable, and, as a temporary measure, the vicar offered to be responsible for the duty, if the parish would defray all necessary expenses. The first vestry over which he presided was called to consider of this matter. It was held on February 17th, 1825. His own account of it is as follows:—

'ISLINGTON, *Feb.* 18, 1825.

'I had, last night, my vestry for nearly four hours at the church, on the evening service. About two hundred persons attended, and long discussions arose—not upon the main question, for all approved of opening the church; but on the points, Whether the church should be entirely free, or the seats be let: and then, Whether the expenses should be paid by the church-wardens, or by voluntary subscription. It was carried at length unanimously that the church should be free, and by 117 against 59 that the church-wardens should pay the

expenses. Nothing could be more kind and respectful than their whole conduct to me, personally, but I was worn out with standing, speaking, talking, and calling to order—in short, "ruling the waves of the sea, and the tumult of the people."'

'The plan was immediately carried into effect with the happiest results. On Feb. 28th, the vicar reports that on the previous evening the church had been opened for the first time, and that it was crowded. In the same letter, he says one word about his state of health, "My health is pretty good. My sermon yesterday was the ninth. I can walk about, and I make calls on my parishioners, especially the sick, two or three times a week." He adds "I expect to hear every day something about the new churches."

These last words introduce a new subject. It appears from them that some movement had already taken place for the erection of new churches in the parish. The first idea had been to build a single church; but it was suggested that this would be a most inadequate supply for a parish so extensive; and that three might probably be erected at once, without any great additional effort. It was determined therefore that the attempt should be made; and in the month of May the matter was ripe for a decision. The parish was not opposed, but it was reluctant. The spirit of church building had been checked in its birth by mismanagement. In 1812, the first stone of a new Chapel of Ease had been laid, for the erection of which the parish trustees had been empowered to raise and expend the sum of 15,000*l*. In 1814, when the Chapel of Ease was completed, it was found that a sum of 32,000*l*. had been expended; and the burden thus incurred, was still pressing on the rate-payers in the shape of annuities, amounting to above 2000*l*. per annum. But, worse than this, a feeling of dissatisfaction and distrust had been aroused, and it was not allayed when the vicar came forward with his new proposals. These proposals were embodied in a circular letter which was widely distributed over the whole parish. It was dated, May 7, 1825, and the main points on which it dwelt were the following: The parish contained thirty thousand people, and was rapidly

increasing. Land was already let for buildings which, when completed, would raise the population to fifty thousand souls. The church and Chapel of Ease together had sittings for two thousand five hundred; so that out of every twelve parishioners, eleven were absolutely shut out of the house of God. The trustees of the parish, and H. Majesty's Commissioners alike concurred in the opinion that one church, in a parish spreading over so wide a surface, would be comparatively useless, and that three were absolutely required. This would involve an expense of 30,000*l.* at the very least. But if the parishioners would find the sites, and advance 12,000*l.*, H. Majesty's Commissioners would take all further responsibility upon themselves, and complete the whole work. This 12,000*l.* might be first raised, and then eventually extinguished, by a rate of three pence in the pound, which would only require from the great bulk of the parishioners, on an average, a payment of three or four shillings per annum—and that not from each individual, but from each family inhabiting a dwelling-house. Under certain contingencies, even this might be lessened, but it could not possibly be exceeded. And thus at so small a sacrifice, and no subsequent risk, the whole parish might be provided with church accommodation for years to come.

The letter ended as follows :—

'To conclude: let me entreat the prayers of my parishioners to Almighty God, the Author of all good, that such a soundness of judgment, and such a temper of peace and charity, may prevail throughout the consideration of this great question; that it may be crowned, if it should seem right and fit, with the desired success: but that at all events, it may prove an occasion, not of heat and contention, but of goodwill and kindness and conciliation between all the remotest inhabitants of this vast and important parish.'

Such an appeal, so ably reasoned and so strongly urged, commended itself to all. It proved irresistible; and prepared the way for a full discussion in vestry, five days after it had been issued.

Upon one of the circulars, however, there are a few words written which may well be noted before the result is told. It is the "Circular," sent at the time by the vicar to his son, and still preserved. All round the margins of the printed page, these words are written :—

'The affair of our new churches is of such immense importance that I send you this letter. What the event may be, I know not. The preliminary meeting at my house was unanimous. But a vestry of two thousand people is a totally different thing. I send you this paper (of which four thousand will be circulated in the parish), first to engage your prayers for us; secondly, as a memorial in future years of what was intended to be done, supposing the design should be defeated; thirdly, as a pledge of gratitude and praise to God, if success crowns our efforts; and lastly, that I may solemnly and affectionately charge it upon you, that if these chapels, or any of them, should be built, and the appointment of them should ever come into your hands, you may appoint men of decided evangelical piety, clear views of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel, meek tempers, and diligent self-denying habits: men who understand, and feel, and act, upon the doctrines of our thirty-nine articles and homilies, and preach them like Archbishop Leighton, or Joseph Milner.

'I am, your affectionate father,

'D. Wilson.'

It is not to be supposed that matters had been brought to the state described in the Circular, without immense labour and anxious thought. Consultations and discussions of all kinds had abounded. The breakfast-room, the parlour, the study, the pulpit, each had been called to play its part. Preliminary interviews with the Church Commissioners, long conferences with the trustees, friendly conversations with influential parishioners, animated exhortations to the congregation: —all had been repeatedly and successfully tried. Above all, the help of God had been constantly and earnestly sought; prayer rose without ceasing; and the promise that if "two or three shall agree upon earth touching what they shall ask, it

shall be done for them of my Father in heaven," was abundantly fulfilled. As an illustration of this, it may be mentioned, that whilst all was yet in doubt, the vicar went down to the vestry of St. John's Chapel to meet his brethren of the Eclectic Society, and he addressed them in these words :—

'Dear brethren, pray for me. I am going to build three churches in my parish, and there are many adversaries.'

This opening led to much discussion at the meeting, and to many differences of opinion. Some doubted whether he was acting wisely, and asked, "Might not the money be used in some better way? Who could tell into whose hands these churches might one day fall? It was not cages that were wanted, so much as good singing-birds." But nothing moved him. He said, that building houses for God in the land was in itself a right thing; that the issue of events must be left with God; that we must "trust and not be afraid;" that the means appointed must be used; and that if the machinery was defective, it must not be neglected, but improved.

Thus faith reproved fear; and in the result these churches have proved seed-plots of a noble harvest. Fifteen have already risen; and of Islington it may indeed be said, as of Zion in former days, "This and that man was born in her." (Psalm lxxxvii. 4.)

The Bishop of London, Dr. Howley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was deeply interested in the success of the proposal. Two days before the vestry meeting was held to consider it, he wrote as follows :—

'LONDON HOUSE, *May* 10, 1825.

'You have acted with so much discretion, as well as zeal, that, with the blessing of God, you can, I think, hardly fail to succeed; and should you carry your point, I shall exert all my power to induce the Commissioners to see your claims in as strong a light as I do.'

The anticipations thus expressed, were borne out by the result. The parish assembled in vestry on May 12th, and

no opposition was raised. The plan proposed was unanimously adopted. Another vestry, however, was necessary to confirm the vote; and then difficulties were started, and a few expressed themselves aggrieved. Still, large majorities confirmed what had been done, and the first step was definitively gained.

There was now vantage-ground for an official application to the Church Commissioners; and after some delays had been experienced, and personal influence used in all directions, the consideration of the case came on before the Board, was fully discussed, and eventually conceded:—the Commissioners forthwith would build the churches.

The vicar's own account is curious, as well as interesting:—

'Islington, *May* 25, 1825.

'Surely praise should follow prayer. Yesterday our great undertaking succeeded. The two archbishops, and twenty or more bishops and noblemen condescended to our petition, and Three Churches, to contain five thousand souls, are to be immediately built. The intense curiosity with which my person was surveyed by the Episcopal Commissioners is more than I can describe; and my own nervousness in answering to a thousand questions, and undergoing an hour's examination before such a Board, almost deprived me of the presence of mind necessary for such a conjuncture.

'To God I ascribe the whole success. I am "like unto them that dream." A parish of thirty thousand people, in confusion and ill-will, and determined against any more new churches as long as they lived (we are paying 2354*l.* annually for our Chapel of Ease), brought round to vote almost unanimously the sum of 12,000*l.*; and this pittance accepted by the Commissioners, for chapels that will cost them 35,000*l.*, and would have cost the bungling managers of a parish, 70,000*l.*: this is "the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Let May 12th and May 24th be marked for ever in my calendar as jubilee days.'

A thousand matters of detail immediately followed this great success: the selection of suitable sites, the investigation of titles, the choice of architects, and arrangements of all kinds

with the Commissioners. In these things he was greatly assisted by the kindness, skill, and business-like habits of some of his leading parishioners; but still the burden fell heavily on him, and is referred to in the following letter:—

'*July* 25, 1825.

'I perceive you know but little about the detail of building churches, or you would not think my time of rest was yet arrived. Our great struggle was, to introduce, not to finish, our series of labours. Every step of the progress demands the same vigilant spirit of prayer and holy fear, as the first did. One false movement might still ruin the whole. Thus God keeps his servants dependent upon Him, and so disposes of things, that His own name may be glorified. Through His goodness all is as yet going on most prosperously. I trust "Peace and Truth" will be preserved amongst us.'

The autumn of 1825 afforded some respite, and was passed chiefly at Cheltenham and Worton; and he returned with his family to Islington with spirits refreshed and health renewed. On November 12th, he writes:—

'I am wonderfully well for me. In fact, I have been better the last seven weeks than I have been for years. The calls upon me since I came home have been incessant; and yet I have been able to preach at church every Sunday. The attention at church is intense. I trust and believe good is doing. The seed must have time to lie in the ground before it springs up. Oh! may the heavenly Husbandman make "the ground" into which it falls, "good." I begin now to find, what I thought I was prepared for, checks and obstacles in my great Church affairs. It is astonishing how little one is practically prepared to meet disappointments. Theory and practice are not necessarily connected in our disordered hearts.'

At the close of the year he was happy in obtaining the services of an invaluable man for a second curate. The name of Mr. Marshall has already been mentioned as the senior

curate. He suited the vicar well, and was his confidential friend and adviser to the end. What was wanting in Mr. Marshall, however, Mr. Hambleton now supplied; and nothing was left to be desired for the efficient working of the parish. All was at once set in motion. The parochial schools, as then existing, were to a great extent independent of the clergy. They were maintained by the parish, and managed by a committee, who were somewhat tenacious of their rights; so that, when the curates, almost as a matter of course, attended an early committee meeting, they were informed that when they were wanted they would be sent for. The vicar was quiescent in the matter. Careful to maintain his own rights, he was equally careful not to infringe upon the ascertained rights of others. Whenever the attendance of the children, therefore, was required at church for any extra service, or when any alteration was proposed in the system of catechising in the afternoon, he always corresponded upon the subject with the school authorities, and the matter was mutually arranged.

Many "local Sunday-schools," also, as they were called, were immediately set on foot. For this purpose, the poorest parts of the parish were selected, temporary rooms obtained, voluntary teachers enlisted, lending libraries formed, and special funds raised, all on the system recommended by Dr. Chalmers. Nine were begun at once, and they soon increased to fifteen, and were visited by the vicar and examined in rotation. Good trees grew from these vigorous shoots, and still continue in many cases to bring forth much fruit.

The year 1826 was ushered in by a Pastoral Address, in which the vicar inculcated upon all, most affectionately, the duty of family prayer and the due observance of the Lord's Day, and made some apposite remarks upon the financial crisis then desolating the metropolis. The weather soon after became very severe, and the poor suffered greatly. A prompt appeal was made by the vicar, and the congregation at St. Mary's readily responded by a collection of 100*l.*, an amount unknown in Islington before that day, and approaching to what had been usual at St. John's. The amount then contributed formed the nucleus of a "Benevolent Fund," which was doubly

blessed; in opening first the hands of the rich, and then the hearts of the poor. In after years this expanded into "District Visiting Societies," operating over the whole parish.

Hitherto all had gone well; and "peace and truth," in accordance with the vicar's desire and prayer, prevailed. But now clouds began to gather. The afternoon lectureship has been already mentioned, as something independent of the vicar, and it was around this the storm broke forth. The lectureship was not, strictly speaking, endowed; but it was customary to send round a collector every year, and each parishioner subscribed what he pleased. The amount of course was variable; but it generally averaged 100*l.* a-year; and since no duty in the week was required, the appointment was deemed, in many respects, an eligible one. At this time, it was held by the Rev. Mr. Denham; and on the rumour of his intended resignation, the whole question was opened.

It was not at first intended to interfere with the right of election claimed by the parishioners; and on January 30th, Mr. Marshall, the senior curate, issued a circular, in anticipation of the vacancy, soliciting their votes. This step was, perhaps, hastened by the announcement, that the curate of the late Dr. Strahan, intended to offer himself as a candidate. The circular, at all events, proved to be premature; for before any further steps could be taken, the vicar deemed it right to interpose; and by a public letter, dated Feb. 4th, announced his purpose, in the event of a vacancy really taking place, to provide, himself, for the performance of the afternoon service. This purpose he confirmed on Feb. 13th, when called upon to reply to an address presented to him on the subject by some of his parishioners.

That he had the right on his side admits now of no question. The claim of the parishioners had no legal foundation; it did not even rest on immemorial usage. The origin of the lectureship was, in fact, recorded in their own parish books. It appeared from them, that Dr. Cave, then an old man, and the Vicar of Islington, complained that the performance of divine services pressed heavily upon him. The vestry took the matter into consideration, and resolved in the first instance to

provide him with "a reader," and then with "such parson or parsons as he might think fit to assist him." A lectureship, thus originated, could not possibly invalidate the rights of the vicar: but the assertion of them in the present instance, caused a wide-spread agitation which lasted for five months.

At the first vestry which met to consider the subject, the vicar, having entered his protest against any encroachment upon rights appertaining to himself alone, agreed to be guided by the law of the question; and promised, that if the appointment was legally vested in the parishioners, he would not withhold his pulpit from the man of their choice. The vestry agreed to this; but when the vacancy really occurred, many of them seemed to forget their agreement. Another vestry was summoned, and a motion was made to exercise the right claimed, and proceed at once to the appointment of a lecturer. This was negatived, however, by a majority of sixty or seventy; and it was determined to adjourn till the opinion of Dr. Lushington had been given.

The adjourned meeting was held on July 13th; and it was final. Dr. Lushington declared that in the present case, the claims of the parishioners could not be sustained, and that the vicar had the right to perform, if he pleased, all required duties in his own church. It was therefore moved in vestry that this opinion should be entered on the books, and all further action cease. Amidst much confusion, and many amendments, and attempts at adjournment, the majority stood firm; and at midnight the resolution was carried, and the contest terminated.

This is but the outline of what took place. To be life-like, it would have to be filled up with angry countenances, stormy meetings, placarded walls, and all the usual concomitants of a parish in an uproar. But why recall the "bitterness, and wrath, and clamour, and evil speaking," too prevalent on such occasions? Surely, after a lapse of years, when the combatants have for the most part passed away, it is better forgotten and buried with them in the grave.

The vicar had been well supported throughout the contest, by his bishop, his friends, and a majority of his parishioners: and though his resolution had not failed, yet he had been much

cast down. The tone of his letters at the time, proves this. On July 18th, he writes thus to a friend:—

'Your affectionate and delightful letter found me in the lowest depression imaginable of spirits and feelings. The large blessings of success about my three churches (blessings which will extend, I trust, to ages yet unborn,) required a counterbalancing event or two. I am in much perplexity. I know all is right. I endeavour to submit and abase my soul. I search, or try to search out my ways and turn again to the Lord. AND YET I FEEL. My mind sinks. I am depressed and feeble, and sore smitten, and have cried out because of the disquietude of my heart. The charge of so many souls who are injured, prejudiced, estranged from the means of grace by these disturbances, weighs upon my mind. To preach calmly and simply, with an agitated frame of body and mind, is no easy matter. Then, these tumults are new to me. I have no skill as a chairman, a lawyer, or an orator; and all these qualifications are necessary to the vicar of such a parish.

'But I turn from the dark side of the picture, and view the brighter scene. Then I see God directing, permitting, sanctifying; then I see sin, error, self-confidence, a secular spirit, ambition, chastened and reproved; then I see the Gospel commended and honoured by the spirit in which opposition is borne; then I see God's mysterious ways of making the wrath of man to praise Him; and then I see that the ordinary concomitants of extensive good to souls, is the tumultuating of Satan's kingdom. But I must and will close my "book of Lamentations." Write to me again, and tell me how I am to walk amongst my numerous people so as most to please and honour God. Oh! what a consolation to think of a suffering Saviour leading us on through the trials of this life, to the rest of the next. His love demands and deserves every little sacrifice we can make. He has brought us to be his own. He calls us to follow him to his kingdom. He leaves us his Spirit as the COMFORTER of the heart, during his absence. He promises to come again and receive us to himself. He assures us that all things work together for our good. Farewell.'

These contests seem to have forced upon the vicar's mind the great importance of drawing more of his respectable and influential parishioners to take part in parochial matters. They had naturally shrunk back from such stormy scenes as have been referred to, and the result was, that the management of affairs had fallen into the hands of a body, who were fond of meeting at public-houses, and there learning each other's views, and discussing each other's plans, before they were brought forward.

To free the parish from this self-imposed bondage, and to call forth the energies of men of respectability, and above all of piety, was a most important object, and one to which the vicar's attention was now much turned. One instance will illustrate the course he pursued, and prove his persuasive influence over the minds of others. He desired to secure the services of a gentleman whose scientific attainments, courteous bearing, calmness of temperament, and general ability, rendered his aid valuable. With this object in view, he called upon him one morning, and said:—

'I am anxious to induce the gentry of the parish, and especially those who value true religion, to take part in the management of its concerns habitually. Will you consent to be nominated as a trustee and come forward and help us?'

'I cannot think of it,' was the reply. 'I am a man of peace, I have my pursuits, which are pleasant to myself, and I hope, in some respects profitable to others. I am always ready to take my part in educational matters, and in religious associations, but from parish matters I shrink.'

'But I wish,' said the vicar, 'to urge upon you the importance of exerting your influence on the side of order, and supporting the church and your vicar.'

'And I should be glad indeed to do so. But parish business, in my view, would involve a loss of self-respect. I must decline all part in it.'

'But, my dear friend, do you not believe that one day you will have to render an account to God of all the means of influence placed at your disposal, and of all the talents committed to your charge?'

'Certainly; but this is foreign to my habits, and distasteful to my feelings.'

'Ah! but remember, my friend, that we are called upon to "deny ourselves," to "take up our cross," to "run with patience the race set before us."'

'True; very true.'

'Are you, then—are any of us the best judges of what is the path for us to walk in? It is not always the easy path which is the right one; it is not always when we please ourselves that we best please God. Better follow duty when it calls; and you will secure God's blessing.'

The result may be anticipated. The cross was taken up, duty efficiently performed, good service rendered, a useful example set, and the great object gained.

But a reference to matters of a more personal and domestic character will relieve the reader, and change the scene. The summer and autumn of this year, were spent in retirement with his family at Guildford; and that his reminiscences of it were pleasant, may be gathered from his own words, addressed to his daughter on an occasion which will soon require notice.

'I shall ever remember the family comforts which we enjoyed during a residence of six weeks in a house which we hired at Guildford for the benefit of our children's health. Your mamma was tolerably well; a pious clergyman in the parish church, delighted and edified her by his discourses; the house was just out of the town, and situated most beautifully; a few excellent friends made the neighbourhood agreeable; and the vicinity to London allowed of my going backwards and forwards for my Sunday duties. Your dear mamma has frequently walked up and down the garden, expressing her thankfulness to God for his goodness, praising Him for the health of the children, and saying, "No one can tell how I enjoy a walk thus quiet and retired, with my dearest husband in such a delightful spot."'

The family left Guildford in the month of October and

removed to Clifton for the winter, and after spending a few weeks with them, the vicar returned alone to Islington for his Christmas duties. Long letters, containing the proceedings of each successive day, were regularly written, "to be read," he says, "as if I was talking with you after dinner." From these letters the following notes are taken. No words could convey more briefly, more vividly, or more accurately, the nature and extent of his work at Islington.

'*January* 7, 1827.

'We have had a delightful Sunday, and much I trust of the presence of our God. Our Epiphany sermon in the morning, was from Isaiah lvii. 19, thirty-seven minutes, a crowded church and great attention. Communicants 238, being thirty-four more than last January, collection 11*l*. It was like St. John's! In the afternoon I addressed my young people from Psalm, cxix. 9, forty-nine minutes, church filled with children and young persons, so that I could scarcely breathe, fixed attention. May God our Saviour give His blessing!'

'*Monday evening.*

'Mr. Pownall and Mr. Bainbridge told me to-day that I was given out to preach at St. John's next Sunday morning. Mr. Baptist Noel began there yesterday, two very good sermons, much promise.'

'*Tuesday evening.*

'At 12 o'clock this morning I went to attend Doctor Mason Good's funeral. Mr. Jerram has agreed to preach the funeral sermon. The interment was at St. Pancras. The spacious vaults illuminated with dull lamps had a solemn effect. The coffin was thrust on a tier of others. Such is the end of man as to this mortal body. Thank God, all testimonies concur in the rapid growth of spiritual life and love in his soul.

'A gentleman has sent to me from Halifax to see if I can influence Lord Liverpool about the living. Mr. Knight the vicar died on Sunday. There are 90,000 souls, and thirteen or fourteen chapelries. The living, happily for this object, is a poor one. Mr. Knight was a very pious, laborious man.'

'*Wednesday.*

'Here I am, detained by a most thorough rainy morning, with twenty-three names on my list to call on.'

'*Friday.*

'Mr Borrows of Clapham came to breakfast this morning. Mr. Blunt of Chelsea, who declined Cheltenham new church, has received a present from his people of 250*l.*, with a request to preach Lent lectures this spring. Just the gracious compensation of a kind Providence for faithfulness to duty! Called on Mr. ——, and had a long conversation with him about his daughter. His mind, dark, prejudiced, and irritated. I said all I could to convince him, but God only can open the heart. There is a reality in spiritual religion which appears folly and enthusiasm to the world. "Oh, righteous Father," said our blessed Lord, "the world knoweth Thee not."'

'*Sunday night.*

'I have got through a difficult and trying day. Two charity sermons and each on particular topics. St. John's was excessively crowded. I preached from 1 St. John iv. 7, 8, 9, with vast delight, 50 minutes, very attentive. I commended their new minister to their love. John Bird Sumner was there, which would have made me nervous if I had known it. I think him one of the first men of his day. I trust God was with us. I have had a crowded church this afternoon for my sermon to Parents and Masters. Oh! that I may practise what I preach, more and more.'

'*Monday, January 15th.*

'I have to go to the Bible Society Committee at twelve o'clock, to Mr. C. Bridges at three, to the Eclectic at four, to Miss Cecil's at seven. To-morrow, Church Missionary visiting committee at eleven o'clock; Mr. A. Wilkinson's, to dine at four. Wednesday, Mr. Grant's at four o'clock; Mr. Natt's, to dine at five. Friday, to Walthamstow in the morning, to a baptism in the evening. Saturday, the Duke of York's funeral sermon. Sunday, the chapel of ease in the morning and sermon to servants in the parish church in the afternoon. On Monday I propose to start for dear Clifton, whither may God bring me in peace. I long to see you all again.'

'ISLINGTON, *Sunday evening, March 18th.*

'Another blessed Sabbath bids me record my thanksgivings

to a gracious God. The church was so crowded this morning, that Farley says four hundred persons went away. Subject, The sin of our first parents. On Friday last it was the first lecture on the Creed. Oh! for more impression on my own heart. I heard Mr. Woolff twice, and travelled with him from Oxford to Reading. There was a great crowd to hear him at both places, I was both pleased and edified.'

'*Monday morning.*

'My excursion by Reading was curious. I met Marsh, Hawtrey, and some other friends, at John Hill's at Oxford on Wednesday. They urged me so much to take the Reading Meeting on my return, that I consented. I left the Hills with Mr. Woolff at seven o'clock, breakfasted with about twenty brethren at Basildon (19 miles), attended the Jews Meeting at twelve o'clock, dined at five, set off for London with Marsh and Hawtrey at six, took tea at Salt Hill at eight, and was landed by them at my own door about twelve. The Vice-Chancellor has requested me to preach the Assize Sermon before the Judges in July. This is important, as taking off the ban which I was under, since the refusal to allow my sermon on Regeneration to be printed at the University press.'

'*Monday.*

'I am just returned from a six hours parish walk. I have been breakfasting with Mr. Ayre, where I met Bickersteth and Irving—the last I liked amazingly. I then accompanied them to church to stand godfather to Mr. Ayre's son.'

'*Tuesday morning.*

'I drank tea last night with Mr. and Mrs. Jeaffreson and their twelve children, all of whom are well. They are the finest family I almost ever saw. My mother and sister went with me, and with the four servants at prayers we made twenty. I afterwards spent an hour with dear Bickersteth, to talk over the appointments to my new churches. At ten o'clock this morning I had our Missionary and Jews Meeting. There were about sixty ladies present. I reported the state of the "local schools"—nine schools and 256 children. I also mentioned the Visiting Society. We sang two psalms; all was most

delightful. At six o'clock I went and made visits, and returned home about nine.'

'*Wednesday.*

'I went at 11 o'clock this morning to hear the Bishop of Chester (Dr. Blomfield). It was a most excellent and spiritual sermon, on the Martyrdom of St. Stephen—tender and energetic. I called afterwards on Mr. Scholl, and went on to Lord Galway's in Lower Brook Street—very kind—wants us all to go down to Serlby for a long visit this summer. I went on, and saw dear Miss Monckton for a few minutes, sat half-an-hour with the Misses Powys, and then went to my nephew, Henry Bateman, to consecrate his new house.'

'*Thursday morning.*

'There is a most curious list in to-day's paper of those present at the Bishop of Chester's sermon. It is strange that I did not see one of the many persons so named. I am advised to build a library at the side of my house, but I must wait and think over it. I am so tired of houses and building, and I see the end of life so near, that I am quite easy and indifferent about a house in this world. May the "house not made with hands" be ours. To-night my sister comes in to prepare tea and coffee, for fifty gentlemen. Monday is the Eclectic, Tuesday I go to Hampstead, Wednesday is our Annual Clerical Education Society Meeting. Pray for me, for I need daily blessing and grace.'

'*Wednesday, March, 28th.*

'We have had a most charming meeting of our Clerical Education Society; the best we ever had, though our number was small—about forty. The Bishop of Lichfield, Lord Teignmouth, Sir R. H. Inglis, Cunningham, the Noels, Sibthorpe, and others. The spirit was delightful. We had extraordinary comfort in the communion of saints. Really these little meetings are most cheering. One gentleman gave us one hundred guineas.'

'*March 29th.*

'Sir C. S. Hunter was at the meeting yesterday, and most kindly undertook to be my conductor at Easter, when I preach before the Lord Mayor, and dine at the Mansion House. You

may imagine what a relief this is to my mind. I dined at four o'clock with poor Mrs. G——. At six o'clock, I left for Highbury where I called on Mrs. Holbers, and then drank tea with the Wormald's, who delighted and interested me extremely. I had a tremendous walk home, through a fierce storm of wind and rain. This morning at 11 o'clock I went to the consecration of Hagglestone Church in the Parish of Shoreditch. Archdeacon Pott preached a pious, useful sermon. It was just four o'clock when I got home, very tired. I sat almost all the day with Mr. Norris of Hackney. He told me three things, which gave me vast pleasure—that the confirmation begins April 30th, that Islington is one of the churches in which it will be held, and that the end of May or beginning of June is fixed for us. What delights me is, that instead of going to Hackney, which was usual, the Bishop will come to our parish church. I look upon this as an immense blessing. We shall have, I doubt not, three times the number of young people. May the Holy Spirit be poured out abundantly upon all classes of my dear parishioners, and upon ourselves.'

'*Sunday evening.*

'A most fatiguing day, for the Bishop's letter about the Confirmation came on Saturday, and I read the notice, and took the Communion Service myself. My curates and I spent two hours on Saturday in consultation and prayer on the means of making every use of this great occasion. I finished, this morning, my little course of sermons on the "Fall of Man," from Gen. vi. 5, 6. I hope it has been the most useful topic I have yet touched. The crowds and attention have been surprising. May God give the increase! There were two hundred and two communicants. God has carried me through the day. My mind is full of thought and prayer. Divine Saviour! Grant us thy Holy Spirit more and more.'

'*Monday morning, 9 o'clock.*

'I have been breakfasting at 7·30, have had prayers, and settled all my accounts. And now before I enter on the hurries of the day, I write a few lines to you, my son Daniel. The account of your dear mamma much distresses me. I am

quite anxious to have you all back as soon as possible after the first of May. My own visit is very uncertain, now that the Confirmation is fixed for May 21st. I mean to come down, if possible, for a few days, but shall neither preach nor visit any where. I am determined to be quiet, and comfort my own dear family, if I do come.'

'*Monday night*, 11 *o'clock, p.m.*

'I am just returned from Miss Monckton's, where at dinner I met Mr. Sandford, Captain Gambier, Mr. and Mrs. Dore, all pious persons. The conversation was really most delightful. We had prayers, and I expounded for twenty minutes part of the Prophet Isaiah. But I had nothing save a hard biscuit from eight o'clock in the morning, and was quite famished. I meant to have had luncheon, but for three hours I was cooped up in the Bible Society Committee room, grieved, distressed, afflicted, with the spirit of a few men. The only good I got was the frank which encloses this.'

'*Friday morning.*

'I have had a delightful night's rest, enjoyed my Hebrew chapter, breakfasted, read my section of Shepherd's incomparable work on "Private Devotion," had family prayers, and am now setting to work on my Confirmation duties. Mr. Marshall and I have called on Mr. Oldershaw, the vestry clerk. Nothing could be more good-tempered. He expects a great contest in the parish on Easter Monday. Mr. Percival junior is to be in the chair. The church-wardens are not settled. Mr. John Cattley and Mr. Middleton have been thought of. I am satisfied it is better I should not be there. I have been also to the Society for Promoting Christian knowledge, where I met a good many friends, and reported my opinion on a book which had been referred to me. I warmly approved of it. I saw Mr. Hodson of Birmingham. He walked away with me, and we have had an hour's friendly chat.'

In the midst of all these busy scenes, a heavy trial was approaching—the heaviest trial of his life. It was impossible to allude to it in the earlier chapters of this work, where his "Family Life" was briefly touched upon, for the impression

would have been too deep, and it would have been in vain to ask the reader afterwards to realise him as a happy husband, and surrounded for many years with all the comforts of a cheerful home. This is the place to tell how God visited him, and took away the companion of his youth, and the affectionate counsellor of his riper years. The details now to be given are taken from an account drawn up by himself (to which reference has been already made), for the benefit of his only daughter, then too young to be able to appreciate her mother's admirable qualities. It is in manuscript, and was written whilst his grief was yet fresh, and every impression of the closing scene most vivid.

For some years Mrs. Wilson had been an invalid, and most probably a great sufferer. But she never complained, and no particular apprehensions were excited till about the month of April, 1827. Her husband's engagements have been just described, and they occupied him so entirely, that, as he says, he "was, perhaps, less quick in taking alarm than he should otherwise have been." But immediately after his Lent Lectures were delivered, and his Easter sermon preached, he hastened down to Clifton to judge for himself. He was received joyfully, and the excitement which followed, went far to allay his apprehensions. But this was merely temporary. The vital powers were failing, and medical skill was unavailing for their restoration. A return home was the only remedy: and this was accomplished in easy stages by means of an invalid carriage. She thus arrived in Islington on the first of May, and was borne by her husband and the attendant to that couch from which she was to rise no more. Home inspires hope: but in her case complicated maladies pressed heavily upon the springs of life, and the frail body was weighed down with languor and weariness. Her soul however sought refuge in God, and turned at once to the work of self-examination. That peculiar earnestness of purpose, that lowliness of mind and distrust of self, that reliance upon Christ, and patient submission to the will of God which had characterised her through life, were manifested in the hour of death. In the stillness of that first night—her husband being

the only watcher—she was heard communing with God and her own soul :—

"Perhaps I am dying. Am I prepared? I know I am a sinner: but I know that Christ is an Almighty Saviour. He can save the vilest, the vilest, the vilest. Oh, Lord! prepare me for all Thy will. I do desire to say, Not my will, but Thine be done. Oh, Lord, what are my sufferings compared with Thine! Oh, give me resignation, and prepare me for glory. Oh, take me to glory. Delightful! Receive me to glory. But, Thy will be done."

The progress of disease was gradual, and for three days she was able to express her wishes, and make such family arrangements as she desired; all having reference to her children. But on Sunday, May 6th, a change took place, and pressure on the brain seemed to threaten insensibility, and forebode death. The slightest noise gave pain; but prayer seemed ever rising from the heart, and murmuring on the lips. The medical man entered her room: she started and looked surprised, "I thought I was dying," she said, "but God's will be done: that is all my desire."

Early in the morning of May 7th, her husband entered the room, and standing by the bedside, bent over her in silent sympathy. She opened her eyes, and recognised him at once. All the tenderness of her early love seemed to gush forth. She lifted up her wasted hands, stroked gently and repeatedly each side of his face, and whispered, "Dearest creature:" adding, "do not excite me; say something to calm me." With tearful eye and quivering lip he named that name which is above every name—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." It found a response in the heart, "That is beautiful," she said. To her sister-in-law, who was soon after at her side, she said, "Perhaps I may not be alive long." "And if not," was the reply, "you will be in Heaven." "Ah, yes," she said, "that will be far better."

Her thoughts still clung to her children with the tenderest

love. Their temporal and eternal welfare was very near her heart; and when all was silent in the room, her voice was often heard ascending up to Heaven in earnest supplications on their behalf.

"My dearest love," said her husband, on coming in, "you will soon be with Jesus." "*To see Him:*" was her brief but weighty answer.

Soon the power of articulation began to fail, and the notice of external things to lessen. All stood around the bed; husband, children, sister, servants. She noticed no external thing, but still held communion with her God. "Lord have mercy on my soul! Succour me in Jesus Christ. In sickness and in dying, oh, succour and save. Lord, let me enjoy Thy presence for evermore. I have no merits in myself, but my reliance is on Christ. Lord, save me in Christ Jesus. I do love Him. Though I am a sinner, save me for His sake."

These were the last connected words. A few fragments only of love and piety could afterwards be gathered. "Lord, teach submission:"—"no more sin:"—"sing with joy:"—"dear John:"—"dear Dan:"—"resignation:"—"SAVIOUR!"

Till the afternoon of Thursday, death lingered, and on that day, May 10th, at one o'clock, she ceased to breathe, and her spirit returned to that Father who gave, and that Saviour who redeemed it. She slept in Jesus: whilst friends knelt round her bed, weeping, yet sorrowing "not as others who have no hope." She was interred in the family vault under the parish church of Islington. The funeral sermon was preached by the Dean of Salisbury: and then the bereaved husband set out once more on the journey of life, a solitary and widowed man. He had lost one who had been a help-meet for him; his counsellor in difficulties; his comforter in sorrows; his nurse in sickness. He never ceased to think of her with true affection, nor to speak of her with tender regret:—

"Indeed, it is all true," was the expression of his first letter

after the event: "I have lost the companion of my youth, the partner of my joys and sorrows, the mother of my children, the guide of my Christian course. My sorrows flow deeply, and must flow, so long as I remain behind. But I hope I do not murmur. I hope I desire to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.' I hope I am grateful for four-and-twenty years of peace, and union, and comfort. I hope I bless God for the delightful testimony to her Saviour which she bore in life and death."

But we must not linger at the grave. God's purposes in the affliction may not be clearly seen; but it looks like the loosening of a tie which might have held him in England, and prevented twenty-five years service to the Church in India. We are, however, sure that all things work together for good to those that love God: and that the "thorn in the flesh," brings the "grace sufficient."

Mr. Wilson was not prostrated by the stroke, as some men would have been. His heart was sad, but duty called, and he at once obeyed; and thus his mind recovered rapidly its accustomed tone. The Confirmation had been going on in his parish, and more than seven hundred young persons had renewed the vows of their Baptism on that occasion; and it was now his anxious concern to prepare them for the full communion of the Church in the Lord's Supper. He preached a sermon on the subject, and invited them to come to him for previous instruction. They responded to his invitation, and came in large numbers. Writing to a friend on June 9th, he says:—

'I have been very busy this week. The young people have come in quite as fast as I could expect, considering the solemnity of the engagement, and the difficulty young persons feel at coming to a minister. We have had about one hundred and eighty; which will soon be increased, no doubt, to about three hundred before the Communion days. There is a great impression on all minds. Most of those who come to me are in tears, and a spirit of inquiry is diffused throughout the parish.'

After preaching before the Judges at Oxford, on July 26th, he retired into the country for rest; and his house was given up into the hands of the workmen. Ever since his accession to the living he had been endeavouring to arrange for the purchase or erection of a suitable vicarage, but without success. He now abandoned the idea, and contented himself with enlarging his present house, and adding to it a magnificent library thirty-five feet long, twelve feet wide, and sixteen feet high. When finished, this library was his delight. Ten thousand volumes covered the walls in double rows, and he sat in the midst, presenting a striking contrast to the time when he shared one little room with a brother curate, at Chobham, and had a few books scattered on the floor below and the bed above. The picture of him as seated in this library will be familiar to surviving friends. They will remember the few winding stairs leading downwards, and affording the first glance of him, seated at the table by the fire-side, immersed in papers, and "diligent in business." They will recal the hand, writing till the very last moment, the uplifted face, the troubled look brightening into a smile, the hasty rise, the kindly greeting, the chair turned round, the fire stirred, and the pleasant converse at once begun; or else the face retaining still its impression of thought, the mind refusing to relax and throw off its occupation, the standing welcome, the pen retained, the excuse pleaded, the business hurried over or postponed, the not unwilling farewell, and the chair resumed before the baffled visitor had closed the door. Both these pictures will rise alternately in the minds of friends, and be associated with the room where so many of his hours were passed in study, where his family assembled for daily prayers, where his own morning and evening devotions were held, where friends joined in conference, where his annual Clerical Meetings gradually swelled in numbers and importance with every returning year, where his district visitors and missionary collectors were received, where his farewell breakfast parties were given, and from whence through the opened windows he was wont to seek a few minutes' air and exercise in the garden in the intervals of his work. Alas! the place that once knew him, will know him no more for ever. His portrait still remains, as

painted by Phillips, and engraved for the frontispiece of this volume. But he lives in his son; and his name will be held in "everlasting remembrance."

When these alterations were finished, and before the year 1827 had closed, he invited his mother and sister to make his house their home: thus lightening his cares, and cheering that solitude which, during the absence of his sons at college and his daughter at school, would soon have become oppressive. Here, sheltered by his roof, comforted by his presence, and refreshed by spiritual intercourse with him, his aged mother spent her last days in contentment and tranquillity. Nor were they prolonged. On the 3rd June, 1829, she departed this life, without a care and without a fear; only desiring to be with Christ, as something "far better." Her intellect was clear, and her affections strong till the last illness, and then her "end was peace."

The year 1828 found the vicar thoroughly engaged in parochial duties. There were now three full services in the church on Sundays and great festival days, and one in the week; besides morning prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and Saint's days. An early sacrament at eight o'clock, in addition to the usual celebration, had been also commenced; and the occasional duties were very heavy. A large proportion of these were, of course, discharged by his curates, but the vicar, at this time preached regularly three times a week, and in addition to many public calls, was occupied in various matters of local importance. In the early part of the year he was invited by a requisition, bearing the names of an hundred and twenty parishioners, to preside at a public meeting for the formation of a "Mutual Assurance Society." He willingly complied with the request, and a Society was formed in the month of February, which though it promised well, did not take root. In April, and for many months afterwards, he was much occupied in endeavouring to change the day on which Smithfield Market was held, and which interfered with the sanctity of the Lord's Day in his parish; but his efforts were unsuccessful. In the month of May he established the Islington Association for the Church Missionary Society, which, at first

a small stream, now pours into the reservoir of the Parent Society nearly one-fiftieth part of their whole supply. But the chief point of importance which engaged and interested him during this and the following year, was the completion and consecration of his three new churches. Mr. Barry, now the distinguished Sir Charles Barry, had been appointed sole architect, and under his skilful management, all had progressed satisfactorily. St. John's Church, Holloway, was the first completed. It had one thousand seven hundred and eighty-two sittings, of which seven hundred and fifty were free. The site had been given by the Corporation for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen, to whom it belonged. The total cost of the church was 11,890*l.* The first stone was laid with much ceremony on May 4th, 1826. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present, with the Bishops of London and St. Asaph, the Lord Mayor, and a large body of clergy. A long procession wound its way from the parish church, where divine service had been celebrated, to Holloway, accompanied by a great display of banners and masonic emblems; and when the business of the day was ended, more than a hundred of the parishioners sat down at Canonbury Tavern, to a dinner, over which the vicar presided. This church was consecrated by Dr. Howley, Bishop of London, on July 2nd, 1828.

The church at Balls' Pond followed. It was dedicated to St. Paul, and constructed for one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three sittings, of which eight hundred and seventeen were free. The site was obtained from the Marquis of Northampton at a nominal price; and the whole cost was 10,947*l.* The first stone was laid September 5th, 1826, and the church was consecrated by Dr. Howley, on October 23rd, 1828.

Trinity Church was the largest of the three, and was built on land belonging to the parish. It had two thousand and nine sittings, of which eight hundred and fifty-eight were free. The whole cost was 11,535*l.* The first stone was laid July 15th, 1826, and the consecration took place March 19th, 1829.

And thus the great design was accomplished which the

vicar had so much at heart, and which had cost him so much care and thought. For an expenditure of 12,000*l.*, the parish was enriched by three large and noble churches, which had in reality cost more than 35,000*l.* So strictly was the original pledge kept, and so carefully were the funds husbanded, that on the completion of the whole design, a balance of 100*l.* was returned to the parish. A complete set of communion plate, of the value of one hundred guineas, was presented by the vicar to each church in succession, on the day of Consecration. Most anxious were his efforts to appoint suitable and efficient ministers. His thoughts ran first amongst old friends, well-known, and proved by the experience of many years: and to them were the offers made. But there was some delicacy in the position—necessarily at first subordinate, and there was the certainty of great labour being required, so that the call was not strongly pressed; first thoughts gave place to second, and the incumbents finally appointed were the Rev. W. Marshall, Rev. John Sandys (who happily retains his post), and the Rev. H. F. Fell. The income was derived from pew-rents; and like all Islington churches, which form pleasing exceptions to a too common rule, proved remunerative. The churches were soon filled, and the spiritual wants of Islington for the time supplied. How the precedent thus set has been followed, and men have felt their spirits stirred by the example; how the churches in the parish have increased and multiplied; how the machinery of schools, lecture-rooms, and associations of all kinds have gathered round them; how legal districts have been assigned; how the patronage has been most disinterestedly vested in trustees:—all these points belong rather to the ecclesiastical history of Islington than to this biography. As for the vicar, his "three churches in Islington" were in his heart, and often on his lips, to his dying day: nor was he ever forgetful how much the successful result was due to the generous help of his parishioners, and the liberality of Her Majesty's Commissioners.

Nothing now seemed wanting to complete the ecclesiastical machinery of the parish, but a school for the upper classes,

offering a first-class education at a moderate charge, and combining, or attempting to combine, the discipline of school, with the comforts of home. The preliminary steps were taken towards the close of this year (1829); but controversy on the general subject of education being then everywhere rife, it was not without frequent discussions and occasional collision of opinion, that the matter was satisfactorily arranged. What happened on one of these occasions will serve as an illustration of character. The vicar, who was presiding at the meeting, made use of some expression which gave pain to a sensitive mind, caused some confusion, and led to an adjournment. This was followed next day by a long and respectful letter from the party who considered himself aggrieved, and who naturally and reasonably expected such a reply as might soothe his wounded feelings. But instead of this, he received from the vicar a hastily written note, saying amongst other things, that he was "quite ready to forget and forgive." This mode of accepting an apology instead of making it, may excite a smile: but it will be well to remember that it is almost sure to alienate a friend. It is burying controversy alive. It is closing a wound without healing it.

Such things are perhaps common enough: but the conclusion of this incident, now to be given, is not common. Many a man may get wrong, but few are found ready to get right again —to resist Nature and obey Grace.

A friend of both parties, anxious for the success of a plan which for the moment, seemed in danger of shipwreck, called upon the vicar, and gently introduced the subject. His purpose was at once perceived. "You think that I was wrong in what I said the other day?" Assent was signified. "Well then," said the vicar, cordially shaking him by the hand, "Let us sit down and talk it over. What is best to be done? Shall I make a public apology? I am quite ready." This was not deemed necessary: a few explanatory and kind words at the next Committee meeting was all that could be required from him. The advice was frankly adopted and cheerfully carried out. All was soon in motion again. The plan was settled, the shares were taken, the buildings erected, able masters appointed; and on the 20th October, 1830, the Bishop of London opened a

school which soon attained, and still maintains, a high reputation in the neighbourhood, and at the Universities.

This successful working of the parish did good beyond its own immediate limits. Clergy and laity of many different views, were looking on, and saw the combination of Evangelical doctrine with Church order, carried fully into practice. The same might have been seen doubtless in many other cases, but the individuals were less prominent and the parishes less populous. The effect was good. Points of agreement were increased—points of difference lessened. Instead of standing far apart, churchmen were drawn together; and when the threatening aspect of the times compelled them to join hands, they did it with less reluctance. Their words were more kindly, their union was more sincere, their feeling more hopeful. In producing this effect, the Vicar of Islington had indirectly his full share.

An acute observer, occupying at this time, a high post, which he has since exchanged for one much higher, writing to a friend at the time, says:—

"Many circumstances have occurred in these days to draw well-intentioned men together. They know one another better, and have seen how much sincerity and good feeling may often exist amongst those who espouse very opposite sentiments and measures. Daniel Wilson's doings at Islington must have wrought much conviction. Simeon's donation to India has brought him into favourable notice. And these leaders in their own party, must have seen much to admire amongst persons whom they have been used to look upon as enemies."

The vicar's parochial engagements did not prevent his continuing to take an active part in public matters affecting the Church at large. The anniversaries of the great religious Societies in May, were regularly attended, and the discussions raised on the constitution of the Bible Society from time to time, were viewed with much interest and anxiety. On each occasion he took part with the Committee: but when, as in the case of the exclusion of the Apocrypha from the Society's Bibles, the matter was decided against them, he cheerfully

acquiesced. Upon the question of instituting a test which should exclude from membership all but believers in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, his opinion was decided. He would have no such test. He attended the public meetings in the year 1831, and when Lord Bexley's voice failed to reach the audience and quell the tumult, he was the spokesman on his behalf. He conveyed his lordship's sentiments to the meeting, and added a few pithy words of his own. Writing briefly upon the matter afterwards, he says:—

'In truth the making of a test for the Bible Society is impracticable. Carry the rule to-morrow, and in effect you gain nothing; for you cannot guard against hypocrites and worldly men, who believe nothing of our Lord's divinity; and you break up the Society—which stands firm on GOD'S BLESSING, and on the certainty that no body of men will in the long run circulate the Bible, but those who love the Bible and the Divine Saviour.'

'But the Society which chiefly interested him at this time, because almost wholly dependent upon his exertions, was called, "The Newfoundland Society." It had fallen into the lowest possible state of depression. A debt of 1700*l.* weighed it down: all public appeals had failed: the Committee was disheartened: the secretary had resigned: and the Society was on the verge of extinction. Mr. Wilson came to the rescue; and his energy, activity, and influence was, as usual, crowned with success. Friends, public and private, were enlisted in the cause, churches were thrown open and collections made at his request, public meetings in all parts were held, Mr. Marshall was associated with him and eventually made secretary, the debt vanished, an adequate income was secured, and the whole scheme placed on a firm basis. How this was accomplished may be partly conceived from the following extract of a letter written, October 15th, 1831, from Cromer, in Norfolk:—

'I have had a taste of THE FRIENDS in their sweetest and purest form. I see much to love, much to admire, much to imitate;—but nothing to alter my long-fixed opinion, that with

a National Protestant Church established by the Divine goodness in my country, and holding no fundamental errors, it is my duty to be in communion.

'The Friends, if spread over a fallen world, would extinguish Christianity—her doctrine—her sacraments—her ministry of the Word. But the Friends, scattered in small bodies in the midst of a National Church, may do much service, may quicken spirituality—diffuse love—rebuke worldly habits—recal to primitive simplicity. There is no body of Christians from whom you may not learn something important, if the heart be teachable and humble.

'I left Lynn on Tuesday morning, October 11th, dined at Massingham, and preached in the evening for the Newfoundland School Society. After six hours of gigs and rain, I came on here to the Bible Meeting. John Joseph Gurney spoke admirably, and all was harmonious. We sat down to dinner at Earlham at six o'clock, sixty-four in number. Mrs. Amelia Opie was on my one hand, and Mrs. Upcher on my other. After dinner I was called on to address the company, and I read an important letter I had just received from (Dr. Turner) the Bishop of Calcutta. At the close I mentioned my Newfoundland Schools, as standing between the heathen and our home population. Mr. Gurney instantly proposed a little collection from the company present. I went round with a water-glass. Another friend did the same. We gathered more than 15*l.*, besides four annual subscriptions of a guinea each. I go back to Norwich to-morrow for three sermons. Hard work!'

His motives may be gathered from another letter, written at Brighton:—

'Here I am, an evangelist as usual. Three charity sermons preached by others at home, gave me the Sunday for Brighton, and the Newfoundland Society.

'To preach the good old Gospel in the good old way—to establish wavering souls—to win back by love wandering shepherds—to protest against errors and heresies—to hold up a Crucified Saviour in the novelty-hunting spiritual Church—these are the high duties which I seem to have been called to, the

last six months. The Newfoundland Society is a new peg on which all these things hang; and here Mr. Marshall and I go on like brothers, without neglecting anything at home: and as the whole little Society rests on us, we are in a position most advantageous for preaching, expounding, exhorting, as opportunity occurs.

'Throughout life I have found the Lord leading me in ways I knew not: and after my serious illness nine years since (which was to prepare me for Islington), I have never had such health as for the last year.

'What I most lament is the remaining corruption of an evil heart; unbelief, pride, vanity, selfishness, self-will; the masked batteries of Satan. A few things I have always found important: to be cautious in adopting new notions, however plausible: to be fearful of persisting in a course of temptation, if entered upon: to be much on first principles as to the heart: to be quick in taking warning of conscience, or of a friend, or of the falls of others: and to keep close to the whole Bible in its simple obvious meaning.'

The wisdom of all this needs not to be pointed out. Nor is it to be wondered at, that under such advocacy, the Society renewed its strength. After a sustained period of usefulness alone, a union was formed with the Colonial Church Society, and from this union arose the "Colonial Church and School Society" of our day, which has already taken a high position, and promises to be extensively useful.

But now the private Journal, to which such frequent reference was made in the earlier part of this work, and which was discontinued in the year 1807, becomes once more available. It will draw aside the veil, and show the "chambers of imagery" in the heart. No one can read its words of deep abasement; its confession of indwelling sin; its devout aspirations and earnest supplications, without perceiving that it was written as in the very presence of the heart-searching God. The feeling of the writer seems ever to be that expressed by Job: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth Thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and

ashes." The entries are not exclusively given to self-examination and self-dedication, but occasional references will be found to parochial matters.

The first entry is as follows:—

'*Jan.* 12*th*, 1830. Twenty-three years have passed since I wrote in this journal. I can scarcely say why. I believe that I ceased to write because pride gradually increased, and I could not even describe the state of my soul without some inflation, which spoiled all.'

He then goes on to mention some of the family and personal incidents which had occurred during this long interval, and which have been, for the most part, embodied in this work.

'*June* 21*st*, 1830. I scarcely know how to describe the state of my soul, so grievous are my spiritual maladies! Oh, my God, what can I say to Thee? Thou knowest all the secret recesses of my heart: nothing is hidden from Thee. Thine eye penetrates through every disguise. This very day Thou hast seen everything that has passed through the thoughts, the imagination, the lips, and the actions of Thy servant. I acknowledge, I confess all. I prostrate myself before Thee, O my God! I humble myself in dust and ashes. I pray Thee to make me sensible of my guilt, and to work in me that true and sincere repentance which needeth not to be repented of. Forgive my sins through the merits of the death of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Grant complete reconciliation with Thee. Renew my heart by thy Holy Spirit,—that Spirit of grace and supplication promised by the prophet. I ardently desire to love Thee, to obey Thee, to seek my happiness in Thee—in Thee alone. Grant me grace to lay aside every weight, and to follow Thee faithfully.

'God's blessing has been abundantly vouchsafed to me in my parish. Last Friday we formed an Association for the better observance of the Lord's Day. On Monday we formed another for visiting the poor. Both will prove of great importance.

'On Thursday the Rev. Mr. Rose died: and I have given

the chapel-of-ease to Mr. Hambleton, who has served it for the last year.'

'*June* 23*rd*. I have never felt more deeply the misery of my soul. My efforts to conquer evil passions seem in vain. I find myself the servant of sin and Satan, and the enemy of God. My imaginations, thoughts, desires, affections, conscience,—all are corrupt and enfeebled. Alas! my God, I prostrate myself before Thee. I confess my wretchedness. I pray for help. I want a true change of heart, a true love to God in Christ Jesus. My heart condemns me. Ah! Adorable Saviour, give me grace to turn from sin, and follow Thee as my Master, my Saviour, and my God.'

'*June* 27*th*. I have preached this morning on the death of King George the Fourth, and in the afternoon on the separations and divisions which the Gospel causes. I had some freedom of spirit, for which I bless my God. But my spiritual state is pitiable. I have grieved the Holy Spirit, my Divine Comforter. Oh! how sad I am. Let grace penetrate my soul. O God, open, quicken, warm it; so that I may glorify Thee more and more.'

'*July* 1*st*. To-morrow, if it pleases God, I shall complete my fifty-second year, and enter my fifty-third. What should be my resolutions for the new year? Tell me, O my soul, what I ought to do, as it respects my private devotions, my ministerial work, my children, religious societies; and the Church of God—

'1. My private devotions ought to be more regular, fervent, and spiritual: above all, I ought to study the Bible more humbly and prayerfully.

'2. My ministry demands more simplicity, sweetness, tenderness of heart, spirituality, fidelity, boldness.

'3. My children require my prayers, my example, my instructions, and a steady consistent walk.

'4. The Societies need carefulness to avoid divisions, and to keep from needless interference: all must be open, straightforward, wise.

'5. The Church of God wants a heart full of charity, a single eye, and the simplicity of Jesus Christ in all things.

'I have, myself, to guard against (1) pride; (2) the lusts of the flesh; (3) vain and worldly reading. Give me, O God, the needful grace.'

'*Dec.* 31*st*, 1830. The year ends this day. What is the state of my soul? Oh! Thou who knowest the hearts of all men, make me to know myself, to humble my soul before Thee, to seek Thy divine consolations, to pledge my powers anew to Thy service. Alas, I find my corruptions stronger and my graces feebler than ever. The defilement of the thoughts and imaginations of my heart, my pride when things go well, my jealousy of others, the insensibility of my spirit towards religion, the worldliness and secularity of my soul. Ah! my God, Thou knowest the depth of my degradation and corruption.

'I bless Thee, notwithstanding, for the help granted me throughout the year. I think that I love my Saviour more than ever—that I value the Bible more—that I realise more the safety and happiness the Gospel gives—that the world is less my resource—and religion more the "one thing needful."

'In the coming year, may I pray more fervently, study the Bible more diligently, watch over my heart, repose more entirely on the operations of grace, read fewer idle and worldly books. God help me! God prepare me for death and eternity!'

'*Feb.* 10*th*, 1831. I have been to Clifton and Bristol, where I have seen Mrs. Hannah More, who has entered on her eighty-seventh year; and also Robert Hall, who is about sixty-eight years old. His forehead is grand, his mouth coarse, his eyes sparkling—altogether a most striking countenance.

'My parish is disturbed—very much disturbed by a judgment given against the trustees. But this is nothing in comparison with the state of my soul; for I find myself more than ever harassed with evil, with temptation, with spiritual corruption. Have pity on me, O my God. Deliver me. Pardon me. Give grace to guide, control, cleanse, sanctify.'

'*Feb.* 13*th.* I am cast down, desolate and afflicted by reason of my sins. What a deceitful heart is mine! How worldly my affections! How do covetous and carnal affections harass me! Three things frighten me—the lusts of the flesh—the pride of the heart—the love of the world. Break my hard heart, Oh God! soften it by Thy grace, open it by Thy spirit. If my heart is but right with God, all other things are nothing.'

'*March* 9*th.* I never would pass this day without thanksgivings to God. It was on this day that I first listened to the heavenly voice. The day then, to me, is precious. I call upon the name of the Lord. I magnify Him. To Him be glory!'

'*July* 3*rd.* To-day I enter on my fifty-fourth year. I would now consider the way in which I have walked, and the duties to which I have been called.

'But the mercies of my God and Saviour must never be forgotten. Ah, that Divine mercy is infinite! It has kept me for many years, has preserved me in health, and has helped me in difficulties. I humbly acknowledge, Oh my God, that Thy grace has never failed. I acknowledge Thy goodness and loving-kindness. Oh, that my heart was faithful—full of grace and full of gratitude. But I must needs confess my sins and the corruption of my heart. My Saviour, how odious must I appear before Thee! Pardon me. Cover me with Thy perfect righteousness. Surround me with Thy merits, Thy obedience, Thy death. Let Thy spirit, Oh! Saviour dear, fill me, purify me, console me, strengthen me. I would begin this year with new resolutions, stricter rules of life, more heavenly affections, simpler and purer objects. Give me, my Saviour, grace to walk before Thee in a plain path.'

'*July* 10*th.* How can I begin my meditation! How can I enter Thy presence, my God! My thoughts oppress me. The instability of my character, the weakness of my will, my frequent relapses, shut my mouth, and make me miserable. I have preached this morning on the fall of David from the words, "*Thou art the man*" (2 Sam. xii. 7). But I have more need of self-application than any of my hearers:—

'"I am the man:"—the man unfaithful, the man ungrateful, the man proud, the man living to himself, the man full of covetousness, weakness, and corruption. Oh! my God, have pity on me. Visit me with Thy grace. Give me Thy Spirit. Destroy in me the dominion of sin, and set up the kingdom of purity and virtue.'

We have thus been enabled to look within the veil; and to contrast the outer and the inner life of the believer. The first is like the tabernacle of old, wherein the daily sacrifice was offered, and all things necessary for accomplishing the service of God performed; but the second is like the holy place, wherein is the mercy-seat, and the sweet incense, and the silent adoration, and the solitary worshipper with his hands upon the horns of the altar, confessing his own sins and the sins of his people.

At the time when these entries were inserted in the vicar's journal, all Islington was in an uproar. Some unintentional error had been made in the election of the parish trustees under the local Act, and the occasion was taken by the discontented party, to attempt to regain dominion. Their rallying cry was "Opposition to the Vicar;" and the party spirit which seemed to be laid, rose up again and strove. The vicar had nothing to do with the error which had been committed, and the whole matter could affect him only indirectly. His friends, therefore, anxious to spare him, kept him out of the thick of the contest. Several vestry meetings had to be held, over which Mr. Woodward, in his official capacity as Senior Churchwarden, presided in the absence of the vicar. He was well supported. The reluctance of the vicar's friends had been thoroughly overcome, and they were ready to exert the influence which properly belonged to them, and which, when exerted, was irresistible. Their nominees were all chosen, and appointed trustees for the next two years. This result was favourable, but it had to be confirmed; and the final meeting at length drew near. The church-warden, harassed and weary, called upon the vicar on his way, and told him all that was proposed, and all that was apprehended. Cheered by words of kindness and encouragement, he went to duty, and presided over a most

stormy meeting. The minority harassed him by motions, amendments, and points of order without end. But every effort failed, and the last agitated waves subsided and sunk into quietness as the morning dawned.

The first act of the chairman when he rose, was to report proceedings to the vicar, and congratulate him on the favourable result. He found a ready audience and a grateful auditor. "My dear sir," said the vicar, "I thought it would be even as you have said, because I know that God heareth and answereth prayer. The moment you left me last night, I sent for my curates, that 'two or three' might agree in what they should ask; and when you were taking the chair, we fell upon our knees, and besought the Lord to give you a mouth and wisdom that no adversary might be able to gainsay or resist. Thus whilst you were striving in the plain, we were praying on the Mount. And this is the result. May God be praised!"

"Ah, sir," said the church-warden, when giving this account of his vicar, with tearful eye and quivering lip; "Ah, sir! he was indeed a man of prayer."

But the time was at hand when the agitations of this large parish were no more to affect the vicar. His work at Islington was nearly done, and he was to be called away. During his incumbency of eight years, a great and permanent effect had been produced. The energy of one man had roused up thirty thousand. The fallow ground had been broken up; good seed had been sown; and the first fruits gathered. It was for others to reap the full harvest, and enlarge the field. And through God's mercy this has been done to a great extent. What Islington may eventually become, no one can tell. But however swelling her population, however prosperous her trade, however numerous her churches, however pious her clergy, however conspicuous her zeal, however liberal her hand, however large her heart, she must still know that the days of Daniel Wilson were her days of "visitation," and ever speak of him in terms of love and gratitude.

It is somewhat curious, and certainly interesting, to observe

how the mind of Mr. Wilson seemed about this time to be turning to the East. He had always felt and expressed great interest in the appointment of the successive Bishops of Calcutta, and in the year 1829 he invited Dr. Turner, the fourth Bishop, to visit Islington before sailing, and attend a meeting of the Church Missionary Association. He was himself in the chair, as vicar, and in his address he promised the Bishop, that if at any time Islington could give or do anything to benefit India, they were ready. The Bishop took up the pledge, and said that he should undoubtedly call for its redemption at some future time. And so it came to pass; for his lamented death in 1831 was the call, and in 1832 Islington yielded up her vicar. But more passed than this. Bishop Turner at a private interview begged for Mr. Wilson's impressions of the duty attaching to the Indian Episcopate; and though this request was not complied with at the time, yet when repeated in an urgent letter from Calcutta, it met with a full response, and many suggestions were sent out and thankfully acknowledged. The acknowledgment thus made contained matter of much public interest, and it was read, as occasion served, all over the country, and finally sent to the "Christian Observer" for publication. Moreover, at the suggestion of friends, he submitted it to the consideration of CHARLES GRANT, who was at that time President of the Board of Control under Lord Grey's government. This led incidentally to a renewal of that friendly intercourse with the family, which rising honours and public life had interrupted; and thus, under God's wise Providence, prepared for all that followed.

Bishop Turner's death was not then anticipated; but when it occurred, Mr. Wilson's mind was full of India. Anxious to use the influence he possessed, in order to secure a fit successor to the vacant see, he wrote to Mr. Grant, pleading for the appointment of a man (1) of thorough and decided piety, (2) of good talents, (3) of amiable temper, (4) of some station in the Church. He soon heard that it had been offered to several clergymen of eminence: to Dr. Dealtry, Rector of Clapham, to Chancellor Raikes, of Chester, to Archdeacon Hoare; and for various reasons declined by all; and this made him fear lest the

appointment should fall into inferior hands. He communicated these apprehensions to Mr. Grant, through Dr. Dealtry, and named, at their request, many persons whom he deemed highly eligible. Having done this, the thought, he says, came into his mind as expressed in the prophet's words, "Here am I, send me;" and he wrote again to state, that if a real emergency arose, and no one else could be found, *he was ready to go.* The account of all that followed when that step was taken, is found in a short-hand manuscript, written from day to day, by himself; and from it what follows is extracted. It shows at once the course of events and the workings of his own mind; and if there appears anything of eagerness or anxiety respecting the appointment, let it be remembered and strongly borne in mind that he was desiring what many others would not have, and that it was not a prize he sought, but a sacrifice he contemplated. His words are, "I was compelled by conscience, and by an indescribable desire, to sacrifice myself, if God should accept the offering, and the emergency arise." India was still accounted of at that time as a place of banishment from home and friends. No overland route, no Suez railway, no electric telegraph, abridged the intervening space, or alleviated the pain of separation. And as to the Bishopric, a peculiar fatality seemed to have settled on it. Four bishops, prostrated by their overwhelming duties, or the uncongenial climate, had sunk and died within nine years; and he who followed them must go, "baptised for the dead." And what was the appointment, speaking after the manner of men, to one in the position of Mr. Wilson? He was fifty-four years old; he had a full competency; he was happily situated; he filled a high post; he discharged important duties; he was surrounded by loving friends; he exercised a wide influence:—what could the East hold out as a compensation to the man who resigned all these? Mr. Crouch, his old tutor, who still survived, wrote to him from the quiet parsonage of Narborough, when the appointment was complete, and expressed what every one who reflected must have felt:—"From the intelligence communicated by the newspapers, I had been led to concur with the united wish of the religious public, that your health might be found equal to your very important duties. The

sacrifice you are making of comfort and enjoyment in your native country is disinterested and magnanimous; and to use language which has been applied on a similar occasion, I bow myself before such heroic virtue; or rather, I adore the grace of God in Christ Jesus, which is able to raise up such instances of it in our degenerate days."

But we turn to the short-hand notes, and the first extract will suffice to put the reader in possession of facts which will make all that follows clear.

'*Jan. 1st*, 1832. I have now entered the fifty-fourth year of my age, the thirty-first of my ministry, and the eighth of my incumbency of this parish. Here I would raise my memorial of gratitude and thanksgiving to the Lord for all his bounty and grace to me, the greatest of sinners. A very important inquiry now presses upon me in connection with the Indian bishopric. It is about a fortnight since my name was first mentioned to Mr. Grant. It was on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, that the case was opened, and it was finally developed completely, so far as Dr. Dealtry thought right, on Friday, Dec. 23rd. May the Lord do what seemeth him good!

'The thought first entered my mind on Dec. 11th; I cannot tell how or why. I felt in my heart a great desire to dedicate myself to this missionary bishopric, if the Lord would accept me. This desire was kindled in my mind on the Sunday evening in prayer, and has continued since. I trust it was suggested by the Holy Spirit, Since that time the pain, the waiting, the longing of spirit which I have felt is indescribable. God, thou knowest my heart and my desire. Accept the wish to serve Thee, and be glorified in me whether by life or by death.'

Will the reader recal to memory the little chapel at Homerton, and read the aspirations kindled in the soul of Daniel Wilson as he kneels there at his first communion; and he will then perceive the perfect identity of his character. The interval of twenty-four years might almost be obliterated, and the feelings of 1797, be linked to those of 1832. Upon the same sacred

day, the same desire for missionary work springs up. It is followed by restlessness, anxiety, and longing in both cases. He is powerless himself, and hindered by others. Delay chastens his mind, and subdues his will:—and then at once, obstacles of all kinds give way, and his course is made plain. 'Surely this is of the Lord, who is "wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

The extracts will now follow in their order of dates:—

'*Jan.* 10*th*, 1832. Another day of uncertainty has passed. On conversing with Mr. Marshall this evening, we agreed in thinking that I had done nothing to regret: that every step I had taken was the result of duty towards God. We have been praying together again for light and guidance; and I feel a comfortable persuasion that God will not withhold that guidance and that light.

'*Jan.* 12*th*. I have heard nothing. I have been particularly agitated and stricken in spirit through the night and through this day. I cannot account for this anxiety. It is neither reasonable nor Christian, but weak and disqualifying. I fear it is the effect of pride, vanity, and self-consideration. Oh Lord, undertake for me. May I have no will but Thine. May I wait the declaration of Thy will with patience. May I be willing to know nothing till Thou declarest Thy pleasure.

'*Jan.* 13*th*. Another day of uncertainty has passed; but my mind has been more calm and composed: perhaps the result of active duty and lapse of time: perhaps by increase of faith and submission to God. I am inclined to think that the prejudice against me personally, in the minds of the Cabinet or the Church, may be the cause of this delay and difficulty. I trust I may say that every day of delay, my mind becomes more weaned and quieted, and the composure of my judgment is restored.

'*Jan.* 18*th*. Dr. Dealtry advised me to consult my medical friends on the subject of my health. I went to Dr. Wilson

Philip, and he told me there was but little risk, and that I might live in India for years: but that all would depend on prudence and caution. I went also to Dr. Babington. His opinion was throughout favourable. He thought the climate and place would equally agree with me. So that no excuse can be drawn from my health.

'*Jan. 22nd.* Breakfasted by invitation with Mr. Grant on Thursday. The result of the conversation was that he would move in proposing me, but have another name in reserve. Here then I stand, waiting for the declaration of the Lord's will in His Providence. As to my motives, I hope and believe they are, and have been, in the main, pure. Lord, it is Thy glory I have desired to seek: it is the salvation of souls: it is the good of Thy Church: it is the honour of the Gospel in India. I retrace the steps I have taken, and I hope I am warranted in saying; on the review, that I took them from the fear of God, and an impression that they were imperative on me. And now, Lord, I would solemnly resign myself to Thee, and implore Thy gracious guidance in the circumstances as they arise. Lord, if it be not Thy will, carry me not up hence. If these exercises of mind are only to humble and empty me of self, and to prepare me for more faithful labour in my present station—then, Lord, send out some one else, and qualify him for the undertaking, and dispose all events for his going out. I would here engage myself to unreserved submission: yea, to thankfulness, if I am hindered by any obstacle from going forth contrary to Thy will. But notwithstanding, if it should be Thy will to accept my sacrifice, and to qualify me for the work, Thy will be done. Oh! give me humility, contrition of soul, sense of responsibility, and watchfulness over constitutional infirmities.

'*Feb. 5th.* I have arrived at home after an absence of twelve days. Nothing is settled. Mr. Grant is moving on, and using those means he judges most likely to succeed. Mr. Zachary Macaulay informs me that he has written to Mr. Grant, strongly urging my appointment to Calcutta, and that he has since received a note enquiring if he knew anything of my pamphlet

about "Bellingham." Mr. Macaulay had found a copy, and sent it with such remarks as had occurred to him. It is evident that Mr. Grant has met with objections from some of his colleagues.

'*Feb. 17th, Rectory, Clapham.* Dr. Dealtry said to me this morning, "What shall we do if, after all, we fail as it regards you?" We then began to converse about different names. I said, "It appears then that you are reduced to the emergency which I conceived might possibly arise. You have no one on whom you can rely, in case I am not appointed." "No, no one;" was the answer. "Mr. Grant said to me the other day, 'If we cannot carry Mr. Wilson, what are we to do?'" "This, then," I replied, "is very consoling to my mind. It places me exactly where I should wish to be—as filling a gap in an extremity."'

It may naturally be supposed that his parish caused him many anxious thoughts: and his mind seems to have passed through four different phases on the subject. He hesitated about accepting the Bishopric at all, when it appeared, as it did at first, that his vicarage would lapse to the crown. When informed that this would not be the case, but that the next presentation would rest with himself, he feared lest wrong motives should be imputed to him, and resolved to have nothing to do with the presentation. Then, as a third alternative, he resolved to yield the choice entirely to Mr. Grant, with this only condition, that it should not be given to his own son. And finally he came to the common sense view of the subject, and determined to exercise in any case, the powers which properly and legally appertained to him, and to appoint his son, in whom he had perfect confidence, and who he was assured would carry out all his plans. When his mind was thus made up, all anxiety about what he calls his "dear, dear parish," ceased.

To continue his notes:—

'*March 2nd.* Lord, Thou appointest me still to patience and

silence. I have seen Dr. Dealtry. He assures me that the affair is going on quite smoothly, that Mr. Grant is only waiting to see one or two of his colleagues, and that nothing of difficulty has arisen except about "Bellingham."

'*March 4th. Islington Church, Sunday.* Blessed Lord, I am now about to partake of Thy body as broken, and to drink Thy blood, as shed for me. Oh, enable me to resign myself to Thee! At Thy altar may I renew my dedication. May I present my body and soul as a living sacrifice. Lord, if Thou callest me to remain here, I would serve Thee with all humility of mind, and all joy of heart in the Gospel of Thy Son. But, Lord, if Thou choosest me to go, I would here at Thy altar say, "Here I am, send me." Lord accept the sacrifice of my will. Lord receive me as Thy servant. Lord be with me, and bless my ministry.

'*March 13th.* Received the following letter from Dr. Dealtry:—"The delay has been occasioned by matters altogether foreign to yourself. The probability is that in three or four days it will be settled."'

'*March 24th.* Received the following letter from Mr. Grant:—"I am sorry for the long delay of settlement, and am obliged to have still further delay: but I wish very much if possible to see you to-day before seven o'clock."'

This letter led to a most important interview and conversation, highly honourable to both the parties concerned. On the one side was manifested a sense of the deep responsibility incurred in making the appointment, an earnest desire to choose one whose faithfulness to the truth was unquestionable, a very kind recollection of early scenes and other days; mingled with some apprehensions, lest the prompt and impulsive action so characteristic of the man of his choice should lead to difficulties amongst a fastidious Christian community, and a sensitive native population. Whilst on the other side, there appeared an entire disinterestedness, a readiness to withdraw in a moment all pretensions if it was deemed expedient, a deter-

mination to watch against natural tendencies, to act cautiously, to take time, and to use in a new position the experience gained by many years, and amidst many difficulties; combined with an independence of tone, an assertion of the supremacy of conscience, and a resolution to go unpledged as to all vital matters.

The conversation ended with one remark on either side, as follows :—

C. GRANT.—"We shall now settle the matter almost immediately."

D. WILSON.—"May God Almighty direct the conclusion of it to his own glory, and the welfare of India."

Fifteen weeks, from the first opening of the subject, had elapsed, when the following letter was received.

"GEORGE-STREET, *March* 27, 1832.

"My dear friend,—I beg to offer for your acceptance, if you are so disposed, the succession to the Bishopric of Calcutta. I make this proposal with the concurrence of Lord Grey and the sanction of the King.

"I shall be very glad if you can give me your company to-morrow to breakfast at half-past nine: and you can then tell me your decision.

"Yours ever,

"C. GRANT.

"Rev. D. Wilson."

This letter has been carefully preserved, and around it and across it are the following brief references :—

'Re-perused, April 8, 1834: two years and twelve days after the offer. May it never turn to my condemnation.

'D. C.'

'Re-perused at Tittaghur, near Calcutta, March 26, 1835, at the completion of third year from appointment.'

'Re-read, May 3, 1845, thirteen years, one month, and six days, after it was written. Deo gratias! I am now on the steamer *Precursor*, going home for my health.'

The acceptance of the offer was signified to Mr. Grant in due course, and was followed by an interview with Lord Grey, which is thus described:—

'I said that I waited upon him to make my acknowledgments for the honour he had done me in the appointment, and to assure him that I would endeavour to justify his confidence, and that of Mr. Grant.

'He said, I was more indebted to Mr. Grant than to himself.

'I said I was not unaware of the immense reponsibility and difficulty of the administration of such a diocese, and that I trusted he would interpret favourably my motives and my conduct; that my object would be, by all discreet and conciliatory methods, to diffuse the pure doctrines and precepts of the Gospel amongst the population of that great empire.

'Lord Grey said that it would be his wish and desire, that the Gospel should be diffused by all safe and proper methods; but that irritating conduct would only increase the difficulty of attaining my object.

'I said, I hoped I should be aware of the difference between the duties and circumstances of a private clergyman, and those of a Bishop in so vast and distant an empire:—that during thirty years I had, as a private clergyman, been battling many things, and engaged in some controversy; but that in my new and responsible station I should endeavour to act with discretion and mildness.

'Lord Grey said he was assured of this; and the interview ended by my saying, "I hope, my Lord, you will hear nothing of me but tidings of good."'

What had been the real cause of the long delay does not appear. Most probably it arose from circumstances entirely independent of Mr. Wilson. The only objections avowed were to some observations in his pamphlet on Bellingham, which

were supposed (but surely without a cause) to suggest the idea of Reprobation, and some reflections on the Clergy, deemed harsh and uncalled-for, in an Anti-Slavery sermon.

When the appointment became public, the greatest interest was excited in all quarters. The Bishops gave him a courteous and cordial welcome. The Archbishop "could not but admire the sacrifice he was making, and lament the loss Islington must sustain." All who wished well to India and the cause of Missions were delighted. His old friends rejoiced with trembling, for they felt how uncertain was his tenure of health and life. One hundred and eight letters were received from them, full of congratulations, cautions, prayers, and affectionate counsels. As soon as the leisure of a voyage allowed, short pithy sentences were extracted from these letters, written in the blank leaves of his pocket Bible, and so arranged that a certain portion might be read each day, and the whole gone over every month. This was done that he might keep vividly in remembrance the kindly feeling which dictated them, and the wise advice which they contained:—and there they are to this day.

But no time was to be lost. More than nine months had elapsed since the vacancy of the See; the proper period for sailing was close at hand, and there was much to be done.

The notes are continued:—

'*April 7th.* A very busy day. I have seen Captain Cole, recommended to me by Mr. Blanshard, and have engaged my passage in the *James Sibbald* East Indiaman, to sail June 10th from Gravesend.

'I have resolved to take my daughter with me, with a native servant.

'I have received a Bengal chaplaincy from Mr. Melville, and have offered it to my nephew, the Rev. Josiah Bateman.

'I have had a delightful meeting with the clergy of the parish, which has much refreshed and strengthened my soul. Lord have mercy upon me. Lord sanctify me. Lord bless and keep me. Lord give me humility. May I know the difference between Thy judgment and that of men.'

'*April* 14*th*. I wrote to Archdeacon Corrie of Calcutta, to prepare for me by the end of October.'

'*April* 18*th*. Visited the Archbishop and Bishop of London. Considered a scheme for creating additional Indian bishops. Last night dined with Mr. Buxton. I have visited my ship at Blackwall. I find myself too much hurried and confused by a succession of engagements, which produce distraction.'

'*April* 23*rd*. Dined with the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House.'

'*April* 27*th*. Yesterday I drove into London, and resigned my vicarage of Islington.'

And now the day of his consecration was at hand. It was fixed for Sunday, the 29th April. He called it "the day of his espousals" to Christ his Saviour. He rose early, and made the following entry in his Journal:—

'*Sunday, April* 29*th*, 1839, 7·30 A.M. I am now come to the beginning of this awful, solemn, delightful day—the day of my espousals to Christ my Saviour—the day of the renewal of my vows as Deacon and Priest, and of the additional vows of Superintendent, Overseer, and Bishop of the Church at Calcutta. Oh Lord! assist me in the preparation for this office. Aid me during the solemnities of the day. Grant me grace after it to fulfil my engagements and promises.'

At prayers with his family that morning, he expounded St. Paul's address to the Elders of the Church at Ephesus (Acts xx.), and with deep feeling and faltering voice applied some of the verses to his own case:—

'I also go to India under somewhat similar circumstances with the Apostle: in that "I know not the things that shall befall me there." But his God will be my God, and his Father my Father, and therefore, "none of these things move me."'

Accompanied by his children, his chaplain, and his early friends the Dean of Salisbury and Mrs. Pearson, he drove to Lambeth, where the ceremony was to take place. On his arrival a procession was at once formed, and proceeded to the private chapel of the Palace. A few chosen friends, with Mr. Charles Grant, the officials and the household, alone were present. An admirable and affecting sermon was preached by Dr. Dealtry. The Archbishop was assisted in the consecration by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London; Dr. Monk, Bishop of Gloucester; and Dr. Grey, Bishop of Bristol. All was conducted with the utmost simplicity, the most perfect quiet, the deepest reverence; and the "anointing Spirit" as invoked, seemed to be present.

On his return home about five o'clock, the Bishop of Calcutta retired to his study, and appeared no more that day. The following were his evening meditations:—

'Lord, I would now adore Thee for Thy great grace given unto me; that I should be called to the office of Chief Pastor and Bishop of Thy Church. Oh! guard me from the spiritual dangers to which I am most exposed—pride, self-consequence, worldliness of spirit, false dignity, human applause, abuse of authority, reliance on past knowledge or experience. Lord, give me simplicity of heart, boldness, steadiness, decision of character, deadness of affection to the world. Let me remember that the great vital points of religion are the main things to be kept constantly and steadily on my heart—then, compassion, tender deep compassion for souls—then, simplicity of object and abstraction from every other interfering claim—then, a spirit of prayer and supplication—then, the learning lessons from affliction when God sends it.'

And now began a series of engagements almost overwhelming. His mornings were given to friends, and his days to business. He almost kept open house. At each breakfast hour large parties met for social converse, mutual edification, and kindly farewells. Near relatives, old friends, his late parishioners, distinguished and honoured individuals, were then assembled,

and it was reckoned that during the last three months of his stay in England, more than five hundred guests were thus entertained. To one of these parties he himself especially refers, as follows:—

'June 1st. I have had a most pleasing party to breakfast. Joseph John Gurney, Mrs. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, Joseph Wilson of Clapham, &c., about twenty altogether. After reading the forty-fifth Psalm and praying, Mrs. Fry made a prayer; and before breakfast, during the pause, Mr. Gurney made a prayer, and again after breakfast. There was a most pleasing spirit of love, and kindness. Mr. Gurney prayed for me that I might be kept humble, contrite, self-abased, lowly in heart.'

Every Saturday afternoon there was a Clerical Meeting in his library, for exposition of Scripture and prayer; at which, now at the last, ladies were admissible.

His Sunday ministrations continued, and vast crowds assembled to hear the word at his lips, and to receive his blessing.

Just before his departure, the Eclectic Society (which has been already referred to), called a special meeting on his behalf, and the account of what took place, as given by himself in a letter to the Rev. J. G. Garrard, an old pupil of St. Edmund's Hall, is very interesting:—

'Just before my leaving England in 1832, I was blessed by a special meeting, where all the brethren offered me such good counsel as occurred to them:—

'1. Mr. Simeon was present, and was especially earnest to guard me against attempting too much at once. He had spent a previous night in prayer.

'2. Mr. J. Clayton said he had been a member for forty-nine years. He read St. John xxi. 15, 16, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me," &c., and prayed for the vitality of my religion, for health and usefulness.

'3. Mr. Ed. Bickersteth read Isaiah, lxii., and prayed for discernment of spirit, knowledge of character, and judgment of suitableness.

'4. Gerard Noel read Ephesians 1st, and dwelt on the danger of losing our spirituality when elevated: on God's being the only Author of what is good: on the nearness of eternity, and the peculiar malignity of Satan.

'5. James Haldane Stewart proposed the hymn—

"Come let us join our cheerful songs," &c.

which was sung; and he then read Exodus xxx.

'6. John William Cunningham read Psalm cxxi.: and dwelt on the importance of prayer; on the danger of worldly and secular business and society; and on the duty of not attempting impossibilities.'

Twenty were present, but these were the only notes forwarded and preserved.

The first week in May, all the Ministers of State resigned. A little earlier, and the Bishopric of Calcutta would, in all human probability, have been bestowed elsewhere.

On May 11th, arrangements were made by the Archbishop and the Bishop of London for issuing a commission to enable him to discharge all such episcopal functions as might be required at the Cape of Good Hope, which was out of his own jurisdiction; and he wrote to give notice of his intention to call there on his voyage to India.

On May 12th, his son was inducted into the living of Islington.

On May 16th, he had to attend the usual banquet given by the East India Company at the London Tavern. The guests were distinguished, and the entertainment superb. The bishop spoke calmly and excellently; and what he said was highly approved. In truth, ever since his elevation, his addresses had been marked by self-possession, fluency, point, and dignity: proving that one ingredient necessary for making a good speaker and a good speech, is the certainty of being listened to with interest and attention.

His prayer before this dinner (always an important one) was, "Lord, I cast myself upon Thee for discretion, support, guidance, and merciful help. I am a child. I cannot speak.

Be Thou to me a mouth and wisdom." His reflection afterwards was, "Lord, to Thee be all the praise."

On May 18th, he attended a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel: and on the 23rd, a meeting of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, at which he made an address.

On May 19th he dined again at the Mansion House, and responded on his health being proposed.

For the last time he also addressed his old congregation at St. John's Chapel. He preached from Ephesians iii. 20, 21, and made a collection, amounting to 74*l.*, for the Church Missionary Society.

He accompanied the bishops to court on the King's (William IV.) birthday, to present the usual congratulatory address; and was graciously recognised, and personally addressed.

He also accompanied the directors of the East India Company to Hayleybury, and had much interesting conversation with the chairman. He was delighted to find him favourable to the plan for the extension of the Indian Episcopate, by making the Archdeacons, Suffragan Bishops.

'June 7th, found him at Farnham on a visit to Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. With great interest he went over the castle and chapel; and walked through the town and to the parish church, where, on taking priest's orders, he had preached. His account is as follows:—

'*Chapel in Farnham Castle, June 7.*

'Here I enter the chapel where I was ordained Deacon in 1801, and Priest in 1802. Here I would, as Bishop of Calcutta, renew my vows, pray for grace, and devote myself again to my God and Saviour.'

But the parishioners of Islington, meanwhile, had not been unconcerned spectators of what was going on. The very day on which their vicar had received the notification of his appointment, he had written to Mr. Woodward, his churchwarden, and informed him of it: and Mr. Woodward by

expressing in reply his own mingled feelings of sadness and submission, had conveyed a true impression of the feeling generally prevalent throughout the parish. This elicited a second communication.

'*March* 29, 1832.

'I am not surprised at your affectionate language of regret. But you will soon see that "He that holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks," has grace and power enough both for Islington and Calcutta. His eyes run to and fro through the earth to show Himself strong on behalf of those whose heart is perfect towards Him."

And now the wish spontaneously arose, that some memorial should be presented of the regard and affection of the parishioners towards him. A subscription was immediately commenced, and one hundred and eighty guineas having been put down, a public meeting was called, and the co-operation of all classes invited. When plans were settled, the Bishop was invited to a public breakfast at Canonbury, on June 13th. The admission was by ticket, and Mr. Woodward presided. After a courteous and able speech, recapitulating what had been done for Islington during the last eight years, he begged to present, as an acknowledgment from a grateful parish, a gold clock and silver inkstand, with suitable inscriptions upon each. It was an interesting occasion, and one calculated to make a deep impression upon all parties concerned.

The Bishop accepted the offered gift, and expressed his grateful sense of the kindness which had suggested it; and after bidding all an affectionate farewell, he took his departure, and the meeting broke up. A day or two afterwards, he reiterated his thanks in a short letter, and enclosed one hundred guineas, to be expended in coals for the poor during the next winter.

On the afternoon of the same day he went to the Queen's Drawing-room to take leave; and the following entry appears in his notes:—

'June 13th. At two o'clock to-day I went to court with my

nephew. The King said to me, "My Lord, when do you sail?" I replied, "Monday." His Majesty said, "Then you must kiss hands." He immediately tendered his hand for that purpose, and added, "I wish you a safe return." '

On June 16th, he dined at Mr. Grant's, and met Lord Grey, Lord Brougham, the Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of London, Lord Hill, Sir F. Adam, and other celebrities. Lord Grey delighted him by saying, that Mr. Grant had been circulating a proposition to the cabinet about Suffragan Bishops in India, which he (Lord Grey) thought very reasonable.

June 17th was his last Sunday. He preached in the parish church in the morning from Jude xx. 21; and as might be expected, the church was crowded to excess. The sermon lasted one hour and forty minutes. In the afternoon he preached at Chelsea from Colossians iii. 11; and thus ended, for the time, his ministry in England.

The following morning, Monday, June 18th, was fixed for his departure. He rose "a great while before day," and the following affecting words close and complete his Journal:—

'*Monday morning, 4 o'clock, June* 18.

'I am now come to the departing moment, when I am to leave my country, my family, my parish, my friends.

'Lord, be Thou a country, a family, a parish, a friend to me, and that will make up for all. Lord, I resign myself to Thee, humbly trusting in Thine infinite power, goodness, and grace.'

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOYAGE TO INDIA.

1832.

Portsmouth—The *James Sibbald*—Occurrences on the Voyage—Religious services—Four German missionaries—The singing sailor-boy—Studies—Correspondence—Cape Town—Hospitalities—Visitation of the Schools—Infant School—Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—Ordination—Confirmation—Departure from Cape Town—Correspondence—Sickness—The Hooghly—Welcome to India.

THE Bishop reached Portsmouth before his ship; so that the purpose he had formed of embarking on the instant, was frustrated. He was not alone however, neither had he been suffered to leave Islington unsaluted. Early as was the hour of his departure, a large assemblage of parishioners had collected round the house, to bid him "God-speed," and to receive his last "Farewell." Many near relations were the companions of his journey. Some old friends entertained him on the way; others greeted him at the end. The Portsmouth bells rang out a cheerful welcome, the clergy waited on him to pay their respects, and the Port-Admiral was prompt with courteous offers of service. The Bishop himself thoroughly appreciated these marks of sympathy, and readily responded to them; but his state of mind was quiet and subdued. He was not depressed, but silent; and seemed sensible of those mingled emotions of joy and sadness expressed by the Apostle when he said, "If I be offered on the sacrifice and service of your faith, I joy and rejoice with you all." (Phil. ii. xvii.)

Late in the evening, the ship *James Sibbald* appeared in sight, and it was arranged that all should be ready to receive the Bishop on the following afternoon. On June 19th, 1832, therefore, precisely at five o'clock, he embarked in the Admiral's yacht, and left his native shores. His valued friend,

the Rev. C. Simeon, and others, were on deck, awaiting him; and the whole party retired at once to the cabin, for "comfort of the Scriptures," and commendatory prayer. The call of Abraham to leave his country, and his kindred, and his father's house, was read; and then all knelt and were commended to the most gracious protection of Him, "who alone spreadeth out the heavens and ruleth the raging of the sea." The last kindly greetings followed; and the voyage to India began.

Into the daily occurrences of that voyage, with its early discomforts and subsequent alleviations, it will be unnecessary to enter: but a few particulars may be interesting as presenting an entirely new phase of the Bishop's life. Amongst his fellow-passengers were representatives of almost every branch of Indian society: the civilian, the military officer, the barrister, the chaplain, the missionary. Ladies also added the charm of their presence; and the social intercourse of the ship was most agreeable.

Morning and evening prayers were at once commenced: the morning prayers in the cuddy, immediately before breakfast, when the Captain and officers were present; and the evening prayers on deck (weather permitting), when the sailors not on duty and the ship's servants were welcomed.

On Sundays the whole ship's company assembled together for Divine service, on the quarter-deck, which was enclosed with awnings, decorated with flags, and furnished with benches. The sound of the church bell, the gathering of the congregation, and the fixed attention on these occasions, served to recal home memories with all their dear and hallowed associations. The Bishop never preached more admirable sermons. He seemed to long to impart some spiritual gift; and his own heart being tender, tenderness characterised his words. Every one seemed impressed, and the last discourse was always deemed the best. The singing was excellent. Four German missionaries (alas! two only are still in the fields of labour, two rest with God), with grand voices, not only habitually delighted all with their hymns and ancient chaunts, ere the evening sun had set and the moon risen on the waters, but led the singing also on the Sunday with great effect. To their number was

subsequently added a little ship's boy, who had an exquisite voice. A great favourite among the sailors, his sweet clear notes, when singing their sea-songs on the forecastle or between decks, attracted attention. The Bishop was charmed, and had him taught to "sing psalms," and then he joined the choir. The Holy Sacrament was also celebrated each month, and found twenty devout communicants.

If the religious services, as thus described, seem more numerous than usual, it will be remembered that they do but carry out the idea attaching to a large family, with its daily prayers, Sunday services, and holy communion; and it so occurred in the good Providence of God, that all the passengers on board, both ladies and gentlemen, were prepared to appreciate and enjoy the performance of those religious duties, without which the Bishop would not have been happy. Amongst the sailors he was very popular, and nothing occurred throughout the voyage to give him pain. Once when walking the deck in bad weather, a man in the hurry of duty forgot himself, and swore. "Hold your tongue," said the men about him, "don't you see the Bishop; he won't like it." At the beginning of the voyage, when the weather was bad, the wind baffling, and the progress slow, some of the grumblers "never knew any good come of having so many parsons on board." But when a change took place, and the ship sped on rapidly—"it was all the Bishop's prayers."

He himself could hardly be said to enjoy the voyage. He looked upon it merely as an episode in life, and its length and discomforts troubled him. His mind was in India, and he wanted to be there himself. Moreover, the usual occupations on board a ship scarcely interested him as they do others. He would watch the flying fish, and listen to experiments made on the phosphoric light, and occasionally vary his reading by a game at chess; he was amused at the Saturnalia on crossing the line, and when a boat was lowered in a calm would delight in an hour's escape from what he called a prison; but a fair wind, and a good day's progress interested him most. To learn the latitude and longitude at noon each day—to know the number of miles traversed—to have the ship's course marked down in his little chart:—these were his daily objects

of anticipation, and his most frequent subjects for conversation. "How fast are we going, Captain?" "Is the wind in our favour?" "What do you say, now, about the day of our arrival?" These were questions incessantly proposed: and answered with a smiling face whilst all went well. But the repetition of them when sails were flapping or splitting, and when the ship's head stood far from the proper course, often brought a cloud upon the Captain's brow, and drove him quickly to some less absorbed passenger. The confinement of the ship also, to a certain extent, affected his health; and it was to be expected that the excitement of the past three months should be followed by a corresponding depression. Every thing was done to make him happy. Conversation, reading, walking, wiled away each day; whilst English reminiscences, Indian anticipations, communion with God, and preparation for future usefulness, occupied and refreshed his mind.

The first real duty undertaken was the preparation of his Farewell Sermon for the press, with the addition of an Address to his late parishioners. His reading was given chiefly to Indian subjects:—the "Life and the Researches of Claudius Buchanan;" Le Bas' "Life of Bishop Middleton;" Heber's "Journal;" Grant's "Minute," and many original documents entrusted to him for perusal ere he left home. When these were ended, he betook himself to Divinity, Ecclesiastical matters, and history. He re-read Hooker's Works, and then took up Robert Hall, Sir James Macintosh, Sir J. Middleton. Hindustani, also, he began; but weariness of mind, and nausea, prevented much progress. The Hebrew Bible, as of old, and the Greek Testament, were always on his table; and the repetition of favourite hymns and long pieces of poetry were a constant recreation. How and when, in the course of a busy life, these were acquired, may excite surprise. But no man is fully known. Page after page of Cowper, Young, Goldsmith, and other authors, appeared to rise spontaneously in his memory, and were repeated with admirable effect, as he took his constitutional or evening walk upon the quarter-deck.

The Bishop made no notes of the voyage: but he wrote many letters. In one to his children, he describes the routine of his daily life as follows;—

'*July* 26, 1832.

'We live very regularly. My day is this: I rise at six o'clock, and spend till nearly eight in my cabin; then walk for a quarter of an hour before prayers in the cuddy, when I read and comment on the Prophet Isaiah; reading and writing, with occasional walks of five minutes interposed occupy the morning till two o'clock; we dine at three; repose in cabin follows till five; at half-past five we have evening prayers on deck, when I read and comment on the Acts of the Apostles; tea at six; then comes exercise and reading; at nine o'clock, private prayer in cabin with my daughter and chaplain; at ten o'clock I am in my cot, with light put out. Our provision is abundant. There was shipped, I understand, thirty-six dozen of poultry, forty sheep, forty pigs, one hundred barrels of beer, one hundred and fifty Yorkshire hams, and a cow to give milk all the voyage; besides dried fruits, preserved meats, and wines, including champagne, and claret.'

Of many other letters, some more desponding, some more cheerful, the following to the Dean of Salisbury, may be taken as a specimen:—

'Saturday, *July* 28, 1832, N. Lat. 4·10, W. Long. 14·12, about 4300 miles from England by the Log, and 400 miles from Cape Palmas.

'Did you ever see such a date with so many guides to the reader? But such is the best method of giving you a correct notion of our present spot. We are hoping to meet some homeward bound vessel as we pass the Line, and I write in order to avail myself of the opportunity. We have had a most favourable passage thus far—not very quick, but most agreeable; no storms, no heat, no calms, no rain. We are now entering the trade-winds, which will not leave us, as we hope, till we reach the Cape. The sea-sickness was a mere trifle; in one week we had overcome it. But the real pressure upon the mind and body, is separation, the severing of all bonds of nature and habit, desolation of heart, the feeling of being alone and imprisoned on the wild barren boundless ocean, without the possibility of escape; no change, no external world, no news, no communication. Then, the difference of diet, bad water, bad butter, bad tea, a rolling cot by night, and an uneasy ship

by day—the head confined, the heart withered, the capacity of thought and prayer lost! These constitute the privations of a five or six months' voyage, undertaken for the first time in the fifty-fourth year of a minister's age, and after all his habits and associations have been buttressed and propped up by parish committees, public duties, a circle of brethren, and the endearments of a family.

'This is the dark side of the picture. Reverse it—and all is brightness, joy, confidence in God, peace, anticipation, gratitude for being permitted to enter on such a design, and preparation for future duty. And all the previous chaos of feeling has its lesson. It constitutes a "dispensation," and draws one inward upon conscience, faith, prayer. These allure the heart out of itself, and from the sensible objects of discouragement, to God and His Sovereignty, Omnipresence, All-sufficiency, and then it arrives at peace, its true felicity and end.

'I have been much reflecting on the mysterious course of events which have led me to this cabin as a Bishop of India, compared with my education as a boy destined for commerce, in December 1792. Then began that intercourse with my father-in-law, which led to my espousing his eldest daughter in 1803, to the parish of Islington, to the new churches, and from these to Calcutta. When I trace back this order of events, I am smitten with adoration at the mercy and compassion of the Lord! If a single link had been wanting in the chain—the whole would have fallen to pieces. Yes, my beloved friend, I look back like Jacob, to the time when with my staff I passed Jordan, and now I am become two bands. To the Lord only be all the praise ascribed! My heart overflows with love and adoration to my God and Saviour, for all his mercies. And yet, other feelings perhaps surpass these—a sense of *humiliation* for my returns for all these benefits. I cannot enter upon this topic, it would defeat its object. But God knoweth my heart. What a sinner before my practical knowledge of the Gospel, and what a feeble wandering soul since! One more thought however equals, or ought to equal, this;—the desire to glorify God, and fulfil my duties in the SUPERINTENDENCE, and BISHOPRIC, now so unexpectedly entrusted to me. All my past history should make me the more

anxious to amend, to rise a little higher, to acquire more wisdom, to act with more decision, promptitude, disinterestedness, and consistency: to believe, love, and obey with more elevated and aspiring motives than ever. Nothing more easy than to mar the last scene of life! But to fill it up with dignity, meekness, discretion, holiness, simplicity of aim:—this is the difficulty. Lord help me!'

Another extract, from a letter to Lord Glenelg, will convey his first impressions of the Cape of Good Hope.

'Six o'clock Friday morning, *August* 31, 1832.

'We are now in full view of the magnificent Table Mountain overhanging Cape Town. No vessel bound homeward, has passed us since we left England. We discovered the faint outline of the African shores yesterday morning, but the breeze failed us as we drew nearer, and it was judged prudent to lay-to for the night. With this morning's dawn, however, the sails were again set, and by six o'clock, the whole range of mountains rose before us in gloomy majesty. Three or four series receding behind each other, and tolerably well defined by the varied shades, present the grandest prospect I have yet beheld. Even Switzerland fades in the comparison: except that the snow-capped glories of that country are wanting here. Table Mountain shrouds her top in the clouds, but the fine flat shelf for which she is celebrated, is conspicuous. The sun's rays are piercing between the ravines, and gilding the superjacent clouds, thus adding the glories of contrast, to the other sublimities of the scene. All is heightened by the immense mass. It is not one or two solitary rocks, but piles upon piles, till the eye is wearied in attempting to pursue them. I have torn open my letter in the hurry of joy which fills every heart, to add this before I give it to the messenger for the post. We hope to land in the course of the day. We are about ten miles distant. We have been 9033 miles, by the log, from England in ten weeks, having left the shores of Cornwall on the 22nd of June.'

The ten miles mentioned in this extract were soon overpassed,

and the vessel glided with a fair light wind round Green Point, and entered Table Bay. Cape Town at once appeared in sight, and a boat put off from shore. The signals agreed on previously in England, to announce the Bishop's arrival having met with no response, suspicions were aroused that the despatches forwarded a month before the *James Sibbald* sailed, had not been received. This suspicion was confirmed when the Port Captain came on board:—no intelligence had been received, and the Bishop was not expected. It only remained to make the best of this untoward circumstance, and to communicate personally with Sir Lowry Cole, the Governor. This was done forthwith, and the result was, an invitation to abide at the Government House. The Bishop therefore with his party, landed at once, and was received with the utmost courtesy.

Nothing could exceed his delight at feeling once more free. He was soon walking up and down the extensive gardens attached to Government House, with a buoyancy and pleasure inexpressible. To tread upon the ground and feel it firm, was of itself exhilarating, after ten weeks of tossing and instability. It was now spring-time at the Cape. Roses and geraniums were bursting into flower, strawberries and peas were showing their early promise, whilst the bamboo, the aloe, and banana offered shade, flowers, and fruit. Strange birds of various plumage flitted by. The crane and secretary-bird came to feed out of the hand. Children of all shades of colour stood about, whilst gardeners, black as jet, weeded the soil, or, as one said, "I smooths the floor." All this produced, for the moment, a kind of ecstacy as contrasted with the monotony and weariness of ten long weeks at sea.

But the realities of life soon returned in the shape of a sumptuous dinner, and an introduction to the clergy and chief gentry in the town.

The next day was passed in preparation for the Episcopal duties which were required, and in mapping out the ten days of the Bishop's contemplated stay.

On Sunday morning the schools were visited and Divine service performed in the Dutch Church, then used also by the

English. The Bishop preached a new and noble sermon from the words, "Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumsion, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all, and in all," (Col. iii. 2), and afterwards took part in the administration of the Holy Sacrament to nearly two hundred communicants. He was wearied with the duty, and spent the rest of the day in quiet social intercourse and family prayer.

On Monday morning all the schools in Cape Town were examined, and amongst them Lady Frances Cole's admirable Schools of Industry. Eight or nine children were called out, and exhibited as having been rescued from slavery by the Philanthropic Society, formed for that purpose. The price of the slave at an early age varied from 12*l.* to 30*l.*, and females generally were selected for manumission, because the children of a freed woman were free, whereas the children of a freed man, marrying perchance a slave, were slaves. Instruction followed freedom, and then apprenticeship or marriage. The Infant School system was in full operation; and with many a hearty laugh, the Bishop saw a little creature with skin black as a coal, eyes rolling in its head, mouth stretching from ear to ear, selected from the group, and placed upon a stool to repeat in recitative some English infant hymn, to which fifty voices screamed a chorus.

The whole town vied with the Governor and his family in courtesy, and the rest of the morning was occupied with receiving visitors.

Tuesday was wet, and given to business, and the settlement of some matters in the Colony, by no means free from embarrassment. Colonel Wade entertained the Bishop and a large party in the evening.

On Wednesday two pieces of ground were consecrated, on which it was proposed to build churches:—one at Wynberg, a distance of seven miles, and one at Rondebosch, a distance of four miles. At the former of these places the Bishop preached. The building, then standing, was little better than a small barn, but all the celebrities of Cape Town crowded into it, and listened to a sermon, which at their reiterated request was subsequently written out, and left behind for publication. In

the evening, the judges and authorities were entertained at Government House.

On Thursday the Bishop attended a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and responded to an Address presented to him. He also subscribed largely to the erection of some National Schools, and to the Philanthropic Society. In the afternoon he enjoyed his only holiday. Lady Frances Cole had planned a drive to Constantia, and four prancing Cape horses soon bore the party to the land of vineyards and luscious wines. The vines as yet had made no sign, but the cellars were filled with the produce of former years, and a small quantity was bought for India. Novel scenes, beautiful scenery, and cool bracing air characterised a day, closed pleasantly in social intercourse at Colonel Bell's, the Military Secretary to the Colony.

Meanwhile, however, the examination of certain candidates for Holy Orders had been progressing from day to day, and on Friday the results were submitted to the Bishop. The *viva voce* examination followed, and all being deemed satisfactory, Sunday was fixed for the Ordination.

In the interval, duty called to Simon's Bay, and six horses were found necessary to draw the carriage over quicksands by the sea-side, and rocks slightly hidden by sand, which constituted, in parts, the then carriage road. The driver was a Malay, with a huge conical hat, a wooden leg, and a terrific whip. Pelicans stood fishing on the road-side. Penguins and divers studded the rocks. Whales' ribs supplied the place of hedge-rows. Everything combined to give novelty and interest to a drive, which in due time terminated at the house of Admiral Warren in Simon's Town. All there was in holiday trim: the shops shut up, the ships and public buildings decorated with flags; and in a little meeting-house rented by the Government for 50*l.* per annum, the Bishop performed his first real Episcopal act. The whole community assembled, the Admiral was present, the Governor had ridden over in the morning, whilst the Bishop confirmed sixty-six young persons, and afterwards preached from the words: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present

your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God: which is your reasonable service." (Romans xii. 1.) Many were affected to tears, and the Governor begged for a copy of the sermon for his private use. After the service, preparatory steps were taken for the erection of a church at Simon's Town; a letter was addressed to the Admiralty, and subscriptions commenced, which found the Bishop a ready contributor. All being thus put into a good train, he departed amidst every possible demonstration of kindness and goodwill.

Sunday was assigned for the ordination; and the Church of England now for the first time obeyed the call to send forth labourers into this part of the vineyard. May she ever remain faithful to her trust! Some necessary alterations were required in the only building available, and these were willingly allowed. At the appointed time every part of it was crowded to excess, and after preaching from the address of St. Paul to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, the ordination of the candidates was performed by the Bishop with the usual impressive services.

Monday was the last day; and though much pressed to prolong his stay, the wind was too fair and fickle to render it expedient, and a communication from the Captain decided the doubt in the negative. The morning, therefore, was given to the confirmation of two hundred and forty catechumens from Cape Town, many of them old and grey-headed. An affecting farewell address followed, closing the religious services of the visitation; and then, with many tears, they bade the Bishop God-speed, and accompanied him to the ship.

More true kindness to a stranger was never shown; and some blessing seemed to return to every bosom. The Bishop's way had been made plain before him. The word he preached came with "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He won all hearts in social intercourse by cheerfulness and simplicity. The "secret of the Lord" in truth was with him in this beginning of his great work. The clue to all the success of his public efforts was easily traced, by those who knew what passed in private communion and intercourse with God. In the closed chamber and by earnest prayer he renewed his strength.

No sacred service was ever undertaken, no drawing-room ever entered, without "two or three" being called to kneel and seek prevenient grace and divine guidance. Hence words of wisdom; hence peace with God; hence a cheerful countenance; hence, above all, the blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow. The good savour of his visit long remained, and it served as a useful preparation for the more onerous duties of Calcutta. Three hundred persons had been confirmed, two sites for churches and churchyards consecrated, four sermons preached, Holy Communion twice celebrated, an ordination held, a public meeting addressed, schools examined, pastoral letters to distant stations written, many valuable friends made, some charity dispensed, and a whole box of books left behind for gratuitous presentation. The ten days thus passed were, he says, amongst the most happy of his life, from "the relief, the contrast, the unexpectedness, the wide scenes of usefulness presented, and the spiritual blessings vouchsafed."

At four o'clock that afternoon the ship was again under weigh for India.

Upon the remainder of the voyage it is unnecessary to dwell. Several fresh passengers had been received at the Cape; and this, with the sight of native servants and the sound of native languages, rather broke in upon the family feeling which had hitherto prevailed. Increased numbers also brought increased formality and a change of habits. Cards were introduced, and for a time the Bishop fretted at it; but learning on enquiry that he was in no sense responsible, or called upon to express an opinion, he held his peace. With the sense of responsibility, the sense of uneasiness disappeared. His objections were to the waste of time, the loss of temper, the worldly spirit, and the insidious tendency to gambling, which the habit produced; but he admitted that, if allowable anywhere, it might be on board a ship. He continued his studies, and drew closer to the missionaries and catechists of both societies, entering with them on a course of lectures in his private cabin, as preparatory to the Calcutta ordination. Sixty letters were also written to old friends at home. From these a few extracts may be given:—

TO THE REV. JOHN HENSMAN, CLIFTON.

'*October* 2, 1832, S. Lat. 33°, E. Long. 75°.

'Lest Calcutta should deprive me, as I fully expect it will, of all power of private correspondence, I seize a moment amidst the rolling and roaring of the desert sea to write to my beloved friend at Clifton, whose faithful affectionate kindness will never be effaced from my recollection, nor forgotten in my poor feeble prayers. Here I am, cooped up in a cabin, twelve feet by ten, having traversed twelve thousand miles of barren ocean, out of fifteen thousand, cut off from friends, country, the church, mankind! Yet joyful still in faith and hope, sustained by a divine arm, comforted by the gracious Spirit of God, studying my future duties so far as I can foresee what they may be, cheered by the best of daughters, and anticipating with composure the scene of trial which is about to open upon me.

'The peculiar office of a chief pastor, overseer, superintendent, messenger, and servant of the Church (which are the Scriptural definitions of a bishop), occupies my daily thoughts, assisted by Hooker, Nelson, Hey, and other writers upon the subject. May God give me grace to make 1 Peter v. 1, 4, my model now, as I endeavoured to do when a simple presbyter entering on Islington eight years since.

'We have had a delightful passage as yet. We reached the Cape in seventy days, on August 31st, and after staying there ten days, have now done three thousand miles of the remaining six thousand which lie between the Cape and Calcutta. Oh! my dear, dear friends, what will await me there! How can I exhibit the pattern, exercise the jurisdiction, administer the doctrine and discipline, watch over the general interests of the Oriental Church, stretching over half a hemisphere, and numbering one hundred and thirty four millions of souls! But, but . . . . . Farewell. The Lord be with us, and work in us all his good pleasure, whether at Clifton or Calcutta.'

TO THE REV. WILLIAM JOWETT.

'INDIAN OCEAN, *October* 12, 1832.

'It is a sensible pleasure to me to think I am writing to an old friend and colleague. Well do I remember the tour to Dublin in 1814, with dearest Mr. Pratt (to whom I have written) and yourself—the friendly discussions—the meetings and sermons—the more striking thoughts which fell from you! Ah! since that period you have had sixteen years at Malta, and I as many and more at St. John's and Islington; and I humbly trust we have both been training for the stations we are filling now in the decline of life and strength. If you are permitted to guide the missionary helm of our beloved society at home (a most important office indeed, and increasingly difficult), and if I am permitted to assist in the oversight and superintendence of the Church in India, including your missions in its general and almost boundless embrace, we shall find all our former experience little enough for our circumstances as they arise.

'Of course it will be but little I can do for any particular cause, but what I can, I shall do with all my heart; and with the greater pleasure, because I can open my mind to you as unto a brother in the Lord.

'I am happy to give you a good account of your four students. My chaplain has assisted them with advice in their studies. They have, of course, attended our morning and evening prayers, and the two full services of the Sunday. As we are now approaching Calcutta, I have them twice a week in my cabin, to a series of lectures on the first epistle to Timothy. We had the fourth this morning. Knorpp and Leupolt seem men of fine, consistent, well wrought piety.'

TO THE REV. CHARLES JERRAM, CHOBHAM.

'*October* 1, 1832.

'What a distance am I from all I love! On what a wide waste ocean am I tost! How desolate to the heart, how monotonous, how wearisome, what a void! No friend, no news, no committees,

no calls, no magazines, no clerical meetings! Bad bread, bad tea, bad milk, worse butter, worst water; head aching, stomach half sick; bones sore, ship tossing pitching lurching; days wearisome, nights disturbed, sabbaths stormy, means of grace full of distraction, the whole body and soul unnerved:—and yet, always rejoicing in the calling of God, delighting in the Bible, hovering from promise to promise, like a bird from spray to spray (as Cecil—dear name!—would say,) looking off from the waves, to Him who rules them, enjoying sometimes nearness of access to the great High Priest through the Eternal Spirit, more and more cheerful and thankful in the grace given me to be chosen to carry Christ's name before the Gentiles and kings, studying preparatory books and treatises, conferring with the East Indians amongst the passengers, comforted in daily prayer and reading morning and evening, raised and strengthened by public services twice on the Sunday and the Sacrament each month, anticipating Calcutta with joy and filial trust in Christ my Lord, resigned to His will, and following Him like Abraham, though I know not whither I go. Such are the opposite reports; one on the side of nature and external things, and most miserable; the other on the side of grace, and the inward life of God, so far as it flourishes—which is little indeed.

'Still, having obtained help of God, I continue to this day and after reading over your letter of April 7th, feel more and more desirous of growing into the primitive and genuine character of a New Testament Bishop. May God grant me grace in some measure to do so! Write to me often. You know me "intus et in cute." Farewell! I am in excellent health and spirits. We are twenty-six at the table. Captain and officers obliging. All amongst us is right—but sin.'

TO THE REV. JOSIAH PRATT.

'Ship James Sibbald, *October* 1832.

'The discipline of these four or five months is, I feel, more beneficial to me, because it was totally unexpected. I never dreamed till experience taught me the fact, that the worst part of India was the voyage. Even now, after fifteen weeks, I can

scarcely manage to hold my pen steadily enough to write a letter to a friend. However "by these things we live," as Mr. Cecil so often said. Whatever most thoroughly empties and abases man, and tears him off from external things, and drives him in and on his principles, is best for him. Alas! the real movements of grace are feeble in the midst of outward prosperity, and all other springs must be dried up in order that this divine one may flow with any fulness. I shall often meditate on your letter and the advice it affords. My earnest desire is to act upon every part of it. Indeed, my dear friend, scenes long passed by, in which you were my tutor and early guide, now recur to my recollection. I trace back the wonderful links of the chain which now binds me to my Redeemer's Church in the East, to your and Mr. Cecil's first care of me; and gratefully do I reflect on the tone of religion which you concurred in then setting before me, and which I have endeavoured to aim at ever since. Father Scott's comment is my companion—wholesome, arousing, nourishing to my inmost soul. Buchanan's six volumes are also doubly interesting to me, now I re-peruse them in my new and awful situation. Judicious Hooker I have also read over, after an interval of thirty years, with fresh ardour. But the Bible eclipses, surpasses, comprises all! Never was its divine mystery of grace so much unfolded to my soul as now that I have nothing else to lean upon. I beg your prayers and your letters, and I particularly beg that nothing may be said about me or my doings. I dread talk, rumour, and misrepresentation.'

But meanwhile sickness had appeared on board the ship, and death stood at the door of more than one cabin. The Bishop's daughter, at first the comforter of a friend, became ere long the sufferer; every feeling of elation at the termination of the voyage, was checked by deep anxiety; and the reception of the pilot on board on October 31st, was hailed rather as a relief to the sick, than as an introduction to the City of Palaces. Thus God mingled judgment with mercy, and the "bright vision" was brought down by the "overshadowing cloud!"

The ship lay tossing in the yellow waters of Saugor for many hours ere the pilot dared to lift her anchor. But at length the wind, which had been raging fiercely for some days past, abated, and a steamer, coming up, took her in tow. The low mud banks of the Hooghly then came into view—the native villages—the Eastern foliage. Half naked boatmen pushed off with fruit and fish—both strange; and at length every one on board began to feel that India was enclosing them in her warm embrace.

The first welcome came from a small steamer, anchored off Kedgeree. It had brought Daniel Corrie and Dr. Mill. The Bishop had long known the former, and when his tall portly figure and handsome benevolent countenance appeared on deck, he hastened forward, embraced, and kissed him on either cheek. Dr. Mill also was heartily greeted. To hasten to Calcutta was now the pressing object. Both steamers assisted, and about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, Nov. 4th, the chain cable ran out, and the ship swung round off Chandpaul Ghât. The Bishop was unwilling to land on Sunday, and therefore remained quiet: but under medical advice, the sick were removed at sunset, and sheltered in the Palace, where skilful treatment soon proved effectual, under God's blessing, for their recovery.

On Monday morning, Nov. 5th, 1832, the Bishop landed under a salute from the Fort, and drove at once to Government House. The Governor-General was absent, but the Vice-President, Sir Charles T. Metcalfe, attended by his officials and aides-de-camp, received him at the entrance. After a kind welcome to India, and a short conversation, the Bishop drove to the Cathedral, and was at once installed by Archdeacon Corrie with the customary forms. All this was in accordance with usage. About twenty clergy and missionaries were present, and were invited afterwards to meet the Bishop at dinner. He took that opportunity of making a short address; affectionate in tone, and descriptive of the course he proposed to adopt in the administration of his diocese. He had been before the Church to a certain extent, he said, for thirty years, and the principles he had always professed, he should still adhere to; only endeavouring to fulfil the new duties to which

he was called, with the strictest impartiality. He begged their prayers, and assured them that he wished to be regarded as a brother to the elder clergy, and a father to the younger.

And now the stores were gathered from the ship, the horses landed, the books arranged, the sea voyage ended, and the Indian life began.

CHAPTER XII.

INDIA.

1832—1834.

Jurisdiction of the Indian Episcopate—Its state on his arrival—First difficulty—How settled—First Sermons in the Cathedral—Correspondence with the Archdeacons and others—Marriage of his daughter—His Domestic Life and Personal Habits—Residence at Tittaghur—Bishops Heber and Turner—Lord W. Bentinck, Governor-General—Ecclesiastical Questions—Free School—Lent Lectures—Clerical Meetings—Bishop's College—Ordinations—Confirmations—Native Baptisms—Infant Schools—Steam Communication—Begum Sumroo's fund—The new Charter—Church-building fund for India—Marriage and Divorce among native Christians—Relation of the Chaplain to the Government and the Bishop—The Indian climate—Correspondence.

THE jurisdiction of the Bishop of Calcutta in 1832, extended over territories which now constitute sixteen large and important dioceses; and was manifestly a burden too heavy to be borne.[1] It must not be supposed that he found abundant records, well-defined duties, and established precedents, as in England. On the contrary, everything was to be learnt. The Palace was a blank, the correspondence of his predecessors with the Government and clergy had disappeared, and the Registry contained little but a list of licensed chaplains. There was nothing for him, therefore, but to fall back on traditionary knowledge, to use great caution, to take advice, to act on first principles, and to meet events as they arose. The arrears of business happily were small; but the confusion of the first few weeks was indescribable. The visits of the whole society of Calcutta had to be received, its courtesy reciprocated, and its usages adopted. Unnatural hours, rendered necessary by the climate, had to be naturalised. Contradictory opinions and advice, on every conceivable topic,

[1] Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Colombo, Sydney, Melbourne, Newcastle, Adelaide, Perth, Tasmania, New Zealand, Whaiapu (New Zealand), Wellington, Nelson, Christ Church, Brisbane.

had to be sifted. Sixty or seventy servants, turned loose into the house, and speaking an unknown tongue, had to be recognised and mastered. Guests were to be entertained, and sick friends watched over, nursed, and cheered. It will easily be imagined that some time elapsed ere light shone upon this darkness, and order issued from this chaos.

Meanwhile duties pressed, and an incident occurred fraught with embarrassment. Immediately on his arrival, the Bishop had informed the Presidency Chaplains of his intention to preach in the Cathedral on the following Sunday, and intimated a wish that his domestic chaplain should take part in reading the communion service on that occasion. He did this with all simplicity of heart, and in accordance with home usages; and never for a moment supposed that any objection would be raised. But in this he was mistaken. When the intimation was conveyed to the Senior Presidency Chaplain in the most friendly manner, it was met by an immediate refusal, a denial of the Bishop's authority, and an expressed determination to take the part of the service alluded to, himself. This account, arriving on the Saturday evening, the question was waived for the time, and the service proceeded without change. But on the following morning it necessarily came under serious consideration. The Bishop was very averse to making his first episcopal act savour of severity. It appeared unwise to call for the interference of Government in a matter of spiritual jurisdiction. And above all, it was desirable to avoid an outbreak at a time when the enemies of the Church were bold and her friends timid: when Prime Ministers were bidding Bishops set their houses in order: and when every outcry in India found a loud echo in England. At the same time it was impossible to overlook what had occurred, unless all discipline was to be relaxed, and episcopal authority defied.

Apart from these serious considerations, the case did not seem to be involved in much difficulty. It was not an English question. Chaplains were not in any sense incumbents. Whatever uncertainty therefore might have attended the discussion at home, where the rights of beneficed clergy were recognised and fenced by law, there could be none in India

where there were no such benefices and no such fences, but all was like an open field, and each chaplain acted under the authority of Government and by the Bishop's license, and was removable from place to place at a moment's notice.

The Bishop having therefore taken counsel with the Archdeacon and others competent to advise, called for the attendance of the Presidency Chaplains, and with much courtesy and forbearance explained their position and the limits of their authority. But finding that his explanation did not produce (at least in one case) the desired effect, he called for the licenses under which they were acting, and perceiving that they were of old date and appertained to other stations, he cancelled them at once, and directed others to be prepared. In these, a clause was introduced, drawn by the highest legal authority in India, clearly defining the chaplains' rights whilst officiating in the Cathedral. This ended the controversy. Before the next Sunday they were summoned to take the customary oaths, and to be licensed. At the time appointed they attended, and having been again informed in precisely the same terms as before, of the Bishop's wish respecting his chaplain, they acquiesced, and received their licenses. Thus all was overruled for good, and in the most effectual manner the clergy of the diocese found they had a Bishop. It was a lesson they had need to learn: for in earlier days each one had been accustomed to act very independently and look to Government for guidance or indulgence: whilst the frequent vacancies of the see, and the doubtful authority exercised at such times by the commissary, had prevented the establishment of the Bishopric from being attended with its full effect.

The Bishop's first sermon had been preached in the Cathedral on November 11th, from the words, "The unsearchable riches of Christ" (Eph. iii. 8). The second was now preached from the words, "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's" (1 Cor. vi. 20). On both occasions the congregations were very large, and all the authorities in attendance. Having thus delivered his message in the

Cathedral, he went round preaching in all the other churches in Calcutta and the immediate neighbourhood. He visited also Bishop's College, the Church Missionary premises at Mirzapore, Mrs. Wilson's Native Schools, the Free School, and all the other religious and charitable institutions of the Presidency. He presided over meetings of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He received a deputation from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Church Missionary Society, and accepted in both cases the office of President. The clergy were all entertained at the Palace; and the missionaries and catechists assured of his unabated attachment and deep interest in their work. And having thus looked round upon all things near at hand, he cast his eyes on the distant parts of the diocese abroad. To Madras, Bombay, Ceylon, Australia—and even to China, he wrote letters, conveying, so to speak, the watchword of the diocese. Extracts from these may here be fitly given.

TO THE VEN. ARCHDEACON GLENNIE, COLOMBO.

'*January*, 1833.

'The applications to me for ordination seem increasing on all hands. The whole efficiency of the Church in India will depend on the piety, zeal, and talent of the clergy. Those sent out from home we must make the best of; but those ordained in India are our own men, and must be men of God, men enlightened, sober, holy, evangelical (in the right sense of that much-abused term), and capable of propagating a primitive Christianity.

'I am beginning to feel my way in the labyrinth in which the deaths of my revered predecessors have left the Indian Church. What a scene opens before us! If Christianity should begin to spread throughout our native population — Christianity, sound, pure, efficacious, built upon the foundation laid in Zion, which is Jesus Christ, and animated with the life-giving Spirit of our God, what a blessing! What an incredible honour to us, who shall be the instruments in aiding the work! I am particularly anxious that conversion should flow in our

own channel; that the Church of our beloved country may be exalted in the East, as she has been for three centuries in the West.

'I hope to hear perpetually from the Archdeacons that my "eyes" and ears, and heart may be informed and guided. Write fully and confidentially. Let us see what can be done for the glory of our Saviour, and the salvation of souls.'

TO THE REV. THOMAS CARR, BOMBAY.

'*February*, 1833.

'Despatches from home concur with the information you have conveyed; and as the Archdeaconry is now vacant, I beg to offer you the succession to it, for which I have directed the necessary documents to be prepared and forwarded. In doing this, I am influenced by nothing but the persuasion that you are the individual in the diocese most adapted for the due discharge of its difficult and important functions. The archdeaconries are the only ecclesiastical offices which do not go by seniority: and I am most anxious to guard against the supposition, when a vacancy occurs, that the senior chaplain in the list is the most deserving and suitable in the Bishop's judgment.

'I have written to Lord Clare to announce your appointment. I enclose also a copy of a letter which I have addressed to his Lordship, in a way of protest against the table of fees having been published without the Bishop's sanction. Sad, sad has been the unsettling of the diocese since Bishop Middleton! My anxious wish is to be permitted to "set in order the things that are wanting," and to leave my diocese somewhat more ready to the hand of my successor than it was possible for me to find it.

'Real spiritual religion—sound, holy, scriptural, full of the Saviour, abounding in the fruits of the Spirit, elevated above all petty quarrelsome points:—this is what we must preach and exhibit. And when to this is added a firm attachment to our Protestant Established Church, all is done that we can effect for the discharge of the responsible duties committed to us. I pray God to bless you, and make you a blessing.'

TO THE ACTING ARCHDEACON OF MADRAS.

March, 1833.

'Allow me to urge upon you a mild and wise forbearance. God will set all things right. You have been hardly dealt with, but there is no present remedy. I would venture to recommend to you also, not to let small things tease and distress you too much. Keep on broad, strong, essential topics —the vital truths of the Gospel, and the primary precepts of morals. We are too feeble to dwell on small matters: time is too precious to be devoted to small matters: and the mind of man is too contracted to embrace at once small matters and great.'

TO THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BROUGHTON, NEW SOUTH WALES.

'*March*, 1833.

'I have long been intending to open a correspondence with you, well knowing the impossibility of your hearing soon of my arrival, and anxious to do the only part of my sacred office which it is in my power to execute—the part of friendly advice and consolation.

'I am the rather inclined to write at this time, because I have some copies of a sermon which I have just published, which I would beg of you to accept for yourself, and send with my best compliments to the clergy and persons of authority in your Archdeaconry.[1]

'I need not state to you, dear sir, who are so well versed in all matters of divine knowledge, that the charge and episcopal care imposed upon me exceeds all human power to sustain. A visit to New South Wales or Van Dieman's Land may,

[1] It is interesting to trace the effect of the sermon thus presented. The Archdeacon says, "The sermon excited a lively sensation here; not only as setting forth a copious and most impressive summary of doctrine, but also as affording (what was exceedingly wanted here) a comprehensive statement of the argument on behalf of the Episcopal form of government, and in support of a national Established Church." The mode adopted for giving publicity and general circulation to the sermon was as follows:—The Archdeacon himself was in temporary charge of St. James', Sydney, and he read from the pulpit the Bishop's sermon instead of his own, dividing it into two portions. The same course was pursued by all the other clergy. "Thus," the Archdeacon says, "the labour bestowed for the edification of those who came within actual hearing of their spiritual father and guide, was made effectual for the instruction and comfort of many who, in a bodily sense, were placed altogether beyond his reach."

indeed, arise as a refuge prescribed to infirmity or sickness, but can scarcely be contemplated if health be continued.

'But I can wish you "good speed in the name of the Lord." I can daily pray for you, and the clergy, and flocks committed to your care. I can write occasionally, as I now do, to exhort, and admonish, and animate you to "make full proof of your ministry."

'Let us begin, dear sir, with ourselves, by preaching the Apostolical doctrine of salvation by grace through faith in the sacrifice of the eternal Son of God.

'Let us sustain our doctrines by the gracious temper and carriage of our public and private conduct.

'Let us close the whole by watching over our brethren the clergy in a friendly but faithful spirit.

'From us the tone of Christianity will very much be taken —the standard of the Gospel fall or rise—the Christian walk and behaviour be regulated. What a responsibility! If we mistake the genius of the Gospel, if we err by omission or excess, what evils do we unconsciously propagate!

'I know of nothing which can preserve us, but—

'1st. Constant vigilance over the life and progress of religion in our own hearts.

'2nd. Constant superiority to the fashion and current opinions of the day in which we live.

'3rd. Constant and close imitation of the manner of preaching proposed in the Acts of the Apostles for the unconverted, and in the holy Epistles for the pious and devout.

'4th. Constant reference to the lives and spirit of the first Fathers of the Church, Cyprian, Ambrose, Austin, &c.; of the early reformers, Cranmer, Luther, Calvin, &c.; of the leading and most successful missionaries, Swartz, Gericke, Brainerd, H. Martyn, &c.

'5th. Constant prayer to God for the influences of His holy Spirit, which are as essential to life as the air we breathe, and to the refreshment of our souls as the dew which penetrates and fertilises the ground.

'But I forbear. Allow me your forgiveness for the freedom of my first—and it may well be my last—letter to my Archdeacon of New South Wales, whom I "know not after the flesh," but whom I "long after in the bowels of Jesus Christ."

'I beg you to remember me to my dear old friend, Mr. Marsden, if he is still well.'

TO THE REV. ELIJAH C. BRIDGMAN, AMERICAN MISSIONARY, CHINA.

'*March*, 1833.

'I should have replied to your kind letter much sooner, if I had not been anxious, if possible, to read over the interesting pamphlets accompanying it. I will no longer defer assuring you of my sincere thanks. Your post of labour is, indeed, most extensive and difficult. But I cannot doubt that the power of our Lord will at length be displayed, and the "Celestial Empire," as it is impiously called, be penetrated with the light and truth of Christ.

'The labours of Mr. Gutzlaff appear especially promising, as they are bold and daring. Your own country, dear sir, seems also likely to take a large share in the glorious work of illuminating mankind. America is dear to every Englishman; and never will she shine out more splendidly than when from her populous and revived churches she pours the stream of missionaries along the arid deserts of China and Hindustan.

'My object here is the superintendence and oversight of our Episcopal Church, scattered over all the territory subject to the East India Company, according to the primitive platform of discipline. But my heart is, I trust, with all of every church, who in peace and holiness pursue the same great cause. Tell me how in any manner I can best serve you, and you may command me. In the meantime, mutual intercession and prayer to the throne of our divine Redeemer will bring down assuredly abundant blessings; and ere we are aware, perhaps, "showers of blessings," as the Prophet speaks, may fall around the Hill of Zion, and "nations be born in a day."'

As the mind follows these letters to their several destinations, it is easy to imagine the effect produced by their faithful and animating appeals. But the attention must now be drawn to home scenes, domestic arrangements, and first impressions, as preceding those matters of business which will soon pass before the eye in long procession.

The first impressions made upon the Bishop's own mind are recorded in letters to his children at home.

'*November*, 1832.

'Three weeks have passed since the pilot came on board. I have been perfectly well. The opening sphere is immense and overwhelming. I shall anxiously await the progress of the New India Bill, and take no steps with regard to the other Presidencies till I know the final plans.

'My time has hitherto been distracted and absorbed beyond conception. All ecclesiastical matters have been falling to pieces from the repeated vacancies of the see, and the novelty of the Bishopric itself. I rise about five every morning, ride on horseback for an hour, then bathe and dress and have an hour to myself. We breakfast at eight o'clock, have prayers at half-past, tiffin or luncheon at one, dinner at seven, evening prayers at half-past eight, and at nine I am retiring to bed.'

'*December*, 1832.

'My view of the prospect before me widens every day, if only God vouchsafes me grace and strength to occupy the station as it stretches out before me on every hand, and to sustain me under the accompanying trials of every kind, which *must* arise—or I should want the testimony of the Cross. I am waiting the next arrivals to receive the Islington presents and to hear the result about the Suffragan Bishops. Say nothing about me to any one, but in the way of prayer.'

'*January*, 1833.

'Never have I had such health for these ten years as I have

had since the pilot came on board the *James Sibbald.* We have had a mournful account of the shipwreck of that vessel off Coringa, in the Bay of Bengal, with Mrs. Corrie and her family on board, and an immensely rich cargo. Oh! what additional cause of gratitude to that good Providence which favoured us with a beautiful and safe passage.

'The suitableness of the post to my habits, disposition, and practice of business; the delight I have in it; the importance of the opening prospects and apparent blessings, overwhelm my mind.

'Many of our duties are not obvious, prominent, obtrusive, ostentatious; but are only the more momentous, because to a great extent secret, interior, matters of influence, requiring wisdom, zeal, promptitude: that is, they are the mighty range of duties which the mind of a bishop ought to aspire, and will aspire to fill, as the circle opens before him, and his own influence can command the means.'

'*February*, 1833.

'With regard to spiritual, moral, ecclesiastical, domestic, and personal matters, all is well. Health excellent, duties delightful, useful openings on all hands, difficulties lessening, love kindling, clergy drawing round. To God our Saviour be all the praise. The "hour of temptation" is not yet come—God sparing our weakness for the present. Come it will, and in various forms. May it not seem a "strange thing" to us? Why should it? But may we the rather stoop our necks to the stroke, and our shoulders with meek silence to the Cross.'

'*March*, 1833.

'Business thickens upon me immensely and inconceivably. But I delight in it. I am in excellent health and spirits, but must be ever ready, "with loins girt and lamp trimmed," for at such an hour as I think not the Son of Man cometh. The hot weather is creeping on, and the temperature rising from 76° to 85°. Believe nothing that you hear about me. A thousand exaggerations on the unfavourable or favourable side will be sent over. Every one judges according to the face of

the pentagonal building which he happens to select. God is the only judge.'

'*March*, 1833.

'The impression on my mind, from the glance I have taken of things, is that a most interesting moment is dawning upon India. The native mind is at work. No impediments to instruction are offered by the people themselves. A beginning of things is already made. But all wants inspection, caution, permanency. The Church of England is peculiarly adapted to be the nurse of the infant churches so soon as she shall be firmly seated in India.'

Before the close of the year 1832 the Bishop was deeply interested by the marriage of his daughter to his chaplain. He performed the ceremony himself in the cathedral, Sir Charles Metcalfe, the Vice-President, giving away the bride. A large bridal party was entertained at the palace; and after a short interval, he joined his children at Barrackpore, and took his first peep at the luxuriant vegetation and magnificent scenery of that country which he afterwards traversed far and wide.

The Bishop had long resolved that he would not be in India as a "wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night." It was to be henceforth his home, and he determined to surround himself, as far as possible, with home comforts, and to use all the means suggested by experience for preserving life and prolonging usefulness. He had been advised to remain for two years in Calcutta in order to become acclimated, and he acted on this advice. The house in which he lived was provided by the Government, but was entirely unfurnished. On each vacancy of the see, the internal fittings fell, of course, to the executors, and disappeared. It will be seen hereafter how the recurrence of this serious inconvenience was prevented; but when the Bishop arrived in 1832, he found just so many chairs and tables ordered in from the Bazaar, as sufficed to make the noble rooms look miserable.

"Why is this?" he asked of Archdeacon Corrie, to whom

he had written from England, requesting him, without limit, to provide such things as were needful.

"I thought, my Lord, that there was enough to last for six months," was the reply of the Archdeacon. He had acted with all simplicity, on the impression produced by past sad experience, and had not admitted the idea that life would be prolonged more than six months. The Bishop smiled, but immediately gave the necessary orders, and in due time the palace was completely and handsomely furnished. Nothing was gorgeous, but all was good.

It was the same with his equipages. A large double-bodied close carriage with venetians all round the sides to admit the air, and a double roof to exclude the sun, was built for him. This was for Government House, the Cathedral, official visits, and all occasions which required exposure during the heat of the day. For the short journey, or the evening drive, a light barouche was found more convenient. The servants were all designated by a simple and appropriate livery common in the East. The "silver sticks," appertaining to his rank, and left by his predecessors, were put into the hands of his Hurkaru and Chobdar, and generally used. All the means were provided for entering into society, and reciprocating its courtesies. He accepted invitations, and gave parties. He always reserved to himself the privilege of retiring very early, but whilst in company he was cheerful and friendly, and his hearty laugh often ran like electricity around the table. In common conversation he could not be said to excel. Of the small coin which passes current in society he had not much, and hence the measures, more or less important, with which his mind was full, became the topics of his discourse. The names of the helpers or the hinderers almost necessarily followed; and things were often said which had better have been left unsaid. In all this he was like a man without guile. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth spoke; and he found, as many do, that repentance was easier than amendment.

A few months after his arrival he rented a most pleasant country-house, called "The Hive," at Tittaghur. To this beautiful spot on the banks of the Hooghly, about thirteen

miles from Calcutta, he generally retired for two or three days each week. He was enabled there to carry on his correspondence and transact important business, free from the incessant interruptions of the city; whilst the change of air, the flowing river, the perfect quiet, and the lovely scenery, tended to calm his mind and renew his strength.

All these things necessarily involved great expense, and in the first six months of his episcopacy he had expended 4500*l.* This was more than a year's income; for although fixed by Act of Parliament at 5000*l.*, it had been reduced by some quibble in the rate of exchange to 42,000 rupees, or about 4200*l.* This expenditure, however, was foreseen and cheerfully borne. To fill with dignity the station to which he had been called—to obtain every alleviation of which the climate admitted—to be able to encounter the sun when necessary without danger—to provide means of recreation when duties pressed—all these were as means to an end: they subserved his great object, and were done with forethought and deliberation.

Still it was soon perceived that Calcutta was like Jerusalem in the olden time. There were children sitting in the market-place, and calling one to another, and saying, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned to you, and ye have not wept." Bishop Heber had been blamed for neglecting etiquette: Bishop Wilson was blamed for observing it. Bishop Turner had been censured for keeping no establishment, seeing little society, being little known, and failing, consequently, in acquiring that influence which he often needed in carrying out his wise and practical measures. Bishop Wilson was accused of ostentation, for keeping open house, for using hospitality, and for acquiring in this way valuable friends and extensive influence.

But wisdom is justified of all her children.

His personal habits at this time were very simple and regular. He rose early, and rode on a small black horse, brought from the Cape, which for a time, was able to take care both of itself and its master, and by an easy amble gave air without effort. Private devotions were succeeded by family

prayers in the chapel which he had himself fitted up. His chaplain, from the reading-desk read the appointed lesson, and he from his seat, expounded and prayed. A hearty breakfast of rice, fish, and soojee (a kind of porridge), followed. The morning was then given to business. After mid-day he rested, and generally slept for two hours, and though business went on, he was never disturbed. Refreshed by sleep, he was ready for the afternoon dâk, and for any matters that pressed for decision. The evening ride or drive, and the late dinner followed: family prayers and evening devotions closed the day. Good appetite and sound sleep, the two pillars of good health, sustained him during the many years of his Indian course.

He was indefatigable in acquiring information. Every chaplain as he visited the Presidency, each missionary when he called on business, travellers like Dr. Woolff from far countries, all civil and military servants with whom he came in contact, were put under contribution. No pains were spared, no opinion despised, no advice rejected. A visit to Dr. Carey at Serampore elicited many interesting reminiscences of the early christianity of India. A visit to Russipugla gave reality to the missionary work now carrying on. A friendly conversation with Dr. Duff furnished important information on the subject of native education. All was written down at the time in a MS. book, and preserved for future perusal, enlargement, or correction. He was, in truth, thoroughly a man of business. His heart was in his work. It engrossed even his morning ride and evening drive. When others, weary with a sleepless night or breathless day, sought the early bracing air or cool evening breeze, and felt totally unfit for business, he seemed fit for nothing else, and to like nothing half so well. Join him —and the business of yesterday, the plans of to-day, the projects for to-morrow, were instantly brought upon the tapis; and matters discussed already many times, were discussed at full length once more. It was thus he developed his ideas and fixed his purposes. His mind was cleared and made up, not so much by thought, as by conversation. The repetition caused him no weariness. Business was his recreation and delight.

In this he soon found one like-minded. Immediately after his arrival in India, a courteous greeting was received from Lord William C. Bentinck, the Governor-General, then absent on a tour of the Upper Provinces. It was as follows :—

'Camp, Allyghur, *November* 13, 1832.

'Permit me in a very few words to express the very great satisfaction that I feel from your safe arrival. I do not congratulate you on your appointment, because I know by my own experience how much of various annoyance you have to endure. But to this great population your coming affords the promise of very great benefit. There is much wanting to be done, and nobody so likely to contribute largely to its accomplishment as yourself. I beg that you will look upon me as a sincere friend and zealous coadjutor.

'I shall be in Calcutta, if health permit, the first week in February; and shall be most happy at that time to give you every information which an anxious desire to investigate every part of the working of this great machine has enabled me to acquire.

'Lady William and I very much regret that we were not in Calcutta to receive you.

'May I beg you not to forget, (indeed you have too many sad examples to keep alive the recollection), that you are come to a most treacherous climate, and that no relaxation of the most constant care can be safely allowed. But with a rigid adherence to caution, I do not believe there is a more liveable climate in India, and particularly for persons who are delicate; because, although there is a dampness and humidity in the atmosphere of Calcutta that produces constant languor, yet you are saved from those extremes of heat and cold which in these Upper Provinces are so injurious to the constitution.

'With my best wishes for your health, happiness, and success, I have, &c.'

On the morning of February 2nd, the booming of the guns at Fort William announced the arrival of the Governor-General, and on the same evening, without ceremony, or any intimation of his purpose, he called upon the Bishop. Nothing

could be more friendly than his first address. "I never was more pleased in my life," he said, "than when I heard of your appointment." "God grant," observes the Bishop, commenting upon these words, "that his Lordship may have no cause for regret hereafter."

The visit was returned on the following morning, and an intercourse, friendly and confidential, at once commenced. Each morning, when the Bishop cantered to the course, he found Lord William on horseback, ready for him. After a short conversation, out would come a little strip of paper, which the Bishop always carried with him, covered with ten or twenty topics for discussion. Easy matters would soon be settled, difficult ones reserved, doubtful ones dropped. Much business was thus transacted; and, though there were some attendant disadvantages, yet the result upon the whole was good; for friction was prevented, matters which appeared distasteful were not pressed, and many things were yielded as a personal favour, which would have been refused to an official application.

On ecclesiastical questions there were serious differences of opinion. Both the Supreme Court of Judicature and the Ecclesiastical establishment were stumbling-blocks to Lord William. He considered that "a great mistake had been made in introducing them into India: that the Home Judicial establishment had done decidedly a great deal of harm, and the Home Ecclesiastical establishment but little good."

"Lord William called on me," says the Bishop, a month after his arrival, "and we talked for half an hour. I asked for his support for the Church of England. He said that 'Christianity' was his object. I said, that Christianity must be propagated under some form or other, or all experience proved that it would flicker and go out. I told him, that it seemed to me evident that with a feeble people like the Hindoos, there must be creeds, a liturgy, and an established ministry, in order to give Christianity permanency and strength."

Again, writing to Mr. Charles Grant, he says, "Lord and Lady William are a blessing to India. We differ widely about establishments, &c.: but what is that compared to a difference,

which might easily occur, about the good of India, the interests of the natives, and the diffusion of Christianity, on which we are strongly agreed."

And again, later, "Lord William is rather more of a Whig, and less of a Churchman, than I could desire, but incomparably better than the highest Churchman, if without piety, vigour, and activity. Lord William reverences religion, and its sincere professors and ministers, but he has prejudices against bishops, ecclesiastical establishments, and national churches."

But the various matters of business which occupied the Bishop during these two years of his residence in Calcutta, now demand attention. They may advantageously be ranged under different heads; and each topic, once touched upon, will be sufficiently discussed, and not again resumed.

The Free School comes first in order. It was a noble institution, where three or four hundred children of both sexes were taught, clothed, fed, and trained for future life. It was founded in the year 1789, by the liberality of the civil and military servants of the Company for the benefit of the East Indian and Portuguese inhabitants of Calcutta. Nearly sixty thousand rupees were raised, and entrusted to a body called the Select Vestry (which will hereafter come prominently into notice), and six elective governors. By the addition of the funds of an old Calcutta charity which had a similar object in view, this amount was largely increased, and in the year 1790, the sum available for the purposes of the Free School exceeded three lacs of rupees, or 30,000*l*. To the income derived from this source, a large amount was added by annual subscriptions and church collections. A grant also was made by Government, which gave it a potential voice in all matters connected with the charity.

For a long time previous to the Bishop's arrival, dissension had been brooding amongst the governing body, but it now broke out into open strife, and aroused all Calcutta. It was asserted by a body of Reformers, and as stoutly denied by a body of Conservatives, that abuses had crept in, and that the children were the sufferers. On this point issue was joined,

and party-spirit rose so high and raged so fiercely, that all came well nigh to a dead lock. Meeting after meeting of the most violent character was held, and soon after the Bishop's arrival, he was called upon in his official capacity, as Patron, to interfere, and see if any way of escape could be found.

Having obtained that general information which was desirable, he resolved as a preliminary and healing step to invite all the governors to a handsome entertainment; and then, when hearts were opened somewhat, he spoke of the scandal which had been caused, and invited free discussion. At the word, all the elements of accusation and recrimination broke loose; and after three hours the one single point of agreement was only this:—that the Bishop should be requested to arbitrate in the matter, calling to his help such assessors as he might please.

Having learnt that the acceptance of the trust thus committed to him would be very agreeable to the Government, he consented to accept it; and all the documents and minutes of proceedings for many years past were handed over to him and carefully perused. In ten days his mind was made up, and his award prepared. It involved a total oblivion of the past, and the framing of a new constitution for the future. In order to facilitate the adoption of this new constitution, the Bishop laid down his own office, and recommended all others to do the same. The assessors agreed to his proposal: the Governor-General approved of it: and on March 5th, 1833, the governors were again convened. The reading of the award in their presence excited a great "sensation." Some praised loudly, some listened silently; but any decision on its merits was reserved to a future day and another meeting. In the interval discontent continued smouldering, and in order to prevent its breaking out into a flame at the public meeting, the Bishop again invited all parties concerned to a private conference. Forty gentlemen of weight and influence, all connected with the institution, responded to his invitation, and assembled at the breakfast-table of the palace. The *coup d'œil* was not promising. They at once divided into little groups, as the attractive or repulsive influence prevailed; and after breakfast there was an outbreak of ill-humour which the Bishop himself

found it difficult to restrain. The whole labour seemed to have been in vain, and the strength spent for nought. The party separated, and the public meeting, fixed for the morrow, was looked to with considerable apprehension. Happily it proved to be unfounded. The preliminary discussion had acted like a safety valve: ill-humour had found vent and evaporated. All was harmony. Certain persons resigned office; the award was unanimously accepted; the patronage was settled; new governors were elected; and the Bishop was cordially thanked "for his kind and conciliating conduct and successful endeavours to promote peace."

All this was to the Bishop a subject of grateful praise, as every former step had been a subject of fervent prayer. It was a rare, if not a singular instance, of successful mediation in India, and of peace made without the intervention of Government.

The following entry appears in the Bishop's private notes, which have been already referred to:—

'*March* 17, 1833.

'Major Benson, Military Secretary to the Governor-General, called yesterday, and told me that my award had given great satisfaction, and would tend to increase the influence of my office. To Thee, O Lord, be ascribed all the praise that is due for all that Thou art pleased to work; and do Thou set before Thy servant an open door in India, and may no man shut it.'

Lent Lectures.—Two courses of Lent Lectures had meanwhile been going on at the Cathedral, and were continued year by year when the Bishop was in Calcutta. One course was preached on Sunday mornings, when the subject was the Fall, Corruption, and promised Restoration of man, as recorded in the book of Genesis; and the other on Friday evenings, when the subject was the Creed. This last was rendered necessary by the overflowings of infidelity at the time. The evil had spread so far, that on the Bishop's arrival a copy of "Paine's Age of Reason" was put into his hands—one of a large edition printed by some who "professed and called themselves Christians" for the

perversion of the educated and enquiring natives. The Archdeacon and clergy had been compelled to print "Watson's Apology" as an antidote. But the Bishop's former familiarity with the Evidences of Christianity enabled him to meet the evil full front, and the plague was stayed. The congregations on these occasions increased rapidly; and for Calcutta, where every one is seated in an arm-chair, became very large. The ancient custom of counting each one present during divine service was still continued, and thus the increase on Friday evenings from four hundred and thirty-eight to eight hundred and sixty-four during this Lent becomes a matter of record.

The Bishop's private reflections at this time are as follows:—

'Humbly would I desire to praise God for His goodness, and to leave this my testimony to the divine mercy in Christ Jesus. I have never repented for a moment of coming out. I have, on the contrary, found everything to rejoice my heart in my Lord's work. India is my delight and joy.

'Lord, pardon what is of man: accept and bless what is from Thyself; direct and strengthen for the time to come.

'O Lord, let me not miss the points which I, in my actual situation, ought to keep in view for Thy glory, the welfare of the Church here, and the salvation of India. But prepare me for future usefulness, whenever and under whatever circumstances that usefulness may be vouchsafed.

'Sustain thy servant, Lord, under the trials, oppositions, disappointments, and various chastisements which must and will arise. 'Be glorified, O Lord Jesus, in my body whether it be by life or death.'

CLERICAL MEETINGS.—One of the earliest acts of the Bishop was to establish a series of clerical meetings, which he was accustomed for a time to call "semi-official synods." He had found the elements of disunion working amongst the clergy of Calcutta and the neighbourhood, and he thought that these meetings held monthly at the palace under his own eye, might have a healthy influence in promoting unity: "not, however," as he says himself, "unity of opinion in the bond of ignorance,

nor unity of profession in the bond of hypocrisy, but the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

Hence the following circular letter :—

'I request the favour of your company to dinner, on Monday, Jan. 7, 1833, at six o'clock, and on each succeeding first Monday in the month at the same hour. It is my design in the evenings of those days to attempt something of those conferences which the primitive church so much valued, and which give an opportunity, without creating expectation or imposing restraint, for the consideration of incidental matters of doctrine, discipline, or conduct affecting our mutual duties. Such meetings may contribute to the relief of our minds when anxious and depressed, and to the promotion of that heartfelt unity on which the prosperity of our apostolical infant church in India so much depends.

'I propose to begin the synod (if by a misuse of the word it may be so termed) at 7·30, and to close at 9·30. The details will be a matter of further arrangement.'

The monthly meetings, thus commenced, were continued till the Bishop's death. Latterly, when compelled to abstain from evening engagements, they were held in the morning, and dinner exchanged for breakfast. The invitation was always prepared by the Bishop himself, and sometimes he inserted a little reminder or remonstrance when attendance flagged. Some embarrassment occasionally arose from the conflict of opinions; and the matter became somewhat delicate, when in the exercise of jurisdiction any of the clergy had fallen under the Bishop's censure. But on the whole the advantages preponderated over the disadvantages. Personal friendships were strengthened, and asperities softened. The clergy knew each other better, and the movements of the diocese were more clearly understood. Prayer was heard and answered, and the influences of God's Holy Spirit often abundantly vouchsafed. The average attendance was twenty or twenty-five, and the range of subjects for discussion very wide and varied. "Intercessory Prayer," "Early piety," "Confirmation," "The public

press," "The marks of God's presence with a Church," "The missionary spirit," "The use and abuse of affliction,"—such are specimens of the first topics.

The Bishop always opened the discussion himself, preceding it by a statement of measures in progress, or completed, for the welfare of the diocese. When he ceased, each clergyman present was called upon in turn to express his opinion, and thus the question went round till the hour came for adjourning to the chapel. Copious notes were taken in shorthand by the Bishop of all that passed; and these still remain, an interesting record of clerical opinions.

BISHOP'S COLLEGE.—This noble institution attracts the eye of every visitor to Bengal. It stands upon the banks of the Hooghly, at the entrance of Garden Reach, and forcibly recals home scenes and happy recollections of university life. In 1832, the external buildings were complete, and the internal machinery in motion: but as yet the pupils were few, and the results poor. It was presided over by Dr. Mill, whose high reputation, wonderful memory, and stores of Oriental learning, proved admirable qualifications for the post. Of the two professors, one was soon withdrawn, and the other, after many intervals of failing health, succeeded to the office of Principal, and held it for some years with credit and good success.

The introduction of the college into the ecclesiastical system of India was not unattended with embarrassment. The statutes had appointed the Bishop of Calcutta an ex-officio visitor. All pecuniary matters were supposed to pass under his cognisance, and all bills on the Society at home were drawn by him. A certain responsibility was laid thus upon the Bishop, whilst a certain measure of independence was naturally sought by the college authorities. Difficulties almost necessarily arose. Bishop Turner had been disposed to withdraw from all interference. Archdeacon Corrie, as commissary during the vacancies of the see, had withdrawn. On Bishop Wilson's appointment, the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel had earnestly commended the college to his care; and he had willingly responded, and left England with a firm determination to forget the past, and do

all he could to promote the prosperity of the institution for the future. On his arrival, he drew near to the college authorities, and his advances were met with all courtesy. Where firmness was necessary, he was firm, as many a long letter remains to testify; but all was mingled with much personal kindness and respect. On his first visit, he found in one of the turrets two rooms set apart for the "Visitor," and called by his name, but unfurnished and unused. The word was spoken, the proper person sent over, and every convenience at once provided. He needed not now to be a guest of the Principal, or professors. His rooms were always ready to receive him. He could go over when he pleased, do business with the bursar, summon the students, occupy his seat at chapel, observe what passed, and express his wishes as they arose. Thus was much vantage-ground simply and easily obtained, whilst facilities were afforded for frequent and kindly intercourse. Further details are not now necessary, for Bishop's College will often require mention in the further progress of this narrative.

Ordinations.—The first ordination was held on the Epiphany after the Bishop's arrival, when two deacons were ordained, and seven admitted to priest's orders. Amongst these were five of the companions of his voyage. All subsequent ordinations were framed on the same model. The whole week was occupied; and during it the candidates were entertained at the palace. Lectures were given each day at morning prayers from one of the Epistles of Timothy or Titus. These were taken down, and subsequently given in by the candidates. The usual questions and exercises in divinity, and sermon writing were added. The *vivâ voce* examination was on Saturday, and to this the clergy who were to take part in the "laying on of hands," were called. The papers were also submitted to them: and when all were satisfied, the candidates were addressed, and welcomed to the respective offices about to be conferred on the morrow.

On this first occasion the Bishop preached himself, and his sermon was subsequently printed at the request of the clergy. His text was from the words, "To open their eyes and to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan

unto God." (Acts xxvi. 17). The cathedral was crowded: the congregation seemed deeply impressed: and about a hundred and twenty received the Holy Communion. This was the sermon, extracts from which now form a valuable tract on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, entitled, "Bishop Wilson's Apostolical Commission considered."

CONFIRMATIONS.—On Tuesday, April 2nd, 1832, the Bishop held his first Confirmation in India. Four hundred and seventy persons appeared in the cathedral, and participated in the sacred rite. Of these, more than one hundred were native Christians. Their numbers excited great astonishment at the time, and no small apprehension as to the effect upon those that were "without." They clustered round the communion rails, whilst the Europeans filled the body of the cathedral. The services were read, and the rite administered separately. The many confirmations following this first, seemed always to be attended with a blessing. The Bishop's manner was most impressive, and his words most earnest and affecting. He usually gave two addresses; one hortatory before the administration, and one practical after it. The full assent of the catechumens he almost always required to be repeated twice, and sometimes thrice, till the church resounded with the words, "I do." And in the second address he was accustomed to deliver seven rules, which were to be repeated after him at the time, and written in the Bible or the Prayer Book afterwards. Subsequently they were expanded and printed, but originally they were short and sententious, as follows:—

'1. Pray every day of your life for more and more of God's Holy Spirit.
'2. Prepare at once for receiving aright the Holy Sacrament of the body and blood of Christ.
'3. Read every day some portion of God's Holy Word.
'4. Reverence and observe the Holy Sabbath.
'5. Keep in the unity of the Church.
'6. Avoid bad company, and seek the company of the good.
'7. When you have got wrong, confess it, and get right as soon as you can.'

In many a Bible and Prayer Book throughout India, these words will be found written: by many a civilian, soldier, East Indian, and native Christian have they been repeated and treasured up. "Please, sir, will you give us our seven duties:" was the constant request to the Bishop's chaplain after service. A copy of them was always made and left behind at every station, for the use of those who had been confirmed. Many interesting, and some curious incidents occurred in connection with them, of which the following are specimens:—

On one occasion, when the Confirmation was concluded in a large military station, and the Bishop was resting for a few minutes in the vestry, a young and noble looking English soldier hastily entered, and made his military salute. On being questioned, it appeared that he had been a candidate for confirmation, and was duly prepared, but having been on guard, he was too late for the ceremony, and came now to express his sorrow, and see if his case admitted of a remedy. For a while the Bishop doubted; but his interest was roused by hearing the soldier plead previous knowledge, and say that he had been a boy in the Islington Parochial Schools, that he had often been catechised in that church, and that he had heard the Bishop's last sermon.

"Kneel down," said the Bishop. He knelt and was confirmed, and admitted to the full communion of the Church Militant on earth.

On another occasion in the Straits, when the Bishop was enumerating these seven duties, and requiring the assent and pledge of the catechumens to observe them, a voice was heard from the midst refusing compliance. An aged man had been confirmed, of an eccentric character. "No," he said, "he would observe what the rubric required, but would pledge himself to nothing more." No difficulty, of course, was made; and with the surprise the matter passed away. It was not the time or place to dwell upon "all those things which your godfathers and godmothers then undertook for you."

Native Baptisms.—It will easily be imagined that the Bishop felt the deepest interest in the progress of missions and the conversion of the natives; so that whenever intimation was

made to him that any of the missionaries had candidates deemed qualified for Holy Baptism, he was always ready to give the sanction of his presence.

The first native he himself baptised was named Kali Coomar Ghose. He had been first a slave to sin and Satan, then a free-thinking Hindoo believing nothing, then an enquirer after truth, then a close student of the Evidences of Christianity, then a regular attendant upon the services at the Old Church, Calcutta, and finally a true convert to the faith of Jesus Christ. On Whitsunday in the year 1833, he was baptised by the Bishop, in the face of the congregation.

Another case, attended for a time with a different result, occurred a short time after. A young native named Brijonauth Ghose, had been educated first in the Hindoo College, and next in the Church Missionary premises at Mirzapore. He was an intelligent lad, about fifteen years of age. His enquiry into the truth of Christianity was perfectly spontaneous, and led to a full conviction of its truth, and a desire for baptism. His parents and friends had property and influence, and being rigid Hindoos, they left no stone unturned to thwart his purpose, and avert the consummation which they dreaded. The boy communicated with the well-known Krishna Mohun Banerjea who was his friend, and on the plea that his life was endangered, was aided to escape. He fled, and was sheltered for a time in the Church Missionary premises. Every movement, however, was watched; he was waylaid and seized; a struggle ensued; and all the parties were taken before the magistrate, who dismissed the case, and freed the lad. He now earnestly sought for baptism; but the Bishop on being applied to, wished that no shadow of suspicion should remain upon him, and recommended a short delay. The father applied in the interim to the Supreme Court: and the judges directed his son to be restored. In full court the father advanced and laid hands upon him. The lad cried bitterly, appealed to the judges, clung to the barristers' table, and was dragged away by force, amidst the shouts of the heathen, and the tears and remonstrances of Christians. The court sat silent, without a word of sympathy for the son, or caution to the father: and the case when reported, raised grave doubts about the propriety, if

not legality, of the decision which had been pronounced. The Bishop thus records the circumstance,—"A case has occurred in the Supreme Court which occasions me lively grief. A young native convert was given back by the judges to his Hindoo father, on the ground of his having been unlawfully drawn away, and being not of age." And again on Aug. 14th, 1833. "The case of the boy Brijonauth weighs much upon my mind. A free agent I really believe that boy was: and the law of deliverance has been to him, and still is, an imprisonment. More of this when we meet."

It is pleasant to know that after an interval of three years, that is, in July 1836, this convert, and three others of his own age and standing, were baptised in the Old Church, Calcutta. His principles had never faltered, but the treatment he had received had injured his health, and his powers of body and mind never realised their early promise.

Twelve candidates were soon after presented by the Rev. J. Sandys, the excellent Church missionary at Mirzapore. The principal convert, a man of some consideration and mature age, was brought to the Bishop for examination, and it was an interesting sight to see him sitting at the feet of his spiritual father, fixing upon him the earnest gaze of his dark glancing eyes, and answering with seriousness and composure the questions put to him through the missionary :—

"He was about thirty years old. He had been a long while thinking about Christianity, because he wanted to get salvation. He knew that Jesus Christ had died, and done everything to get salvation for him. He thought himself a great sinner; and was sure that unless he believed in Jesus Christ and belonged to Him, he must perish for ever. Hell was the place where God's wrath was endured. Heaven was a very beautiful, divine, happy place. By becoming a Christian he wished to testify his faith in Jesus Christ. By believing in Christ, he hoped he should obtain the Holy Spirit, and thus be enabled to serve and please God. He considered baptism to be an open profession of his faith in Christ, and by it he hoped to obtain grace from God. He wished to become a true Christian

with all his heart. He placed all his dependence upon the merits of Jesus Christ. He wished to obey every command of God. It was very difficult to oppose his evil inclinations and resist temptation: but he would do it by the help of God. He would give up caste, and everything forbidden in the second commandment. All idolatry he forsook from the bottom of his heart. He would do all he could to win over his relations and friends. Knowing that Christianity required diligence and honesty, chastity and purity, he would endeavour to be honest and industrious, and if he married, would marry a Christian wife."

Such was his confession. The Bishop blessed him, and bade him God-speed; and he, with the other candidates, was baptised in the Church Missionary Chapel.

A visit to the missions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel followed. These were chiefly in the lowlands to the south of Calcutta, and were then under the charge of the Rev. D. Jones, and his catechist, Mr. Driberg. The whole country was one huge paddy-field, intersected by numberless streams; and upon each spot of rising ground stood a little village. The only approach was by water. Flat-bottomed boats, hollowed from a single tree, and covered with a slight awning, conveyed the Bishop and his chaplain, with the authorities of Bishop's College, and the missionaries, to Jangera, the chief station, where a church had been erected. The whole scene was of the most primitive character, and as the boats were pushed along the winding nullahs or streams, now signs of Christianity, and now of heathenism, cheered or depressed the mind.

The little bell of Jangera Church at length struck upon the ear calling the Christians to assemble: whilst the beating of the tom-tom in an adjacent temple sounded in harsh contrast, and seemed to breathe defiance. The party alighted and stood before the little church. The pillars were the unwrought trunks of the palm-tree; the walls were of matting; a verandah ran all round. In this, large numbers of the heathen stood, whilst a congregation of one hundred and fifty native Christians were assembled within. The candidates for baptism sat apart during divine

service, which, with the singing also, was in Bengalee: and when it was concluded they were brought forward for examination.

The Bishop asked through a missionary, and they replied, as follows:—

'Who made you?' God.
'Who will judge you at the last day?' Jesus Christ.
'When?' After this life is ended.
'What becomes of souls after death?' They go to God who gave them.
'Will all souls be happy after death?' Not all.
'Who will be happy?' Those who believe in Christ—they will be happy.
'What of the rest?' They will suffer in hell.

The Bishop then directed that these things should be told over again to those that were "without:" that they were all true: and formed the first part of what he had to ask.

He then resumed the examination, and questioned the candidates, upon idolatry, upon their state as sinners, upon the way of pardon through Jesus Christ, upon the Holy Spirit, and upon the commandments.

Everything having been answered satisfactorily, they were brought to the font—seven in number—and the Bishop baptised them, repeating the words in Bengalee and afterwards in English. The names given were Lucy, Mary, Dorcas, John, Peter, James and Philip. Whilst the ceremony was being performed all the congregation flocked around, and the heathen pressed into the church, several Brahmins being manifested by their "thread." When quiet was restored, the Bishop at once addressed them all from the words of Christ, "I am the light of the world:" each sentence being translated and repeated by the missionary. All listened with the most intense interest: and ever and anon a low murmur was heard of "good, good," "true, true," "yes, yes." All were then dismissed, and the little missionary excursion ended.

These, however, were but the first fruits. Far greater

results followed. During these two years of the Bishop's residence in Calcutta he witnessed the baptism of one hundred and seventy-eight natives: and this number was afterwards largely increased.

PROSELYTISM.—It may easily be imagined that as the number of converts increased in the missions, a spirit of proselytism would arise and prove troublesome, especially in places like Calcutta and the neighbourhood, where different religious bodies were mingled together and came into daily contact. Each missionary would naturally seek an increase to his own flock. Converts would be prone to wander from fold to fold. Church questions would arise. Discipline would excite discontent. A native disgraced in one place would seek refuge in another. The whole truth would not be told. The missionary would be deceived. Practical difficulties would arise concerning the baptising and re-baptising. Misunderstandings would lead to accusations, and accusations to recrimination. As might be imagined, all these things came to pass. The missionaries of both the Church Societies complained of interference; and were accused both privately and publicly of interfering themselves. Cases again and again came before the Bishop on his first arrival in India, and gave him great concern. It was difficult to act, because his authority was limited to his own clergy; but he did the best he could to promote peace and check the evil: and when it continued to increase, he put forth a public document upon the subject. This was in the month of September, 1841. In this document he stated his difficulties, and suggested certain remedies. The difficulties need not be inserted here; but it may be important to give a degree of permanency to the remedies. They were arranged under seven heads, and are as follows:—

'On the whole, the Bishop recommends to the reverend missionaries of our Church the following simple rules:—

'1. That they should continue to abstain, as they have always done, from encouraging anything like proselyting of native Christians from other Protestant bodies, as wrong in itself, sure to encourage hypocrisy and create disturbances,

and with no probable benefit. In fact, the missionaries of our Church have no right to interfere with the missions of other protestant christian bodies, peaceably established in other places in their vicinity; any more—and, indeed, much less—than an incumbent of a parish at home would have a right to go into another parish, in order to "banish and drive away" what he might consider "erroneous and strange doctrines;" instead of confining himself in that, and all other respects, to his appointed and authorised province of duty.

'2. That in the case of native Christians voluntarily and determinately applying to be received into our communion, the missionaries should continue to keep them for so long a time under probation as may suffice for ascertaining their character and motives; and should make a communication to their former minister or teacher concerning them before they are finally admitted.

'3. That such converts, if ultimately approved and admitted into our Church, should not be put into employment with salaries, at least for many years.

'4. That if any of these converts, however, should, in any exempt cases, be employed, they should be removed, if possible, into some convenient spot in our own missions; and not be allowed to hold their employments whilst remaining in the villages of the missions they have left.

'5. That conditional baptism should only be administered where the missionary has reasonable grounds for doubting whether the essential parts of the sacrament have been performed.

'6. That in the application of these several rules, the missionaries should act with great prudence and discretion; and if anything likely to disturb the peace of a mission should threaten, they should consult the Bishop before any step is taken.

'7. The Bishop, lastly, would recommend, as all his Right Reverend predecessors have done, that a spirit of heart-felt charity and peace should govern all our measures in the prosecution of our evangelical labours in this vast heathen country, where there is ample scope for ten times the number

of missionaries now in the fields of service, without interfering in the least the one with the other.'

INFANT SCHOOLS.—Soon after his arrival, the Bishop resolved on the introduction of infant schools into India, thinking them admirably adapted for the development of the native mind and character. The attempt had been made once before, but on a small scale, and with very imperfect instrumentality. It was now determined to enlist public feeling, and to give the experiment a full and fair trial.

About fifty influential gentlemen were accordingly assembled in the Bishop's palace in the month of June, when they resolved to form a "Calcutta Infant School Society." An active committee was nominated. The Governor-General consented to become patron. The Bishop was appointed president. The judges, members of council, archdeacon, and principal of Bishop's College were vice-presidents; and the Bishop's chaplain, secretary. A subscription was immediately commenced, and soon reached five thousand rupees; and the Bishop was authorised to send for a competent master and mistress from England. Pending their arrival, funds were to accumulate, and premises be looked for; but no other steps taken.

The Bishop threw himself into the scheme with his accustomed energy, and wrote at once to the Rev. William Wilson, Vicar of Walthamstow, his brother-in-law, and one of the earliest patrons of infant schools, as follows:—

'*June* 18, 1833.

'India is opened to the Infant system. The most magnificent empire ever attached to a European sceptre, has become a field for the operations of the moral steam engine of infant schools. This morning I have held our meeting.

'We look to you and my brother Joseph for the master and mistress—to be chosen with extraordinary care from the best schools; mild, gentle, with a genius for infant teaching; well experienced already; tempers tried, and known not to fail; good sense, humility, sound heart-felt piety, mild adherence to the Church of England;—in a word, missionaries. For we have no worldly offers to make. We want missionaries, for

teaching native teachers, and propagating the system throughout India.

'The precocity of the native mind, the depth of idolatry and vice in which it is sunk, the early habits of lying, cheating, stealing, which are universal, make India the peculiar scene where the marvels of infant instruction may best be displayed. All agree that no country upon earth needs it so much, and that none will welcome it (God helping us) so eagerly as this noble but prostrate land, where Satan revels in his lusts and cruelties, his darkness and his degradation. Never was such a prospect presented of good; for the character of childhood in England is nothing compared to the gaiety, love of noise, quickness, docility, imitative faculties of the natives of this beautiful country.

'But I have done. We give you almost *carte blanche* as to particulars.'

'The idea was, that a commencement should be made with the nominally Christian children of the Portuguese, and the East Indians, and then the result exhibited to the natives. If they approved, branch schools might be scattered over Calcutta under masters trained at the central school. Thus, in process of time, and by the aid of Government, the system might, it was hoped, penetrate the length and breadth of India.

At first, everything fell out as was anticipated. In the year 1834, an admirable master and mistress came out from England, and the first school was opened. Children flocked to it. It answered perfectly; and the time soon came for the exhibition of the system to the native gentry, as applicable to their own children.

A public examination was accordingly announced in the Town Hall, in June, 1835. The Bishop presided, and many influential natives were present. All were delighted with what they saw, and it was at once resolved to open a second school for native children, in connection, but not fused with the first, under the management of the same master and mistress. A temporary building was erected, and this second school was commenced in 1836. The success was so rapid and complete, that in four months the children, of ages varying

from two to seven, were ready for examination. It was held, as before, in the Town Hall, and a large audience assembled. No sight could be more interesting. One hundred native infants, clad in the splendid dresses of the East, and decked with the ornaments of the Harem, crowded the platform, and went through all the exercises usually displayed at home. They spoke English fluently, they sang hymns, marched, clapped hands, examined one another, showed wonderful intelligence, and elicited universal admiration. No infant school in England could have surpassed these little bright-eyed, dark-skinned Indians. The experiment completely answered. The European gentry were charmed, and the feeling amongst the natives generally may be judged of by an extract from a Bengalee newspaper published at the time. Thus spake the editor of the *Gyananeshun* :—

"On Thursday morning a meeting of the Infant School Society was held in the Town Hall. The Lord Bishop, Sir Edward Ryan, Sir Benjamin Malkin, Sir J. Grant, Lady Ryan, and numerous other friends of education, of both sexes, were present. After the business of the Society had been transacted, the boys of the native Infant School were ushered in. They were about a hundred in number. The postures they put themselves into, at the command of their master, were pretty and amusing. They sang several English songs, and kept clapping the time in good order. They astonished the audience by the expertness with which they answered questions put to them in numeration, addition, the tables of currency in this country, &c. All this was done, in English, by the Hindoo children. The audience seemed to be much gratified at their progress. The Lord Bishop took particular notice of the correctness of their pronunciation, which he highly eulogised."

It was proved therefore beyond all controversy, that the system was adapted to the natives, and likely to be popular with them. But to extend it over India was manifestly beyond the power of a small voluntary society. The expenses already incurred had been very great, and could not be continued.

Application therefore was made to the "Education Committee" of the Government. What had been already done was laid before them, and they were requested to adopt and foster a system so full of promise. The Education Committee received the memorial thus submitted to them:—acknowledged, approved, and forgot it. Nothing was done for three years.

Meanwhile the native school continued in operation in Calcutta. There was no falling off. The Bishop records the fact as follows:—

'*January* 22, 1839.

'We had an Infant School anniversary this morning—a greater crowd than ever! There were four or five hundred natives to witness one of the most perfect exhibitions ever made.' The impression on the audience was enthusiastic. One hundred infants were present. Mr. Pratt (who had very recently arrived) says, the children pronounce English better, and reply more intelligently, than a like school in England would. We are struggling for funds. But I hope we shall get on.'

At the close of this year, 1839, an infant school was formed, and connected with the Government College at Hooghly. "This step," says the Bishop, "revives the hope of India being ere long filled with this fine moral machinery." This hope, however, was not realised. The English master, on whom so much depended, was called to a higher office, and eventually employed in missionary work: whilst his trained successor, Mr. Gomez, removed to Hooghly. As an almost necessary consequence, the Calcutta school dwindled away. No encouragement was given by the Government, and no grant made. Funds failed. The Bishop was often absent on visitation, and there was no one to supply his place. Early friends also retired, or died. And thus the spark which had been lit with so much care, and which seemed about to kindle into so bright a flame, went out.

Experience, however, has been gained. The system has been tried, and the successful result recorded. The next age may derive the benefit. If ever Government desire to raise all

India one step, without friction: if they would wean her from idolatry, without the charge of proselytism: if they would teach English, without trouble: if they would introduce a system of education, without rousing party spirit:—they have but to adopt and to apply the Infant School system. The second step would doubtless in due time follow; but this might be the first.

STEAM COMMUNICATION.—The contrast presented by the rapid and regular communication now established between England and India, and that which existed in 1832—1834, is very striking. Then, a delay of one hundred and fifty days in the delivery of letters was quite common, and it often extended to one hundred and seventy, eighty, or ninety days. This caused no uneasiness to those whose traditionary policy would have kept India and England far apart, or whose home affections had been weakened by long absence. But it was very unfavourable to the development of India's resources, very injurious to such mercantile operations as required quick returns, and very painful to those whose family ties and home affections were still strong. Amongst these last the Bishop must be classed. Few men felt the separation from home and friends, and the lengthened period required for correspondence, more than he did. It became the constant topic of his conversation, and the burden of every letter. He even fretted under it, though he knew better; for in his notes, the following entry appears:—

'Three points of abstinence would promote calmness of mind in India: (1) never to look at a thermometer; (2) never to talk about the arrival or non-arrival of ships; (3) never to reckon up minutely the weeks and months of residence.'

Good rules these; but never so badly kept as in his case; for never was a letter written without the height of the thermometer being registered—never did a ship arrive without her length of voyage being noted—and on almost every page of this very note-book, the year, month, and day of his lengthening residence is recorded.

To shorten then the long intervals of correspondence, and thus virtually lessen the distance between England and India by the introduction of steam communication, soon became a favourite subject with him;—and that, not from personal motives only, but from a deep conviction that nothing would tend more to the advancement of India, and the prosperity of the Church. There were many like-minded; and they hailed a coadjutor so enthusiastic and influential. The matter had been agitated for some time, and the feasibleness of the project loudly asserted; but no permanent steps had been taken, and nothing practically done to prove that India was indeed in earnest. This was what was wanted, and this was what the Bishop did. He had signed with many others, a requisition to the chief magistrate of Calcutta, which resulted in a public meeting, on June 14th, 1833; but he was not present. It was presided over by Sir Edward Ryan, the Chief Justice of Bengal, and though resolutions were passed favourable to the scheme, yet no subscription was proposed, and no really practical result followed. Those were troublous times in Calcutta. All the great agency houses were failing one after the other, ruining many and dashing to the ground the hopes of many more. Confidence was shaken, and any attempt to raise funds being deemed hopeless, the meeting had contented itself with memorialising the Government.

The Bishop was greatly disappointed at this lame conclusion; and the next morning whilst riding round the course, and expressing his regret, Lord William joined him, and expressed (though, as Governor-General, with some reserve) similar sentiments. Mr. Trevelyan (now Sir Charles,) at this moment came riding by, and being stopped, joined in the conversation; and, turning to the Bishop, said, "I wish, my Lord—I cannot say how earnestly—that you would come forward, and do something to direct the stream into the right channel again." Lord William silently signified assent. The Bishop hesitated for a moment; but then rode home, and wrote the following letter to the Chief Magistrate.

'TO DAVID MACFARLANE, ESQ.

'*June* 15, 1833.

'When I signed the requisition at your house for the meeting which assembled yesterday on the subject of Steam Navigation, I devoted in my own mind a certain sum in aid of so great a project; the greatest of its kind ever presented, as I conceive, to a society separated fourteen thousand miles from their native shores, and which promised, by the application of one of the noblest inventions of modern science, to diminish nearly one-half the time now consumed in the intercourse between Great Britain and India.

'I presume not to interfere with the resolution of the meeting, which discourages any general subscriptions at the present moment. I admire the delicacy of feeling from which that resolution proceeded. I should even yield an implicit obedience to the resolution itself, if I thought that the professedly voluntary contributions of individuals would lead to the expectation of large and burdensome efforts, to which the public depression of affairs in this Presidency would be unequal. But I have no such apprehensions. I send you, therefore, my name and those of my family, and of the friends who happen to be my guests. I cannot but feel for myself that subscriptions, however small and inadequate to the full accomplishment of our design, will yet stamp a greater sincerity upon our signatures to the petitions, and may possibly concur in inducing the Government, both here and at home, to take up the project, when we are found incapable of pushing it farther, and to incorporate it with the national institutions.'

This letter, when made public, produced an instantaneous revulsion of feeling, and roused all India. The arguments prevailed; the example set was followed; and in one week thirty-three thousand rupees were subscribed by one hundred and seventy European and native gentry.

A public meeting was then held in the Town Hall, over which the Bishop was called to preside. In his opening address, energy and decision were tempered by prudence and common sense. He confessed himself an enthusiast in the

cause, and said that, if a man of that description was not wanted, he would leave the chair; but he was old enough, he added, to know that it was essential to go to work in an orderly way, and to check too much warmth of feeling, for the difficulties to be encountered were as great as the end was glorious.

His remarks were received with unbounded applause; and when the meeting proceeded to business, all was regularity and harmony. An efficient committee was nominated, funds from all parts of India and from all sorts and conditions of men, continued to flow in, and in a short time the subscribers numbered two thousand five hundred and forty, and the subscriptions amounted to one hundred and sixty-seven thousand rupees. Such success sometimes attends the timely and energetic action of one man!

Referring to this meeting, the Bishop says:—

'"'On Saturday last, the meeting of the subscribers to the Steam Navigation met at the Town Hall, when, being called to the chair, I was able to preserve order, and aid in forming a most efficient committee. I hope I am not wrong as Bishop, in thus taking the lead in a scheme of benevolence and charity of so immense an extent, and the bearing of which on religion will be so considerable; but I am aware great caution is required. I look on it as an imitation of those benevolent acts which our Lord mingled with his doctrine, as a source of legitimate influence upon his audiences, and as preparatory to his divine instructions.'

It is not necessary here to trace in detail the steps which followed this meeting, and led, after years of struggle and frequent disappointments, to the desired result. There were many helpers—men of energy, skill, patience, prudence, judgment; and many hinderers—men of theory, fancy, temper, impulse, indecision. All had to be kept in harmony and working order; and this fell mainly to the Bishop. He watched over everything, he kept the peace, he furnished the breakfasts, he communicated with the Government, he corresponded incessantly

with Lord Clare at Bombay and Sir Frederic Adam at Madras, he wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury and every influential leader of the Church at home, and no less than thirteen long letters on this subject alone were addressed to Charles Grant, the President of the Board of Control.

An extract from one of these must be here inserted, or it will be impossible to understand how much his heart was interested and his tongue unloosed :—

'*July* 22, 1833.

'To have a certain post starting on a given day, arriving at a given day, returning at a given day, and that day one half earlier than the average arrivals now, would be as life from the dead! Positively it would make India almost a suburb of London; it would draw the whole human family together. Extending my reflections to the arts, sciences, commerce, legislation, international policy, humanity, religion, it seems to me to open a new world, and to throw up a highway across the mighty deep for man to pass to man. 'It may be considered further that inventions in the arts have been subservient to the purposes of Providence in every age. What an invention the mariner's compass! What an invention the art of printing! By these two discoveries the world became accessible to knowledge and improvement. The Reformation sprang from their bosom.

'And is steam a less wonderful discovery? I should conceive that when this invention is fully developed and applied to the art of navigation, its effects will be more beneficial than any preceding discovery. Your knowledge, my dear friend, as a statesman, a political economist, a philanthropist, a legislator, will supply, though no imagination can fully reach, the amplitude and accumulation of benefits which would pour in, if this opening once were made.

'The time for beginning this scheme is now favourable, because subscriptions have begun at the three Presidencies which amount already to one hundred and twenty thousand rupees, and which will increase to almost any sum if encouraged by a prospect of the aid of Government. By all these efforts however of a private nature, nothing permanent can be effected. The difficulties and pecuniary sufferings here, from

the failure of all the great agency houses, have impoverished every one. If we raise two lacs (20,000*l.*) it is probably the outside of what we shall effect; and what is this for the purchase of steam vessels, for the working of them, and the permanent establishment of the design? Many here accordingly, smitten with despair, proposed merely to petition government, and not to attempt a private subscription. Lord William disapproved of this heartless conduct. I came forward for the interests of humanity, put down my subscription, and led the way to the efforts which have been made here. If we can obtain one vessel to go between Bombay and Suez, and maintain her for one year, it is as much, and indeed more than our means are likely to compass. But this will be the starting of the plan. Four voyages in a year, known beforehand, so that friends may write by them, would give a taste of the communication.

'What we want you to do, my dear friend, is to obtain from the Admiralty the extension of the Mediterranean steam post from Malta, to Alexandria during our first year: and then afterwards to establish the vessels from Bombay to Suez, four, six, or eight times a year, as you may judge best.

'*Now is the time for action.* The impulse given to all improvements in agriculture, in commerce, in knowledge of the arts, in freedom, by the admirable government of Lord William Bentinck, requires as a correspondent means of progress, the STEAM COMMUNICATION. The name of that statesman will be immortalised of whom future ages shall say—"He first seized the prodigious idea of allying England and India. He saw through the miserable objections of a parsimonious selfishness. He ventured everything to give India the means of rapid and certain communication with the sources of literature, humanity and religion in Europe. He annihilated distance. He made England the metropolis of the world."'

It is impossible to say what effect such appeals, constantly reiterated, may have produced upon the mind of the Minister for India. It suffices to know that he introduced the whole question of steam communication into the House of Commons on June 3rd, 1834, in an admirable speech, and that the committee

appointed under his auspices to consider the question, passed a capital series of resolutions for carrying out the project. This delighted the Bishop, and it was an addition to his gratificaton to find that many of the topics he had suggested were handled in Charles Grant's masterly way, and many of the expressions he had made use of, quoted.

When in October 1835, he was on board the *Hattrass* Pilot vessel, bound for Bombay, the *Forbes* steamer which had been lent by the Government to the Steam Committee, passed him at the Sandheads on her first experimental voyage. As she steamed by, rolling heavily with the burden of her coals, she saluted the Bishop, and received his hearty greetings and earnest good wishes. Those good wishes were scarcely realised on this occasion; but she proved indeed the precursor of those splendid Oriental steamers which now bridge the way between England and India, softening the necessary pains of absence, and ensuring, if needs be, earnest sympathy and powerful succour.

In accomplishing these great results the Bishop did his part. His touch went far to remove the vis-inertiæ which then prevailed, and to set all this noble machinery at work.

THE BEGUM SUMROO'S FUND.—On Nov. 15th, 1833, when the Bishop opened his letters he found one, containing enclosures which seemed to give him the greatest joy. He waved two long thin strips of paper above his head, and challenged enquiry as to their signification. They proved to be bank bills; one for a lac of rupees, and the other for half a lac sent down from the Begum Sumroo as a gift for the Church and the poor.

The Begum Sumroo held an independent jaghire, near Meerut, in the Upper Provinces. Celebrated alike for beauty and talents, she had risen from a simple nautch girl, to be a native princess. In early life her character had been bad, in maturity it was tinged with harshness and cruelty, in extreme age it was benevolent and quiet, though capricious. She was a Roman Catholic. Her revenue exceeded 120,000*l.* per annum, half of which she saved. Her court and palace were at Sirdhana; she maintained three thousand troops, kept an

establishment of seven hundred female attendants, frequented the Roman Catholic church every Sunday, wore a turban, smoked a hookah, was small of stature, fond of show, imperious in manner, and ranked amongst the notabilities of India. At her death, which took place in 1836, when she was eighty-seven years of age, her estates lapsed to the East India Company; but her immense savings were bequeathed to Mr. Dyce Sombre, the son of her adoption, who was afterwards too well known in England.

Her motive in making the Bishop the almoner of her charity did not very clearly appear. She had intimated her intention soon after his arrival, and some correspondence followed on the subject through the medium of a Colonel Dyce.

The Bishop's opinion on the subject having been asked, he wrote to her as follows:—

'CALCUTTA, *Aug.* 7, 1833.

'*To Her Highness the Begum Sumroo, the Lord Bishop of Calcutta wishes all peace and benediction.*

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,

'I have received from Colonel Dyce the information that your Highness intended to bestow the noble gift of one hundred thousand rupees on the Protestant Church in Calcutta, and fifty thousand rupees on the poor—especially deserving debtors. Colonel Dyce was good enough to say that as soon as your Highness could be assured that your intentions would be faithfully fulfilled, and proper deeds sent down to you, you would order the money to be paid.

'First, permit me to applaud and admire the benevolent and Christian intention of your Highness, and thank you from the bottom of my heart, and in the name of Christ, my Lord.

'Next, permit me to assure your Highness in the most solemn manner, that the Venerable Archdeacon Corrie and myself, and our successors in our sacred office, will labour to our utmost, to fulfil your designs in doing good to the Church and to the poor.

'In the next place, I beg to inform you that I have been consulting with my lawyer in what manner the deeds could best be drawn, and the particular terms selected, so as to

prevent the money being wasted hereafter in litigation and dispute. After much consultation I conceive your Highness's intention of benefiting the Church under my governance in India, would be best promoted if I employed the interest of the one hundred thousand rupees, for providing fit persons to be set apart as ministers and teachers, and to be maintained and supported in their pious labours of reading prayers to the people, explaining the Gospel, teaching children, visiting and comforting the sick and dying, and being the friends and advisers of those in affliction.

'If your Highness should approve of this, it is recommended to be inserted in the deeds, so that no doubt hereafter may arise from general terms being used.

'With regard to the fifty thousand rupees for the poor and the debtors, it is thought that those words are specific and definite in themselves.

'I am sorry to give you the trouble of reading this long letter, but my reverence for your charitable designs, and my desire to do everything that is agreeable to you in fulfilling them, lead me to do so.

'May the blessing of Almighty God rest upon your Highness in return for your kindness to His Church and to His poor! May you have all the grace and consolations of that religion of Christ which you assist me in diffusing. May you long have health and every comfort upon earth, and then receive the crown of glory which fadeth not away!'

The Begum was very old—the business lingered—there were many fears in the way. Hence the Bishop's joy at the safe arrival of the money; a joy which no mere personal advantage could have roused. In due time it was invested so as to yield an income of 380*l.* to the Church, and 190*l.* to the poor.

This gift was followed by a second from the same source for His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. It amounted to fifty thousand rupees, and was transmitted to England through the Bishop. His Grace directed the money to be invested, and the annual proceeds to be applied to Indian objects through the instrumentality of the [illegible]y for the Propagation of the Gospel.

THE NEW CHARTER.—In the month of October, 1833, intelligence reached India of the introduction into Parliament of the Bill for the renewal of the East India Company's charter.

"After hearing and reading twice over every word of your speech," says the Bishop in a letter to Mr. Charles Grant, dated Oct. 8th, "I hurried down to Government House to enjoy the treat of a thorough chat with Lord William Bentinck. He was good enough to go over with me all the heads of your speech, point by point. His lordship most highly approves of it, and thinks a platform of future improvement is laid, of which succeeding generations will avail themselves. Both he and Sir Charles Metcalfe speak with less certainty about the framework of the East India Company being retained than of the rest."

This Bill empowered His Majesty to divide the diocese, to erect Calcutta into a metropolitical see, and to appoint two suffragan bishops for Madras and Bombay.

As it respected his own individual share in this measure, the following remarks appear in his private notes:—

'I have conversed with the Governor-General, and assured him how anxiously I should endeavour to discharge the awful duties to be imposed upon me. He was pleased to say that it was a great blessing to India that I had such powers assigned me. Oh, that it may so prove! I would desire to feel overwhelmed with the divine goodness, mercy, and grace; with the responsibilities which may fall upon me; with the perfect conviction of my feebleness, unfitness, and impotency; with a recollection of the uncertainty of life and health; with a sense of the difficulty of uniting many minds and judgments in common measures of good; and yet with faith in that "excellency of the power" of God, which can work his wondrous purposes by instruments the most feeble.'

But on the general measure itself his tone was very different. This may be gathered from a very interesting and important letter to an old friend:—

'*October* 22, 1833.

'How can I tell you my joy at the prospect of the Suffragan Bishops! How I laboured that plan before I left England in June, 1832! The President, the Chairman, the Archbishop, the Bishop of London, the Secretary of the Board, all were assailed and urged by me in turns. The two Mr. Grants at first thought the whole plan impracticable, but ended (after three months incessant drives, and comparisons of plans, and references, and delays) in the arrangement of a Bill, drawn by Mr. Groom, the solicitor of the Board. Well do I remember Mr. Simeon saying, that if I had been made Bishop of Calcutta merely to carry that measure, and was never to reach India, I should have done a great work. My disappointment, of course, was the more keen when Dr. Dealtry sent me word last August that it had been found impracticable to bring in the Bill that session; for on the Saturday, June 16th, when I dined at Mr. C. Grant's, the first thing Earl Grey had said upon my being introduced to him was, that he highly approved of the measure as circulated by Mr. Grant, and thought it very reasonable. I then went up to the Bishop of London, and with joy brought him to the Prime Minister, when he confirmed what he before had said. This took me to Mr. Grant and to the Chairman, to express my gratitude and delight. I conceived, in fact, that the thing was carried, *and so it was;* for now it is inserted in the Charter speech, not as a matter of debate, but as previously arranged; and probably the very Bill drawn and ready in June, 1832, will be passed now. And how greatly is my joy and gratitude to Providence enhanced by the very delay and disappointment! Mr. Grant's speech came upon me as a thunder-stroke. I wrote off instantly a long letter under the first impulse of joy. I have now heard from Dr. Dealtry (June 23), to know my wishes as to the men. I have proposed Archdeacon Corrie for Madras, Archdeacon Robinson for Bombay, and Archdeacon Carr, now of Bombay, to be, by my appointment, Archdeacon of Calcutta instead of Corrie.

'I am advising Corrie to proceed to England instanter for consecration, and I propose to meet him on his return, at Madras, and consecrate (if we are permitted) Robinson.

'My soul swells with thanksgivings and praise to God for this vast mercy, not as it respects my episcopate, but the permanent good of India. But I fear even to write to you of these feelings, lest I should grieve the Holy Comforter; for Satan's grand assault upon my mind since March 27th, 1832, is elation, joy, natural spirits, eager pursuit of a great object, a soul panting to stretch itself to the length and breadth of my vast diocese.'

The Bill passed Parliament August 21st, 1833, and reached India at the close of the year. Considerable delay occurred in carrying out its provisions, for the expenditure sanctioned for the whole ecclesiastical establishment was limited, and the archdeaconry of Bombay being filled up, as we have seen, the funds did not at once admit of the appointment of both Bishops. Eventually however all came round. Archdeacon Corrie, one of those men whose praise is in all the churches, and whom the Bishop deemed for meekness and gentleness of spirit more like his Divine Master than any one he had ever known, was recalled from the visitation on which, with proper allowances, now for the first time obtained, he had been engaged, and sent to England. He returned in 1835, Bishop of Madras. The Archdeacon of Madras retired on his pension. Archdeacon Carr was summoned home in 1837, and returned Bishop of Bombay.

All the dioceses were then filled, and the new machinery began to work. It formed a precedent of vast importance for a spreading Church; and has been followed both in Australia and in Africa. They also have now their metropolitans and suffragans; and if ever in the providence of God these great dependencies are separated from the parent stock, their Church will still retain within itself the power of reproduction and indefinite expansion—still be enabled to put forth great branches, and bear fruit for the healing of the nations.

Church Building Fund for India.—The origin of this fund was singular, and serves to show that the day of small things should never be despised.

In March 1820, a periodical entitled *Missionary Intelligence*

was commenced in Calcutta, for the purpose expressed in its title. In June 1829, the plan was enlarged; and now it was called *The Christian Intelligencer.* Daniel Corrie was the editor, and continued to be so for many years. When in July 1833, he left Calcutta on his visitation of the Upper Provinces as Archdeacon, he transferred the sole charge of this periodical to the Bishop's chaplain—the author of the present work: and it was carried on by him till September in the following year.

During this period, it was enriched by many contributions from the Bishop. Interesting extracts from his English letters were readily furnished, and ecclesiastical information from all parts of India was of course available. As death struck down one and another who had been his valued friends at home, the Bishop took pleasure in recalling their excellencies, and recording his recollections of them, and these were inserted in *The Christian Intelligencer.* Thus in January 1834, appeared "Recollections of William Wilberforce;" in March 1834, "Recollections of Hannah More;" in May 1835, "Recollections of the Rev. John Scott of Hull;" in August 1836, "Recollections of Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry;" in September 1836, "Recollections of the Rev. Isaac Crouch;" in June 1837, "Recollections of the Rev. Charles Simeon." All these were very graphic and interesting papers, and have most of them been referred to in the memoirs of those eminent persons.

These details have a bearing upon the subject: for early in the year 1834, amongst other anonymous letters addressed to the editor of *The Christian Intelligencer,* appeared one signed "Delta," (who it subsequently appeared was Mr. Wale Byrn, a young East Indian of piety and respectability) lamenting the want of churches in India, and suggesting a remedy. That remedy was very simple. It involved (1.) A Fund for the erection of churches voluntarily throughout all India. (2.) A monthly subscription of neither more nor less than one rupee. (3.) This subscription to be collected by the chaplain at each station, or by friends under his guidance. (4.) The management of the whole to be vested in the Bishop, Archdeacon, and Presidency Chaplains. The statistics of the letter were wrong,

but that did not affect the principle. The idea was new in India, and might be successful; but there were grave doubts on the other side. A momentary hesitation followed:—should the letter appear, or should it be dropped into the receptacle for rejected addresses? The balance hung even for a time, and then inclined to the favourable side. The attempt should be made, and if made, earnestly. The matter was accordingly submitted to the Bishop; and the plan, meeting with his approbation, was inserted in the *Intelligencer*, with a strong recommendation, and a small list of names obtained at the Palace, and representing every class in India. At the head of the list appeared the anonymous proposer; then followed the nameless editor, then the Bishop, the Archdeacon, the married and the single lady, the civil, military, medical, and uncovenanted servant:—each gave his name and one rupee as his monthly subscription. The plan was thus fairly launched, and the names gave such official sanction to it as was desirable. Nothing was necessary but for each branch of the service to follow the example set. The response was immediate, and far surpassed all expectations. Before the next number of the *Intelligencer* for June, appeared, there were three hundred and fifty subscribers. In July these were increased to seven hundred and thirty-seven. In August to nine hundred and forty-nine. Many suggestions of course were made: but the only one listened to was that which under certain circumstances admitted of donations. Thus when the Bishop wrote as follows to Sir Charles Metcalfe:—"I enclose a scheme for building churches by the accumulation of subscriptions of one rupee only per mensem:" and when Sir Charles in answer, sent a donation of one thousand rupees, it was not considered necessary to decline it. The same result in a smaller way followed in other cases, for Lady William Bentinck sent one hundred rupees, and the Hon. Mr. Blunt another hundred. These were all accepted and placed in a separate fund, as aiding and not interfering with the subscription of one rupee.

At the end of about four months, there being nearly two thousand rupees in hand, and a list of nearly one thousand subscribers, success was sufficiently certain to authorise the

calling together of the official persons nominated as trustees. This was accordingly done. The Bishop, Archdeacon, and two Presidency Chaplains, met at the palace, and accepted the trust: and the editor of the *Intelligencer*, resigning all further responsibility, was appointed first secretary. Certain fundamental rules were then agreed upon which have required but little alteration since. The fund has been extensively useful, and continues to this day. A short extract from the published Report of the year 1857, will be satisfactory on this point. It is as follows:—

"There are now one hundred and twenty churches in this diocèse (Calcutta), including those in the course of erection; and to sixty-six of these has this 'One-Rupee-Subscription Fund' contributed since its commencement in 1834, sums amounting to eighty-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight rupees."

But more than this:—the same Report gives an extract from the proceedings of the Governor-General in Council in the financial department, under date May 26th, 1854, from which it appears that a Mr. Mackenzie having died and bequeathed 8000*l.* for the erection, repair, or endowment of churches in India, one half of this, or 4000*l.*, was invested, and placed at the disposal of the Church Building trustees, being the whole amount allotted to the Bengal Presidency. The precedent thus set may be largely followed, and untold blessings may result to India. In no part of the world are houses of God more necessary; for in no part of the world is there more danger of forgetting and dishonouring Him. The barrack, the cutcherry, or the ball-room, are not fit places to worship God; and yet in times past there was often no alternative for those who would not "forsake the assembling of themselves together." The injurious effect upon the mind is so well described by one of India's heroes, who "being dead, yet speaketh," that a few of his words may well be quoted in this place. Major Hodson who fell at Lucknow, writes thus in 1850:—

"Our Gothic buildings, our religious-looking churches, have

I am sure, a more restraining and pacifying influence than is generally believed by those who are habituated to them, and have never felt the want of them. A few cathedrals and venerable-looking edifices would do wonders in our Colonies. Here (in the Punjaub) we have nothing physical to remind us of any creed, but Islamism and Hindooism. The comparative purity of the Moslem's creed is shown admirably in the superiority in taste and form of their places of prayer. Christianity alone is thrust out of sight! A barrack-room, a ball-room, perhaps a court of justice, serve the purpose for which the 'wisdom and piety of our ancestors' constructed such noble and stately temples, feeling justly, that the human mind in its weakness required to be called to the exercise of devotion by the senses as well as by the reason and will, that separation from the ordinary scenes of every-day life, its cares, its toils, its amusements, is necessary to train the feelings and thoughts to that state in which religious impressions are conveyed. I have not seen a church for three years and more, nor heard the service of the church read, save at intervals, in a room in which, perhaps, the night before I had been crushed by a great dinner party, or worn out by the bustle and turmoil of suitors. The building in which one toils becomes intimately associated with the toil itself. That in which one prays should at least have some attribute to remind one of prayer."[1]

The Church-building fund for India has done its part to wipe away this reproach; and one great advantage it possesses is this:—that if at any time the public interest flags, and the "Fund" sinks down, it is capable of instant revival by an earnest Bishop, and active secretary. He who in the providence of God has taken up the pastoral staff which dropped from his aged predecessor's hands, and now presides worthily over the Indian Church, has already spoken an earnest word on this behalf, and has doubtless met with a ready response.

Marriage and Divorce Amongst Native Christians.—The whole law of marriage in India was in a very vague and

[1] "Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India," p. 202.

unsatisfactory state in the Bishop's time, and encroachments were ventured on which involved serious risk and responsibility. Again and again did the Bishop bring the matter before the Government, and again and again was he requested to suggest a remedy and prepare a Marriage Act, which might be sent home and passed through Parliament. The Bishop wrought accordingly, the Government doubted, he altered, they approved. It cost him infinite trouble, and after all, led to no result. It is needless to enter on the question now, as respects British subjects at least, because it has been set at rest by the 13th and 14th Vict. c. 40. But as respects native Christians, both marriage and divorce are open questions, full of embarrassment, and complicated by polygamy, and heathen courts. This will be evident to the reader if he ponders upon the following cases of conscience: they are a few amongst many.

1. A Hindoo becomes a Christian and is baptised. He has several wives. Shall he retain all? Or put away all but one?

2. If he retains but one, according to the Christian rule, which shall it be? The one he loves the most, or the one he married first?

3. If the one first married has an equitable and natural right, but is unwilling to remain, may he choose either of the others, who are willing?

4. If the one first married has no children, and the one last married has several, must he cleave to the childless wife, and dismiss the mother of his children?

5. In such a case, to whom do the children belong, if both parents claim them? They are heathen by birth: are they to remain so, or be brought up Christians?

6. If, of two wives, the one first married remains a heathen, and the one last married is baptised with her husband, must he retain the heathen and dismiss the Christian?

7. A Hindoo boy and girl are betrothed. The one becomes a Christian before marriage, the other remains a heathen. Are they bound to each other, or free to choose?

8. If both the betrothed become Christians before marriage, are they also bound or free?

9. A Hindoo becomes a Christian and is baptised. All his heathen wives leave him at once and for ever. Is he at liberty to marry again?

10. His wives who have left him, live in open and avowed adultery with other men, may he apply to the heathen courts to be divorced, and then marry again?

Such questions were arising continually, and they caused great perplexity—not only in themselves, but because a decision given on Christian grounds might be set aside or reversed on legal grounds. Great differences of opinion also prevailed. A number of missionaries of different religious denominations having come together to consider of the matter, resolved, amongst other things, that if a Hindoo, having many wives, became a Christian, it was proper that he should retain them all. A copy of this resolution was sent to the Bishop through the medium of a committee, who, in making their report say, that the Bishop, "pronounced no decided opinion, but promised to give the matter his best consideration." The meaning of this was clear enough. The Bishop did not approve of the course which they had pursued, nor of the conclusion at which they had arrived; but he did not choose to speak authoritatively where he had no authority. His purpose and his plan, generally speaking, was to rule each case upon its own merits and by Christian principles, and thus gradually form precedents for uniform action. The episcopal sanction required for adult baptism enabled him to do this in the case of all the Church missionaries.

A few cases occurred which he did decide. He decided that the Christian man must be the husband of one wife only, and that wife the first married. Thus he wrote to the native Christians in the south of India, in 1834:—

'In nothing does true religion more directly benefit society than in the institution of Christian marriage. One man united in Holy Matrimony with one wife, the bond being indissoluble except for the cause of fornication, is our Saviour's blessed rule for domestic purity. The cases of adult married persons, where only one of the parties is converted, are most difficult.

A man with two wives, if he become a Christian, must put one, the last whom he espoused, away, and live chastely with the first wife, who is, in truth, his only one in the eye of God. Even if the second wife be willing to become a Christian, the above rule of natural equity is not therefore altered. If the heathen partner, as the Apostle says, decides to go, let her go, but let the Christian live without desiring a second marriage during the life of the absent partner. No case, I think, can be found in the New Testament of two wives being allowed, unless the absent party have been duly separated and divorced by reason of unfaithfulness, before a competent tribunal.'

He decided also, that if two natives had been living in concubinage, and now sought instruction in Christianity, they must be married before they could be received.

And also, that if a child betrothed in infancy became a Christian, and the party to whom she had been betrothed was willing to give a legal bill of divorcement before they came together, she was at liberty to marry any other man.

THE RELATION OF THE CHAPLAINS TO THE GOVERNMENT AND BISHOP.—This question concludes the long series of duties which occupied the Bishop during the two years of his residence at Calcutta. The agitation of it caused him more anxiety than all the rest, and brought him almost into collision with the Government.

The somewhat anomalous position of the East-Indian Chaplains has been already touched upon. It is best described by negatives. They are not incumbents, not curates, not military chaplains.

Bishop Middleton's words were:

"The chaplaincies in this country are not benefices in the strictest sense; but neither are they curacies in which the curate is responsible to the incumbent; neither are they military chaplaincies, I conceive, otherwise than as military persons in many instances constitute the chief part of the congregation."

This view has been confirmed frequently by the Court of Directors; as when in 1844, they say:

"We have repeatedly stated that our chaplains are not incumbents of parishes or districts, like those in England, and that consequently they do not possess the peculiar rights and privileges of that class. They *resemble* military and naval chaplains, who are unbeneficed clergymen, liable to be removed from place to place at the discretion of the Government:"

Adding, in a despatch of 1846:

"In order to avoid any misunderstanding for the future, we think it right to declare that our chaplains are not military chaplains."

On their first appointment, before the erection of the see, they were required to enter into covenant, "to discharge the duties of their office," and to submit to such regulations of the local governments "as now or hereafter may be in force, and which shall be applicable;" and which ought to be "obeyed, observed, and conformed to."

This covenant engagement was not altered when, by Act of Parliament, Calcutta was erected into a see, and full power was given to the Bishop to exercise "all manner of jurisdiction, spiritual, and ecclesiastical," throughout his diocese; to visit "all ministers and chaplains, all priests and deacons in holy orders, with all and all manner of jurisdiction, power, and coercion ecclesiastical;" and to establish an ecclesiastical court, &c.

The chaplain came out therefore not only to fill an anomalous position, but to obey authorities which might very easily prove contradictory and conflicting.

All this afforded matter for serious thought, and it was often discussed by the Governor-General and Bishop, during their morning rides; and at length on March 29th, 1833, the Bishop received an official letter from the Government, asking him to define the duties of chaplains at military stations, and to give his opinion as to the degree of authority proper to be exercised by commanding officers at such stations. This

involved the whole question, and he replied on April 11th, in a letter of great importance, but too long for insertion here. He showed that since the erection of the see and the transfer of all jurisdiction over the clergy to the Bishop, the authority of commanding officers over them had entirely ceased; he referred to several cases in which this had been already clearly recognised by Government; and intimated his intention of speedily issuing a series of "Directions" to the clergy, bearing upon the performance of their official and spiritual duties. Acting under these directions, the reverend chaplains would fix the periods for performing divine service when change was necessary; they would attend the hospitals, inspect the regimental schools, and make periodical reports to the Diocesan; and they would visit their out-stations at certain times appointed by him. Of all these matters, however, commanding officers were to be kept informed; and nothing was to be done affecting the health of the troops, the exigencies of military duty, or the convenience of the station, without their cognisance. If they disapproved of any arrangement that was proposed, their remedy was not to be the exercise of any direct authority, but a representation through the Commander-in-Chief, to the supreme Government, who would refer the matter to the Bishop. Thus order would be preserved and collision prevented.

On April 19th, the Government replied as follows:—

"His Lordship in Council concurs entirely in the view which your Lordship takes of the power and jurisdiction conferred by the letters-patent of His Majesty on the Bishop of Calcutta, in respect to the control and discipline of the Indian clergy; but to enable the Governor-General in Council to judge of the instructions which should be issued for the guidance of commanding officers, as proposed in the eighth paragraph of your Lordship's letter, his Lordship in Council requests to have a copy of the "rules and directions" which your Lordship proposes, on your part, to promulgate to the chaplains at the different military stations."

The Bishop hastened to do what was thus required, and

sent a copy of the Directions he proposed to issue, "in order," as he says, "that your Lordship may be enabled, as you are pleased to express it, to judge of the instructions which should be issued for the guidance of commanding officers on this subject."

Delay ensued. The health of the Governor-General began to fail, and he was sent to sea. On his return, it was found that owing to some oversight or misunderstanding, the "Rules and Directions" which should have been submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, had been forgotten. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Barnes, was at Simlah. The transmission of the papers to him caused further delay; and before his opinion could be obtained, he was recalled, and Lord William appointed in his stead.

On September 19th, Lord William Bentinck, thus combining in himself the offices of Governor-General and Commander-in Chief, wrote to the Bishop to say that nothing now would interpose to prevent the accomplishment of his wishes, and the promulgation of the Directions.

All seemed therefore to be in a fair train for the conclusion of the business; and yet week passed after week, without any thing being done. Lord William continued unwell, and at length, in the middle of February, 1834, was compelled again to go to sea. The Bishop parted from him on the most friendly terms, and a few days after his embarkation wrote to him, amongst other matters, as follows:—

'We want a plan of education for India. Your lordship need not fear me. I am digging for truth; and when many are thus engaged, they are sure to meet in the same mine, or very nearly so. *If your directions also to the military officers could be issued,* peace and harmony would be promoted.'

The Bishop little thought that they were already issued! It will scarcely be believed that the Governor-General had left for insertion in the *Gazette,* after his departure, "Directions"—not in accordance with those so often discussed, and so thoroughly agreed upon, but diametrically opposed to them in every particular! Yet so it was. They bore date,

February 17th; and appeared in the *Gazette*, on Wednesday, February 26th.

The Bishop had retired to Tittaghur for rest; and when he first saw them he could not believe his eyes. He thought it was a mistake. He sent them in to his chaplain, underscored, and with these words written:—"Did you ever see anything so absurd!" and then sitting down at once, he thus addressed the secretary to Government.

'TITTAGHUR, *Thursday, February* 27, 1834.

'I am petrified at the notice concerning the clergy in the *Gazette* of last evening. Surely it must have been a mistake. It is in direct contradiction to the Governor-General in Council's letter to me, declaring his entire concurrence in my view of the new relations of the clergy now there is a Bishop. That view proceeded on the temporal appointment and regulation resting, of course, with the Government, but the spiritual directions being transferred to the Bishop. On this footing, the Governor-General requested to see my proposed "Directions," that he might judge what corresponding orders to issue to military officers; and now orders appear to the chaplains with regard to their spiritual functions, without any reference whatever to the Bishop's approbation or authority.

'Have the kindness to favour me with a call tomorrow morning in Calcutta. You will perhaps remember that you promised me that nothing should appear without my first seeing it. I had gone over with you the whole of the Directions, and also with the Governor-General, and altered everything suggested to me; there must be some mistake, I conclude, therefore, in this notification in the *Gazette*.'

But there was no mistake. An elaborate official letter to Government, following this private letter to the Secretary, elicited an equally elaborate official reply, in which it was asserted that: "all manner of authority and control possessed heretofore over chaplains by the Government, remained untouched by the issue of letters-patent to the Lord Bishop; and that it would not be expedient or proper, to issue any public orders in modification, or for the suspension of those

issued on February 17th." It was added also that it was the impression of his Honour in Council that the course adopted was "specifically, that which the Right Hon. the Governor-General determined upon and laid down, prior to his lordship's embarkation for the Madras presidency."

To the Governor-General the Bishop at once appealed in several letters. An extract from one of them will serve to place the ground of complaint in the strongest light:—

'*June* 9, 1834.

'The position of things was this:—

'1. The Governor-General was pleased to apply to me in the first instance.

'2. I reply honestly and candidly.

'3. The Government assures me it agrees with me entirely in my views.

'4. The Government further requests me to let them see my proposed "Directions" to the clergy, in order that the Governor-General may judge what instructions to issue to the military officers.

'5. I, in an evil hour, send my Directions; relying most implicitly on the assurance that they were requested for the specific purpose before stated, and would be used for that, and none other.

'6. A correspondence ensues, in order that my spiritual directions may not entrench upon civil or military rights and usages.

'7. Everything is settled.

'8. I am waiting the moment when the Government issues its instructions to the military officers, that I may immediately send round a Circular in my own private way, and by my own channels, to the clergy, containing my spiritual directions.

'Such is my impression of the position of things—in which honour, truth, public duty, respect for your lordship, gratitude, everything led me to repose.

'Imagine then my consternation at seeing Orders issued:—

'1. Not to the military, but to the clergy.

'2. Not by the Bishop, but by the Vice-President in Council.

'3. Not agreeable to the rules agreed upon, but every one of them materially different.

'4. Not in a private circular, but in the *Gazette*.

'5. Not after notification given to the Bishop of the change, but without his cognisance.

'6. Not when the Governor-General was in Calcutta, where a remedy might be quickly applied, but during his lordship's absence at Madras.

'7. Not upon a slight matter, but on a question involving the whole force and effect of the Bishop's letters-patent, and his authority with the clergy.

'Such are my views.'

Two days afterwards, that is, on June 11th, he wrote a final and official letter to the Government, recapitulating the whole matter, and adding these weighty words:—

'With the episcopal functions weakened, and the danger of fresh orders being issued by the Civil Government, after the precedent of Feb. 17th, a conflict of duties must necessarily be produced in the minds of the clergy. They are quite aware of the ecclesiastical law, they look up to the Bishop as judge and administrator of that law, and they consider him as the originator of all improvements and alterations in their spiritual duties according to it. When therefore cross powers appear; and the Bishop and ecclesiastical canons say one thing, and the Civil Government another, a conflict of duties arises. Their ordination vows are on one side, their earnest desire to obey their civil governors on the other. I speak this advisedly. From all parts of the Diocese, reclamations are coming in to me. In some cases military authorities are complained of, as going beyond even the language of the Orders in their widest interpretation. In other cases, the clergy are blamed for not conforming to Orders, which it is impossible for me as Bishop to enforce or approve. I have already more than one clergyman who informs me that he has been conscientiously compelled, at whatever risk, to disobey one order (concerning

the visitation of the sick) as proceeding from the wrong authority, and contradicting the obligations of his previous oaths and engagements.'

These words touched Government to the quick; and in their reply, amidst many strong arguments and courteous expressions, this sentiment was put forth prominently and distinctly, that they claimed all power over all persons whether lay or clerical, and in case of disobedience, were prepared to exercise it.

One step more, and there would have been direct collision. But the Bishop drew back. His appeals had been in vain, his reasoning had proved useless, and now he felt that resistance would be folly. It was not that the "Directions" themselves were of such great importance; it was the principle involved, viz: the recognition of the Bishop's authority, and the consequent freedom of the chaplains from military control. Even as it respects this principle itself; it is not to be inferred necessarily, that the Government was wrong, and the Bishop right. That may be left uncertain. But there can be no uncertainty about the course pursued. If the Government had not wanted the Bishop's counsel, they need not have sought it. If they had differed with him in opinion, they might have stated it.. If they had on consideration changed their minds, they should have acknowledged it. But their action was in violation of all pledges, and involved what in common language, and between man and man, would be considered a betrayal of confidence, and a breach of honour. There was, after all, little mystery about the matter. The promulgation of the "Directions" in the form and manner originally agreed upon, would have formed a precedent for future action, and would have transferred a certain amount of authority from the Government to the Bishop. This was not perhaps at first perceived; but when perceived, could not, it is presumed, be tolerated. Hence the delay and the alteration.

The long arguments subsequently urged both by the Governor-General and Vice-President in Council, in justification of the course pursued, have not been much dwelt upon, or quoted, because, even if valid, they were out of place and

self-contradictory. Contradicting the Bishop's views, they contradicted their own official letter of April 19th, concurring in those views. They should have been written before the full and entire approbation of Government had been expressed: or they should not have been written at all.

The Bishop, however, as already mentioned, submitted; and he submitted so cheerfully and frankly, that no one could have suspected how much his feelings had been wounded, and his confidence in public men shaken.

In conference, his words were these:

'We must now fall back upon our proper position, and high objects—the work of God, and the good of souls. I have lost a year and a half; but I have preached one hundred and fifty times. That is not lost. This matter must be pushed no further. The point is now to submit "to the powers that be," as a Christian bishop should do, willingly, instantly, cheerfully. It is a trial, sent from God, to bid us cease from man. We have done all we could: to do more would be a step too far. Let us pray.'

He then knelt down, and with his chaplain, prayed for unfeigned submission, for grace to take up and bear the cross, and for the fulfilment of the promise, that all things should be made to work together for good.

In his private notes, he wrote thus:—

'If after consulting a bishop as to the relative position of military officers and chaplains, and agreeing solemnly with the explanations given, the Government can then publish Orders in contradiction to that explanation, and their own avowed pledge of concurrence:—if they do this without informing the Bishop—if they do it after having communicated other points of difference, but concealed this:—What can a Bishop do or hope for? Where is faith and trustworthiness to be found?

'But, hush my soul! Silence thy human reasonings and carnal complaints! This is Thy hand, O my God, and Thou Lord, hast done it. Is it not by thy permission, and for the spiritual humiliation of the Christian, that the events of this

world take place? Before thy righteousness I desire to bow; trusting that Thou canst reverse these evils, if for our real and highest good; and believing that Thou art calling on us to cease from man and creature props, and to roll ourselves entirely and unreservedly on THY ALMIGHTY ARM.'

To the Government he wrote as follows:—

'I beg leave to assure the Vice-President in Council, that I shall entirely submit to his decision, and do all in my power to promote a cheerful compliance throughout the Diocese, with the wishes of Government.

'I trust I shall not be thought presumptuous in saying that I have been unfortunately misunderstood in the main point supposed to be at issue. I have never wished nor thought of an independent control over the ecclesiastical establishment of India.

'I submit cheerfully to the decision of the Supreme Government. I have nothing more to say. I trust my letters will be allowed to bear the character of a Protest, whenever the Governor-General or the authorities at home, may be disposed to re-arrange the state of the relations between the Indian Bishop, and the Reverend the Clergy of this diocese.'

Here the matter ended: and was not revived. It looked larger when it occurred, than it does now—for time has its perspective. But the narrative is still important; and it is inserted here, not so much to prejudge or to decide upon the point at issue, as to show the kind of trials to which an Indian Bishop is exposed, and the spirit in which such trials should be borne.

The Indian climate, and the pressure of the varied business thus narrated, were evidently producing their effect upon the Bishop, and though his health stood firm, much of the early buoyancy was gone. It was evident that change of air and scene, however much to be deprecated at first, was now become desirable, and it was well that the two years assigned for his residence in Calcutta were drawing to a close, and that his primary visitation was at hand. His movements also were

hastened by the serious illness of his daughter, which rendered a sea voyage indispensable.

He intimated accordingly to the Government his intention of visiting the eastern settlements of Penang, Moulmein, Malacca, and Singapore, and from thence stretching across the Bay of Bengal to Madras and Ceylon; and he requested that a vessel might be provided for himself and his suite about the 15th August. His application having been duly acknowledged, he turned his undivided attention to the preparation of his charge.

With the primary visitation however, which this charge inaugurated, another chapter commences, and the present one may fitly be concluded with extracts from the voluminous correspondence carried on during the two years which it embraces. To have introduced the letters, each in their proper place, would have interrupted the narrative too much.

It may be mentioned incidentally that letters were written every half year to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the President of the Board of Control, and the two venerable societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Propagation of the Gospel, containing for the most part the narrative of his proceedings, and the method he adopted for infusing life and vigour into all missionary operations. These letters met with a most prompt and courteous response; and the suggestions they contained were thankfully received and readily acted on. But they are far too long for insertion here, and their contents will have been in most cases anticipated. The attention of the reader, therefore, will be required only to such letters as admit of extracts, and contain matter new or interesting. Such will conclude each chapter in succession.

LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY.

'CALCUTTA, *March*, 1833.

'I have been perfectly well more than twenty weeks, with the mere slight variations to which the term "well" is always subject. The hot season has now begun. How it will suit me I know not. It is with God. I use all prudence, and am

then without solicitude as to results. I have had much intercourse with the Governor-General since his coming to the Presidency on February 5th. He is friendly to christianity, a whig and liberal, no great churchman, but favourably inclined to the church in proportion to its efficiency. Prayer is all I plead for, from you and my dear friends, that the Divine Saviour, who has the key of David may say, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." I am daily more and more delighted with my work, and find it of course multiplying on my hands.'

'*Easter Monday, April* 8, 1833.

'Yesterday, Easter Day, the heat on coming out of church at one o'clock, was like a blazing furnace; but we were in the carriage, closely shut up, in a moment. We have nothing but mercy, goodness, and truth to record—kind friends, immense prospects of usefulness, attentive congregations, a peaceful happy family, the presence of our Saviour, and we trust, His approbation and blessing, which is better than life itself. The collection yesterday at the cathedral was above three thousand two hundred rupees, or about 320*l.* The communicants were one hundred and eighty-six. The attendants at church five hundred and sixty. At the old church the attendants were seven hundred, and the communicants about three hundred. At the Free Church, attendants two hundred, communicants seventy. All this is an improvement.'

'*April 9th.*

'Yesterday we had the Governor-General and suite, and the principal persons of the settlement to dinner. We sat down sixty-two, at eight o'clock, which at this time of the year is the universal dinner hour. By having all the doors and windows open, and punkahs, fifty feet long, going all the time, we were very comfortable. It was a mere ordinary occurrence in this country. All were gone by half-past ten o'clock, and I was on horseback again at five this morning.'

'TITTAGHUR, *May*, 1833.

'Here I am sitting after breakfast in my open verandah facing this noble river, which is bursting upon my sight with its boats and native craft on three sides, west, south, and north. On the opposite bank is Aldeen House, where David Brown

lived, and the very pagoda which Henry Martyn made his study. A larger heathen temple is near. Serampore is further up the river on the north, with the Government House at Barrackpore on this bank. On the south, other private houses are scattered here and there. The Thames is nothing in comparison of this vast river. The foliage on each bank, and in our garden, is of oriental luxuriance — the betel, the palm, the banian, the bamboo. The only deduction is a constant heat which unnerves, depresses, annihilates the European mind and energies.'

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1833.

'I do not conceive that the future period of peace will be accompanied by conformity of opinion on all secondary matters, any more than all heights, all faces, all bodily powers, all mental faculties, all education, all habits, will be the same. Indeed, conformity of opinion on lesser matters would extinguish the elements of that charity, which would lose its fairest occasion of exercise when there was nothing to bear with. My notion is, that such men as Dr. Steinkopff, Haldane Stewart, Joseph John Gurney, George Clayton, Dr. Chalmers, Joseph Hughes, and John Howard, thoroughly "walk in love," not domineering, not interposing one with another, but working each his own machinery, and encouraging others to do the same to the very utmost. May we never be occasions of stumbling! May we never mistake charity for indifference on the one hand, nor let it be substituted for party spirit on the other. Some men praise their party and call it *charity;* and some men are utterly careless about religion, and they also call it *charity.*'

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1833.

'I am put to the full stretch; for here everything is called in question openly and arrogantly. The experience of nearly forty years in the affairs of different societies, and errors of the spiritual Church, is of unspeakable moment to me. My mild, and yet, I hope, firm churchmanship, which has been maintained all my life at home, in the face of high-church principles, and no-church principles, is again of infinite importance. Even the mechanical advantage of a loud voice, and habit of preaching from notes, are a great benefit now. I preach more

freely, boldly, and as far as I can judge, simply, than ever I did in my life. The work opening before me is immensely important. I fear to enter upon particulars, lest I should grieve the Blessed Comforter; and in fact, I cannot give particulars. The day shall declare it.'

'CALCUTTA, *May*, 1834.

'I write to rejoice your hearts with the tidings of the safe arrival on May 1st, of the *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, with your dear letters of February 6th. A heap of three months' intelligence was inexpressibly charming. All is going on delightfully as to spiritual things, but most agitatingly as to temporal. I don't wonder Mr. Grant has received the impression of my high-churchmanship, for Lord William has no notion of ecclesiastical matters. Never regard one word you hear. I rejoice in loving all that love our Lord Jesus Christ, but I have taken oaths! The Caste question is absorbing my attention. Persecution and reproaches are rising on all hands. I rejoice to meet them. I hail them as marks of coming blessings. My health is perfect. I am just as well now as when I landed, except, of course, deterioration of mind and body. But at any moment, I may fall like others. There will be no interval, no time for consideration; there is but a step here between health and the grave. So, do not be surprised at anything. I rejoice and praise God for allowing me to come, and I would set out again to-morrow if I had to do so again.'

'TITTAGHUR, *May*, 1834.

'The weather is perfectly suffocating. None can pity us but those who know our sufferings. The mind, body, functions, tempers, words, and feelings are all morbidly affected; and nothing remains but deep-seated principles of religion on which to fall back. There is the rock. The new scene of trials quickens its pace, and towers as it approaches. But it is good for us. Distinction, publicity, noise, intercourse with mankind, station, novel circumstances, authority, *are all* POISON to the soul, and have been distilling their venom secretly ever since we arrived. Now come the compensating and humbling dispensations. It is impossible to describe the difficult cases which arise in "ruling in the fear of God" a vast diocese like this; with every body around you as sensitive,

and as morbidly peevish as you are yourself. Then to distinguish what is the path of duty—where cowardice begins, and forbearance ends—how to keep down the "old man" in oneself, whilst public order is not neglected in the execution of official duty. All this is difficult. But it is nothing compared with the HEART, which is to be kept "with all diligence," as out of it are "the issues of life." All other things would be as nothing if they did not corrupt the heart, weaken the hold on Christ, enfeeble love, and damp holy joy and communion. There seems a universal decay in this dissolving scene, extending to everything. We need your prayers for GRACE SUFFICIENT.

'I have given a list of some hundreds of volumes from my Islington library. I long for my miscellaneous literature, my theology, my Fathers, my French divines, my parliamentary records. I find I cannot go on without my books for continual reference. Add to my list all you know I may occasionally use, especially the Oriental. I want no German, nor Spanish, nor Italian, as I have lost those languages.'

TO A SCRUPULOUS CHAPLAIN.

'*November*, 1832.

'I reserve my judgment on this particular affair till I have the whole of the case before me; but you will allow me to say that, unless in the case of excommunication, I doubt whether we can refuse the rites of burial. Nor do I know that it would be expedient or desirable: as any allowed cases of exemption would go to the making each individual clergyman a judge of the spiritual state of the departed, and thus introduce endless confusion. The very fact of the service being used in all but excommunicated instances, renders the danger you anticipate less than it would otherwise be. Whereas, if certain cases could be excepted, the fearful confirmation given to all others would be a prominent evil following on the change. I conceive it a safer and more prudent course to let all the occasional offices stand on their obvious ground, supplying by the ordinary doctrines in the pulpit and in private, the cautions necessary. No more importance would then be attached to them by the survivors and bystanders, than there ought to be

in a National Church, where general rules must necessarily be adhered to. But I will give you my more matured judgment on a fit opportunity. In the meantime, let me comfort you under the painful feelings and many sorrows which the ministry of the Gospel in a foreign land, and at a distance from the Bishop, must occasion. Preach humbly and faithfully, my dear sir, the great redemption by the Son of God. Discriminate clearly, and affectionately between the outward privileges of the Church, and the real obedience and love of the sincere Christian. Apply closely and discreetly to the hearts and consciences of men the calls and invitations of the Gospel. Pray much yourself, and exhort your hearers to pray for the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit; and you will find that the general administration of the Sacraments and rites of the Church will not be fatally misunderstood.'

TO A CARELESS CHAPLAIN.

'*April*, 1833.

'My mind will remain open to all the statements and explanations you may offer. I came here as the father of the younger, and friend of the senior chaplains. If there have been negligences, or remissness, a candid avowal and determined resolution to enter on a new and better course of duty will be your wisdom, aud will gradually establish a fairer reputation for you; for probably you are the last person to know how widely unfavourable impressions have spread. To save the souls of our flocks—to preach to them the spiritual doctrines of the divine Revelation entrusted to us—to set forth a crucified Saviour as the awakened sinner's hope—to exhibit the sacred operations of the Holy Ghost as the author and giver of life—to enforce holiness, the love of God, a heavenly temper, and a spirit of prayer—to urge the various duties of social life, and all the ten commandments, as the fruits of faith and following after justification: these are the main topics of our apostolical ministry of the Church, and of the Scriptures on which that Church is founded. And then follows the minister's life and example, which must sustain his doctrine and enforce his exhortation; or all he preaches will be worse than nothing, as our Ordination service strongly teaches.'

TO A CHAPLAIN OF A QUIET SPIRIT.

'*January* 11, 1834.

'I have received such pleasing accounts of your character and spirit, of your diligent and conscientious search after truth, that I feel much at liberty in writing to you. My heart is enlarged in exhorting you to walk worthy of the high and difficult vocation wherewith you are called. Preach as St. Paul did, "Christ" to the people. Be determined, as St. Paul was, to know nothing but "Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Glory in nothing, after St. Paul's example, but in "the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ascribe everything good in man, as St. Paul did, to God, who "worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure." In a word, abase and humble the sinner—set forth the Saviour—promote and inculcate holiness.

'Take, dear sir, for your models of divinity, not the current theology of the day, but the Epistles of St. Paul, the thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, the Book of Homilies, the Augsburg Confession: or, of modern names, take J. B. Sumner, Bishop of Chester; Archbishop Leighton; Bishop Hopkins; Bishop Davenant; Bishop Pearson; Bishop Porteus, &c. As to sermons, Cooper's sermons, Joseph Milner's sermons, Bradley's sermons, are good as patterns. But, I pray you, to compose one sermon from your own head and heart, with prayer each week, when sickness forbids not.'

TO AN OFFENDING CHAPLAIN.

'*May*, 1833.

'I am aware, of course, that it is not in my power to do much to enforce an efficient discharge of the ministerial functions. Prayer, earnest and mild representations, are my chief instruments. But occasions, at the same time, are not wanting when the faithful, laborious, and truly pious clergyman can be promoted, and those of a contrary description removed to less prominent stations, by application to the Governor-General in council; whilst, for offences against discipline, immediate remedies are provided, of which you are doubtless quite aware.

'But I turn from this painful part of the subject, which is

rendered necessary by the style of your letter, to the far more agreeable and hopeful prospect which I trust will open before me in my future intercourse with you. Any one may be for a time comparatively torpid in his spiritual duties, and from the new and strange scenes of an East Indian life be thrown off his guard. The relaxing influence also of the climate demands great consideration. Little, petty and unkind feelings also, are apt to be generated in a small society. The recollections of England at times oppress the heart and paralyse exertion. The idea of being an exile, looking for a return to our home, is apt to make us less earnest about our own immediate duties. These, and similar impediments arise, for which large allowance is to be made. I beg you, my reverend brother, to spare me any further pain, by making yourself, frankly and nobly, a trial of what you can do, to satisfy the reasonable wishes of the inhabitants of your station. I shall truly be rejoiced to hear of your success in making such an attempt. The moment you take the first step, cheerfully, and kindly, others will fall in with your wishes. You will be a happier, because a more useful and respected man. You will soon recover any ground you may have seemed to lose, and God will bless you.'

TO A YOUNG CATECHIST.

'*April*, 1833.

'I address you myself, that I may show the tenderness of the good shepherd towards the wandering sheep. Your confession and submission are too cold, general, and unsatisfactory. I cannot favour you with a re-admission to the privileges you have forfeited, till I see a contrite heart and a mind touched with a sense of sin. My young friend, God requires a broken spirit. You cannot teach others till you have learned yourself to bow in heart before the Lord. Come then, return unto the Lord. Take with you words and turn to Him. When I receive one line from you, not of flattery or servility, but of genuine penitence and grief for sin as committed against God, I shall know what to do about you. The Lord, even the Lord Jesus, have mercy on you and bless you.'

TO A YOUNG CHAPLAIN.

'*May*, 1834.

'Allow me to suggest, as to a younger brother, the importance of your writing new sermons gathered from the Holy Scriptures, from the observations you make of the people around you, and from the feelings and reflections excited in prayer and meditation. Devotional, simple, evangelical addresses rather than sermons, pointed to the heart and conscience, are most likely to be really useful in a new sphere.

'The first thing is, to bring the civilians and soldiers to be real Christians—penitents, believers in the merits and death of our blessed Saviour, separated from their sins, awakened to a real sense of the nature and importance of Christianity.

'The second thing is, to train them to the moral duties and habits which are the fruits of faith, and follow after justification.

'The third is, to attach them firmly, but charitably to the discipline and order of our Apostolical Church.

'For all these ends, the grace of the Holy Spirit is essential, (1) to teach us, that we may rightly teach others: (2) to guide us into all truth: (3) to bless our study of the Scriptures: (4) to give us success generally in our labours.'

TO A MISSIONARY, ON TEMPER.

'*July*, 1834.

'Let me, as I am writing, repeat what I said to you, on the extreme importance of watching over the temper in this irritating climate, so that the "adversary may be ashamed, having no evil thing to say of us." Strong minds like yours, and weak ones like ——, commonly fail from opposite causes in this respect. The most decided conquest of grace in the heart of man is the conquest over natural temperament. Nor is contempt a whit better than open hostility; because it is more the fruit of pride in ourselves, and is more galling to an opponent.'

TO A CHAPLAIN, ON THE BURIAL OF ROMAN CATHOLICS.

'*June* 11, 1833.

'The case you mention requires extraordinary discretion. I should be inclined to inform the Roman Catholic priest—

'(1) That you had written to me.

'(2) That I was anxious to preserve peace and harmony amongst all classes of persons so far as the laws and canons and usages of the Protestant Church of England would allow.

'(3) That our Protestant churches and churchyards were undoubtedly designed for our own communion.

'(4) That if others were presented for interment, our office ought to be complied with and used, in point of right, by our own clergy.

'(5) But that for the sake of peace and goodwill, the permission might be granted for the Roman Catholic ministers to perform the service.

'(6) In which case it must be done in the Roman Catholic chapel, or at the house of the deceased.

'(7) That the laws and canons will allow of no other course.

'(8) But that if any grievance is complained of, I will represent it at home, and learn the more exact mind of the Archbishop.

'(9) That I was unwilling to take up the matter officially, at present, hoping that, upon the case being explained, no practical difficulty would remain.

'Such is the demi-official course which I should be inclined to recommend, so as not to compromise our rights as Protestants, and yet not to light up a flame that might not quickly be subdued, more particularly in military bodies. I shall be glad to hear that no explosion has taken place. A great part of wisdom consists in knowing how to manage in such delicate junctures. In the mean time, your general ministry, my dear sir, your doctrine, your spirit, your life will testify for you, and gain more and more the confidence of the whole station where you are placed. The Gospel of our meek and lowly Saviour when fully set forth in all its glory and grace, and

when supported by a consistent, liberal, kind-hearted, holy, dignified conduct, attracts esteem and engages love. I commend you and your ministry to the Blessed Saviour.'

TO THE ARCHDEACON OF MADRAS.

'*August*, 1833.

'What hard work it is to walk with God, to live by faith, and to maintain an elevated tone of godliness, when the climate unnerves, the habits of the country debilitate, and the natural dejection of the spirits disqualify. I conceive that to be a Christian in India is an effort of grace indeed!

'I begin to feel, what I might have expected before now, the evil of propagating rumours. Every public man is exposed to this. Please to believe nothing you hear about me, and pray be as silent as you can; for mouths, and ears, and eyes, are all on the alert to catch me tripping: and trip I do and must, or else lie torpid and useless, with my talent hid in a napkin. I anticipate storms when the first novelty is over, and the realities of the Gospel begin to operate on the Indian public. But so suffered our Master, and so must all His faithful servants!'

TO THE ARCHDEACON OF NEW SOUTH WALES, ON CONFIRMATION, AND CONSECRATION OF CHURCHES.

'*September*, 1833.

'The important topics of consecration of churches, and confirmation, to which you advert, I dare hardly approach. Personally considered, I feel little difficulty. Whoever else may hope to visit New South Wales from Calcutta, I, at my age of fifty-six, can never expect such a happiness. So that as far as I am concerned, any resource would appear desirable to me that was proposed and approved by yourself. I pause, however, before I venture to act. I do not exactly understand what species of authority the late Archbishop of Canterbury can have given, or whether the commission could extend beyond the particular case or cases for which it was designed. I have heard of such a commission being sent to India in former times, but it was specific, and terminated in a single act. I also question whether it ever extended to what, technically speaking, may be called *consecrations*. It must have

been merely a kind of more solemn license, leaving the peculiar episcopal benediction and power of consecration inviolate.

The other question of confirmation is involved in less difficulty. The permission for the young to approach the Lord's table when desirous of confirmation, is allowed by the rubric. The examination of them privately, and the decision upon their qualifications, all fall within the office and duty of a presbyter. Of course you do not read the confirmation service, nor proceed to imposition of hands, nor pronounce that apostolical benediction which has ever been accounted (with ordination, jurisdiction, correction of doctrine and discipline, and superintendence) the peculiar spiritual province vested in the office termed Episcopal. Any solemnity which can be given to your examination and admission to the Holy Communion, short of these things, would of course be most desirable at your distance from your diocesan.'

ON A COMPLAINT MADE BY A HIGH CIVILIAN AGAINST A CHAPLAIN'S PREACHING.

'*August*, 1834.

'Allow me to remind you how very delicate my position is. If I proceed officially—then false doctrine, heresy, suspension, deprivation, are the terms which must be employed. If I proceed upon rumour, I throw suspicion and distress, without possibly the least advantage, into the mind of the chaplain, and those he might suppose to have originated it. The case is difficult. I will do what I properly can. On that, dear sir, I pray you to rely.

'No article of religion would, moreover, be more difficult to treat legally and by strict canons, than that respecting our "regeneration." General expressions, want of distinctions for the body of the audience; deficiencies in expounding the nature and importance of the spiritual life; mistakes, or apparent mistakes, in confounding baptismal regeneration, which is true, with the new creation of the moral and intellectual powers issuing in repentance and faith, which is not true;—all this is not easily substantiated before a Bishop in the seat of judgment.

'1. Heresy is tangible: the denial, for instance, of the Trinity, the fall of man, the Incarnation, the Divinity of Christ, &c.

'2. Neglect of duty is tangible.

'3. Vice is tangible.

'4. Profaneness is tangible.

'You perceive, dear sir, my meaning. I repeat, that I shall do what I can. You are to remember two things: first, that no chaplain is immoveable; and, secondly, that conversion and improvement may visit, by divine goodness, any heart, at any time, by unexpected means.

'For the rest, I shall be happy, most happy, to hear from you. Kindness is of amazing virtue. Try what you can do, by heaping coals of fire upon his head.'

CHAPTER XIII.

PRIMARY VISITATION.

1834—1835.

Bishop's Charge—Voyage to Penang—Scenery—Productions—Population—Episcopal review—Penang hill—Singapore—Church building—Schools—Landing at Malacca—Joss House—Dutch Church—Moulmein—Consecration of the Church—Ceylon: its troubled State—Marriage Licences—Bible Translations—Dutch Proponents—Cotta—Splendid scenery—Kandy—Ancient Temple—King's Palace—Bhûd's tooth—Interview with Adigars and Priests—Baddegame—Severe storm—Landing at Madras—Southern missions—Caste question—Tanjore—Conference with the Natives—Swartz—Trichinopoly—Correspondence.

THE Primary Visitation was held in the Cathedral on August 13th, 1834: when twenty-one clergy answered to their names. The sermon was preached by Dr. Mill, the Principal of Bishop's College, and the Charge occupied an hour and a half in its delivery. It had engaged the Bishop's earnest attention for some months, and had been written and re-written several times. Some excitement almost necessarily followed: so that when the clergy gathered round him, and he commenced his opening address, by saying—"That in the short space of twelve or thirteen years a fifth Bishop of Calcutta should be addressing his Reverend Brethren from this chair, is a most affecting memorial of the uncertainty of life, and of the mysteries of the divine judgments. As to man, all is weakness and change. The pastoral staff drops from the hand before it is grasped. Measures are broken off in the midst: and we must look to the mercy of God alone for the settlement and future safety of our apostolical branch of Christ's holy Catholic Church in India:"—his feelings were overpowered: all the circumstances connecting together the past and the present seemed to rush upon his mind: his voice faltered: he paused in deep emotion: and was a considerable time ere he

could resume his self-command. Then, continuing his address, he rivetted the attention of all his hearers, and sympathy gave place to a feeling of deep solemnity.

It will not be necessary here to discuss the many important topics of a Charge which was widely circulated in India, and several times reprinted in England. But a few statistics may be mentioned as illustrating the subsequent progress of things in India; and a few quotations made on subjects as fresh and interesting now, as when they were delivered.

The statistics show that at that time the number of chaplaincies allotted to Bengal were thirty-seven; and the number filled up, thirty-two. This told of a considerable increase; for in Bishop Heber's time, the number allotted to Bengal was but twenty-six, and of these not more than half were in the field of labour: whilst in Bishop Middleton's time the chaplaincies were fifteen, and the clergy at work numbered only ten or twelve.

If the whole of India, including the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, was taken into account; then the number of chaplaincies in 1834 was seventy-five: and the number of chaplains present in the field about sixty.

If the Professors of Bishop's College and the Missionaries were added, this number would approach one hundred and twenty: whilst the number of stations served, or occasionally visited, would be about one hundred and eighty. This was for all India. Whilst in Bengal, the aggregate number of clergy was fifty-eight, and the stations visited, whether large or small, about ninety.

From the topics of general and enduring interest dwelt upon in the Charge, the following extracts may be made, as worthy of remark.

Note his summary of the Gospel:—

'Repentance for sin, faith in the obedience unto death of the Son of God, holiness the fruit of both by the grace of the blessed Spirit, the ten commandments the rule of life;—this is Christianity. The church, her ministry, her sacraments, her liturgies, are only channels for these mighty blessings.

You are the heralds, expounders, preachers, not of the forms of the Church, but of THE GOSPEL. Everything depends on your understanding and acting on this distinction.'

Note his ideas of the Church:—

'It is highly important for us ever to remember what a Church *can* do, and what it *cannot* do. What a Church can do, and what our own does, is to give a sound confession of doctrine, an evangelical liturgy and offices, legitimate authority, the unbroken succession and right ordination of ministers, wise constitutions, canons, and formularies, together with books of sermons or homilies, embodying the preaching she would wish to encourage. These are no slight advantages. And where the State supports such a Church, expands it with the increase of Christian population, and protects with mild laws the decencies of religion and the sanctity of the Sabbath, the benefits are immense. These are the means of salvation for souls, a rallying point for the primitive faith, a preservative against weakness, heresy, and love of change, a principle of recovery and resuscitation from declines, a banner because of the truth. All this a Church *can* do. But what a Church *cannot* do, is, to accomplish of herself, much less perpetuate, any one of the spiritual ends of her appointment. She cannot give her priesthood the illumination of grace, she cannot inspire them with the love of Christ, she cannot infuse compassion for souls, she cannot penetrate with her own doctrines their sermons and instructions, she cannot preserve and hand down to succeeding ages the presence and blessing of Christ.'

Note his remarks on Preaching:—

'Do not be afraid of distinguishing in your own mind—though you should be extremely tender in speaking of others—between what is preaching the Gospel, and what is not. There is one way to heaven, and but one. He that points out that way, preaches the Gospel; and he that does not, preaches not the Gospel, whatever else he may preach.'

Note what he says on Native Education :—

'Whatever gives knowledge, and does not exclude, though it may not professedly include, Christianity; whatever is not retrograde from, but a step in advance towards Christianity, will meet our favourable regard. We never fear knowledge. All we dread is the poisoned stream mingling with its flow, and weakening, instead of refreshing, the fainting traveller. If you exclude Christianity *ex-professo*, you deprive the Hindoo of many of the highest benefits he might otherwise derive from it; you block up the main entrance to the Temple of Truth; you deny him, without asking him the question, and by supposing prejudices which do not exist, the knowledge of the prevailing religion of the civilised world. You leave India to an education which makes fallen man proud, discontented, difficult to govern, and liable to be tossed about for half a century on the sea of turbulence and doubts: instead of giving it one which is meek, peaceable, contented, and allied to English government, laws, literature, and manners.'

Note his reflections about Caste :—

'The heathenish usages connected with Caste are unknown in the Presidency of Bengal, and must become unknown in every other—and that at once, so far as religion and the service of God is concerned. An isthmus cast up between Christ and Belial, a bridge left standing for retreat to Paganism, a citadel kept erect within the Christian enclosure for the great adversary's occupation, is what the Gospel cannot tolerate. The Jesuits' proceedings in China are warning enough for us.'

But time would fail to touch upon all the important topics introduced into this Charge, and dwelt upon with moderation, calmness, and wisdom. His loud call for Missionaries only can be added—for a response is as necessary now, as when it was first uttered:—

'What can exceed the inviting prospects which India

presents! The fields white for the harvest and awaiting the hand of the reaper! Nations bursting the intellectual sleep of thirty centuries! Superstitions no longer in the giant strength of youth, but doting to their fall! Oh! where are the first propagators and professors of Christianity? Where are our martyrs and reformers? Where are the ingenuous, pious sons of our universities? Where are our younger devoted clergy? Are they studying their ease? Are they resolved on a ministry, tame, ordinary, agreeable to the flesh? Are they drivelling after minute literature, poetry, fame? Do they shrink from that toil and labour, which, as Augustine says, OUR COMMANDER, Noster Imperator, accounts most blessed?'

After the delivery of the Charge, the clergy, missionaries, schoolmasters, catechists, and students assembled at dinner at the Bishop's Palace. The usual forms were gone through, and the printing of both Charge and sermon promised; and then the Bishop threw out two important topics for discussion: first, the shortening of the Church services in adaptation to the Indian climate; and, next, the possible establishment of a body of missionary-chaplains, to come out for a specified time, to be under the Bishop's control, to act as curates to the chaplain as well as missionaries to the heathen, and to derive their income partly from home, and partly from the station where they laboured.

The discussion was animated, and favourable to both propositions; and though no practical result followed, the evening thus passed pleasantly and profitably.

A farewell dinner at Government House; and a farewell sermon at the Cathedral followed: and then early on Monday morning, August 24th, the Bishop embarked, under the usual salute, and dropped down the river on his first Visitation.

He had applied for the *Enterprise* steamer: but she was not ready; and Government, therefore, engaged cabins in the *Asia*, a large East-Indiaman, which had brought out Mr. Macaulay, the new legislative councillor, and his sister, now Lady Trevelyan.

The passage to Penang was rendered anxious by the illness

of the Bishop's daughter, and prolonged by baffling currents, contrary winds, and frequent calms. But it opposed "a dyke to the influx of new business, and gave time for reflection upon the old;" and the result, upon the whole, was invigorating and beneficial. On September 18th land was in sight; and on the 19th the vessel glided into the road-stead, formed by the island of Penang on the one side, and the Queda country on the other. Boats darted out from every nook, laden with fruit and fish, and rowed by Chinamen and Malays. Those admitted on board were stout men, dressed in gaudy shawls, with flat faces, cunning eyes, dark complexions, English names, and doubtful characters. The view from the vessel was very striking. The whole island was rich with foliage, and upon the summit of each rising ground stood out the white bungalow surrounded by its cultivated plantation of nutmeg or coffee. The eye, accustomed to the low, flat land of Bengal, was charmed; and the town soon opened, on a spit of land jutting into the sea, and defended by a small fort. The ship *Asia*, having no business in these parts, was in haste to proceed: so that the Bishop landed at once, and ere the evening closed, he and his whole party were hospitably received and sheltered in the house of Sir Benjamin Malkin, the Judge and Recorder of the Straits. Nothing could exceed the kindness manifested by himself and his excellent lady during the whole of the Bishop's stay; and after he left, his daughter, having derived no benefit from the sea voyage, and being unable to continue it, found there a home for many months, and remained till increasing illness compelled a permanent return to England.

Prince of Wales' Island, or Penang (from the betel-nut it bears), came into the possession of the East India Company by purchase; and being on the high road to China, was deemed at one time a place of considerable importance. Handsome buildings, good roads, an excellent church and parsonage, had been the pleasing results. But when the China trade was taken from the hands of the Company, the glory of Penang passed away with it, and all was now economy, neglect, decay. Still nature retained her exceeding loveliness, and a mixed population of about forty thousand remained. Almost every nation of the East found there its representative and its

religion; so that countenances, languages, dresses, habits, food, were all diverse, and mingled in most picturesque confusion. The authorities and chief mercantile persons in the island were Protestants; but there was also a large body of Roman Catholics: the rest were votaries of Mahomet, Confucius, Brahma, and Bhûd. The temperature, never so high or so low as in India, is equable and oppressive. But that which produces a languor indescribable in man, produces a vigour and luxuriance almost inconceivable in vegetation. All Nature's strange sights are to be met with in different parts of the island: trees of gigantic growth; creepers of wondrous beauty; ferns of most curious and grotesque device; the monkey-plant, with its cup and cover opening to receive a supply of water, and shutting when supplied; the stick-insect lying on the path to be picked up and broken in an idle moment like a withered twig, but for six legs, thin as a hair, undoubling and projecting at the moment of danger, and hurrying it off; the trumpeter, hidden in the grass and sending forth its notes as from the lips of an English child; humming-birds, darting like flashes of green and gold, or half burying themselves within the petals of a flower; the snake gliding from beneath the feet of the startled traveller:—all these are common sights and sounds in that strange island. Pepper, cloves, indigo, coffee, all flourish; but the nutmeg was, at the time of the Bishop's visit, the most choice and valuable product. Each tree stood separate in its own plantation, a model of vigour and beauty, laden with fruit, and yielding to its owner after seven years' care and patience, a rich and unceasing return. The process is always going on; for the fruit is always ripening, and the owner always gathering: whilst changing seasons and varying prices, added the excitement of speculation to the reality of profit.

All these things produced the effect of enchantment. A few days since the Bishop had been immersed in all the anxieties and cares of office, and now he was free to expatiate in all these wonders of nature.

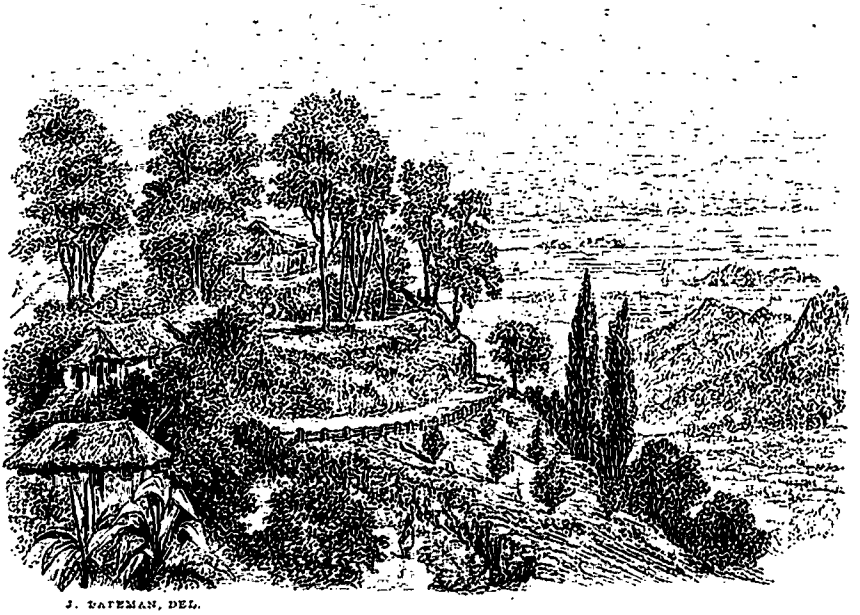
But the real business of the visitation soon began: and all that could be done, he did. The chaplain was first visited in his parsonage, and the Bishop looked grave when he found

attached to it a flourishing nutmeg plantation. Words of caution only were spoken now: but the pursuit was afterwards forbidden. The church was close at hand, and was looked at with much interest. A portico, spire, and Grecian building spoke for Christianity in this heathen land; and steps were at once taken to check the dilapidations which began everywhere to be manifest. In the interior were three noble monuments. One was a marble group by Flaxman, the size of life, and represented Britannia directing the attention of a most exquisite Hindoo child to the medallion of Lord Cornwallis; whilst India, figured by a Hindoo mother, sat apart weeping under the palm-tree.

Another group, by Behnes, represented a Malay with folded hands and one knee slightly bent, reading an inscription commemorative of Colonel Malacaster. The countenance of the Malay, his creeze, his slight drapery, his attitude—all were perfect.

The third was by Westmacott, and represented in a compartment above the inscription slab, a group of children, bearing the emblems of Justice and the weapons of war. It commemorated a former Governor named Bannerman.

The school was next visited, and presented a striking illustration of the confusion of tongues. Representatives of almost all the different nations inhabiting the island were present. The building was large and handsome, and capable of boarding fifty children and instructing five hundred. About seventy were present at the examination. In one class the names of the boys, as taken down upon the spot, were Affatt, Williams, Lloyd, Stewart, Sooquay, Affoo, Ayhang, Ethaljee Fooklong, Ram, Abdulrahman. Here, then, were assembled Malays, Welch, English, Scotch, Chinese, Siamese, Bengalees, Hindoos, and Mussulmen: and yet the master was an old soldier and could only speak English. The effect may be imagined. For some years, till the children picked up a little English, they learned nothing; and it was not easy to suggest a remedy. The mechanical part was better. Many of the children wrote well: for they found the advantage of it, by obtaining speedy employment as clerks. The Chinese were minute models of their race—with narrow eyes, twisted tails, and shrewd expression. They wrote upon a board



J. BATEMAN, DEL.

STRAWBERRY HILL, PENANG.

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thinly covered with fine sand. The copy finished and inspected —the monitor gently shook the board, the writing disappeared, and a fresh task began.

On the following day, a meeting of the subscribers was held, over which the Bishop presided. He offered valuable suggestions, and recommended the addition of a female school, and a Committee of Ladies.

To make the short visit more effectual, a meeting of the candidates for confirmation was called, to which all parents and friends were invited. This admitted of much friendly and religious converse, and strengthened the impression made by the Church services on Sunday.

An Episcopal review followed. The Colonel in command had no other way of showing respect, and no better way of varying the monotony of the station. In accordance with his invitation therefore, and attended by an aide-de-camp in black, the Bishop rode up and down the ranks; and then taking his place by the flag-staff, was saluted by the marching troops. All was kindly meant and kindly taken. A visit to the hospital, and an affectionate address to the sick men followed.

With two missionaries of the London Missionary Society, particularly with the Rev. Mr. Dyer, a learned and excellent man, the Bishop had much pleasant intercourse. Mr. Dyer was a good Chinese scholar, and was now diligently employed in carrying out an idea he had long entertained, that it was possible to cast metal moveable types for printing the Chinese characters, and to substitute them for the cut wooden blocks, heretofore in use: that is, he would change stereotyping into printing. The attempt promised good success; but ere long the whole establishment was removed from Penang to China.

One holiday the Bishop took, and it was devoted to an ascent of what is emphatically called "The Hill" of Penang. It rises abruptly from the plain, and the first footfall upon its base is steep. The ascent is by a zig-zag wooden road, through thick jungle and under lofty trees. All is shade and close suffocating heat, until the summit is reached. Then a puff of cool air refreshes the body, and an enchanting view over both sea and land delights the eye. Bungalows are scattered here and there upon elevated or romantic spots; and one erected by

the Government, and capable of accommodating several families, is let out at a monthly rental. Here the Bishop rested, and here he was entertained by many stories of the island, and many incidents illustrative of the character of the people. "If you see a man," said Sir Benjamin, "ploughing by the roadside, or rather scratching the ground by the assistance of a single buffalo, moving when the animal is pleased to move, and stopping when it stops, that man is a Malay. They are sensual and sluggish until roused by something to rage and fury. Then the creeze and murder surely follow. A man was brought before the court lately for trial. He was commonly a quiet inoffensive man, and had been steering a boat in which seven men were rowing, All day he had kept silence, with his countenance like a thundercloud. Suddenly he broke out into fury, started up, and rushed down the boat, stabbing right and left. The first three men fell dead at his feet, the others wounded and bleeding plunged into the sea and escaped. When secured and brought to trial, the murderer was calm and self-possessed. His defence was, that a 'dark cloud had passed over his eyes,' and that 'he neither knew nor saw what he did.' "

Another case was mentioned:—The wife of a Malay had been delivered of a child during his absence. The child was fairer than usual, and suspecting his wife's fidelity, he stabbed her and attempted to kill the child. When called upon for his defence, he said, "I was walking out, and felt something creeping up my leg and shoulder. A voice at length whispered in my ear, that I was disgraced, that the child was not mine, and that it was unworthy of a Malay to suffer it to live. I went home at once, and did as they have said."

The Malays have high notions of their dignity. "I am a Malay," is with them a word of pride.

A Malay had killed two Chinamen, and when he stood before the judge, his words were these: "They struck me on the mouth. I am a Malay. My creeze was by my side. What could I do?"

The Chinese were very different in character, though equally reckless of human life. Active, intelligent, industrious, good husbandmen and craftsmen, they leave their families at home,

and visit these and other colonies in quest of fortune; returning when their object is accomplished. They are bound in a species of freemasonry, which attracts those that are within, and repels those that are without. Various fearful ceremonies accompany the initiation into these communities. One was divulged in court: "In the darkness of the night, the heads of the fraternity into which I was to be introduced stood round a table. With a sharp dagger blood was drawn from each man's arm and from my own, and mingled with arrack. All drank of it in turns, saying, 'My blood is your blood, and your blood is my blood.'" Woe to the man who breaks the bond, or divulges what he is sworn to conceal! A man not long ago divulged some plot to the Government, and the next night he was found murdered, with his heart torn out.

All these stories, and many more, illustrative of character, the Bishop listened to on the summit of that hill, until the lengthening shadows and the chill wind drove him once more down to the plain. The evening was devoted to the examination of the opium houses, the demoralising effects of which are now too well known to require comment.

On the following day the confirmation was held in the manner already described, and forty-eight young persons were admitted to the fellowship of the Church.

On the Sunday after, the Bishop preached his farewell sermon and administered the Lord's Supper. He took leave of the congregation, and thanked them for their courteous reception and ready compliance with his wishes. He recommended (1) personal piety; (2) education; (3) churchmanship; (4) Sunday observance; (5) cultivation of pastoral intercourse; (6) horror of idolatry and pity for idolators; (7) example to the heathen world; (8) peace.

On Wednesday the steamer arrived from Calcutta; and on Thursday the Bishop bade farewell to his kind hosts and embarked, recording his reflections on what had passed as follows:—

'We arrived on Friday, September 19th, after a passage of twelve days from the Sand-heads. I have been diligently at

work examining the state of religion, schools, and benevolent designs. I have preached three times, held a confirmation with two addresses, spent a day in examining the Free School, presided at a public meeting for adding a girls' school, and attempted to arrange for a district visiting society. I have conversed with all the persons I could on the state of things. Never did I feel more the usefulness of the Episcopal order of things in our Church than in this place, where there is only one clergyman, nearly 40,000 Heathen, 1500 Roman Catholics, and 250 Protestants. All wanted examination, impulse, animation, GRACE. Oh! that I were more capable of filling up the outline which our Church contemplates, and infusing the spirit of the Bible into its members. The light of Christ alone can illuminate the darkness.'

The steamer was now pressing on to Singapore, and fifty hours sufficed for a run of four hundred miles. Land was never out of sight; and the power of self-command enabled the vessel to thread its way amongst the innumerable islands, some desolate, and some clothed in verdure, which stud the Straits. It was a fairy scene, heightened in beauty, when, on approaching Singapore, the native boats, hung round with rich ripe fruits, and filled with parrots, lowries, and love-birds, some caged, some free, gave life, interest, and colour to the fore-ground of the picture.

Singapore is a free port, and merchants of all nations have their representatives and agents located there. Great changes may have taken place since the Bishop's first visit, and it is to be hoped that great improvements have been made. It was not then famed either for morality or honesty. Whole ranges of houses, communicating by private passages, were given up to gambling; and to buy a thing was not always to get what was wanted.

No church had ever existed; and the attempt to build one, in times past, had given rise to sad dissensions, and caused wounds still open and rankling. Rent was paid by Government for the partial use of a chapel belonging to the London Missionary Society; but this was ill adapted for the purpose, even when there was a chaplain to officiate. A Madras

chaplain was at this time in residence, but the arrangement was temporary, and included the adjacent settlement of Malacca also. To erect a church, and to provide a permanent chaplain, were therefore matters of the first importance; and prompt action was necessary, for the Bishop's stay was limited to a few days. He landed on Saturday night, and was entertained by Mr. Wingrove, a member of the Council. Immediate notice was sent round the station of divine service and the Holy Communion for the following day, and of a public meeting for the Monday morning. The congregation was large, but the communion small. The Bishop's text was, "Ye have not so learned Christ;" and he was earnestly requested to print the sermon, but declined.

On Monday morning all the influential people in the settlement came together to consider of the erection of the church; and the Bishop having been requested to preside, submitted to them a plan which he had well considered. His presence hushed some doubtful questions; and after full consideration it was agreed that a church should be erected, that a public subscription should be opened, that grants should be applied for from the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Church Building Fund for India, and that the Government should be requested to redeem their present payment of twenty dollars per mensem, for a fixed sum in aid of the building: If from these sources the amount fell short of the ten thousand dollars required, money was to be borrowed on the security of the pew-rents. All this was agreed to, and above three thousand dollars subscribed in the room. This was afterwards increased to four thousand dollars: a Committee was appointed, a site selected, an architect found, a plan approved, and the proper applications made. Everything was thus in good train, and the Bishop was well pleased.

He then proceeded to examine the school. It differed from the one previously examined at Penang, in that four different rooms were assigned to four different languages—English, Tamul, Chinese, and Malay. In three of these rooms, the masters being natives, no sort of religious instruction was introduced; and in the fourth it was very poor and unsatisfactory.

As at Penang, the young people desiring confirmation were previously assembled: and since a large proportion of the people were Presbyterians, the question was raised as to the adaptation of the Church service to their case. They wished to be confirmed, but doubted about the allusion to godfathers and godmothers. The Bishop decided that in all such cases, the natural parents stood to their children in God's stead; and that this being previously understood and allowed on both sides, the young people might answer conscientiously, and he would confirm willingly.

He then addressed them earnestly upon the point of dedication to God, and on the appointed day administered the rite.

An American Missionary applied to him for advice on several points, and amongst others, as to his dealings with the Roman Catholics. He himself was engaged in distributing Bibles, and the priest had threatened to burn every copy he could lay his hands on. The advice given was, that every copy should be tendered as a loan. If then, any third person seized or destroyed it, he would be liable to punishment.

The churchyard having then been consecrated, and the Church Committee once more assembled and addressed, the first episcopal visit ever paid to the settlement concluded.

"Blessed be Thy name, O Lord," such are the Bishop's notes whilst receding from it, "for having carried me through two branches of my visitation—Penang and Singapore. May I approach the third with humble trust in Thy Holy name, and the seven-fold influences of Thy Holy Spirit."

When the steamer left Calcutta, it brought Dr. Mill, the Principal of Bishop's College, in search of health, with his amiable and excellent lady: and they had since formed part of the Bishop's company, and now proceeded with him to Malacca.

The night of October 10th was closing in ere the anchor was dropped some miles from shore. A single boat approached, sent by the Resident—not to mention the arrangements made for the Bishop, but to ask when he would land, where he would go, and what he would do. All this indecision

involved delay; and when hour after hour had passed away, it was determined to wait no longer, but to land. The ship's boat accordingly was lowered, and after some search the mouth of the river which runs up the town was entered, and the landing-place reached. Sleep brooded over Malacca, and all was silence as the party stepped ashore. There was no one to receive, to welcome, to guide, or to entertain. The old white Stadt-house was near at hand. The door yielded to a push, five Sepoys sleeping on the threshold were roused, a bar was removed, the broad stone staircase ascended, a lock turned, and then all stood in a large upper room unfurnished and unwholesome. To open all the windows and trim the ship's lanterns were the first steps taken: and then each gazed upon his neighbour, and burst into a laugh. "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step," said the Bishop, as he sat down upon an empty box.

Ere long the Resident came hurrying in with manifold suggestions and offers of service. But some arrangements having been made for the night, the Bishop declined all, and retired to rest.

The morning light set all things right: and by six o'clock he was climbing up the hill to gaze upon the lovely prospect, and examine the ruins of a fine old church which crowns the summit. It was either built by St. Francis Xavier, who visited Malacca about the year 1545, or dedicated to him by the Portuguese after his death in 1552. Many tombs remain, and many inscriptions are legible, bearing the dates of 1656, 1698, and 1712: one commemorates Peter, a Jesuit, the second Bishop of Japan. Subterranean paths run in various directions, and traditionary stories still linger; one states that on occasion of the signature of St. Francis being required to give validity to an important deed, a hand came from the chapel where he lies buried at Goa, and signed his name.

A programme of all things to be done at the Visitation having been at once issued, the Bishop went round to see what was worthy of note in this ancient and curious settlement. He called on Mrs. Gutzlaff, the wife of the famous Chinese scholar and traveller: and smiled to hear of his recent escape from sudden peril. He had been passing in the interior for a

native Chinaman—and neither speech nor dress betrayed him. But one day he fell into the water, and a woman seizing his long tail to rescue him from drowning, felt it come off in her hand. The cheat was perceived, and he was obliged to escape for his life.

The Anglo-Chinese College was also visited, and all the process of instruction and printing minutely examined.

A candidate for Holy Orders appeared in the shape of a Missionary of the London Society, who from conscientious conviction had joined the Church. His application however could not be received till he had freed himself from all present engagements, and obtained the consent and "God-speed" of his Society.

A large Chinese joss-house was inspected. It was full of images standing in small niches; lights were burning before them; the house was filled with incense; whilst huge diabolical figures sat on the floor and by the door. The Bishop was horrified: "We are in one of the devil's houses," he whispered, whilst hurrying out, "and there he sits!"

The business of the Visitation followed, as previously arranged. Divine service was performed in the old Dutch Church, which had been offered to the Bishop by the trustees, if he would consecrate it for the service of the Church of England, and obtain the appointment of a chaplain. It was to consider this proposal, that a public meeting, as at other places, had been called. About thirty English residents were present; and their offer being repeated, the Bishop thanked them and accepted it. He promised to do his best to obtain a resident chaplain; but till he succeeded, he would delay the actual consecration of the building, since it would be selfish in him to perform an act which would preclude all services but those of the Church of England. He would take charge of the building, and appoint his candidate for Orders to conduct service on the Sundays; and ere long, this temporary arrangement might become permanent. The residents were pleased with the proposal—the best possible under the circumstances—and they engaged to make such alterations in the

interior fittings of the building as were desirable and practicable.

A congregation of seventy assembled on the Sunday for divine service—twenty-nine were confirmed—thirty-one communicated: all was affection and solemnity: and at the close of the day the Bishop bade them farewell, being ready to depart on the morrow.

'God grant,' he says, writing home, 'that the spices and fragrance of grace and holiness may equal the exquisite odours of this place. But one feels horrified to think that we are in the midst of pirates, murderers, and opium eaters—men of fierce and barbarous usages beyond conception! Oh, what would not Christianity do for these poor creatures! It is a comfort to think that the rule of England is merciful and beneficial, compared with that of the Malays, Mahometans, Portuguese, or even the Dutch, imperfect as even our government is. May the spirit of real piety and zeal fill our rulers more and more. I am sure the Bishop has enough to do, as well as the clergy, in beginning everything aright.'

The steamer now steered for Moulmein, calling and stopping a few days at Penang to obtain tidings of the invalid; and in due course the Bishop found himself kindly received and hospitably entertained in the house of Mr. Blundell, then acting for the Chief Commissioner. He was now on the confines of Burmah. Moulmein was part of the territory ceded to us in the last war, and was scarcely cleared from jungle. All was new and strange. The white loose dress of India was changed for an interior tunic of some gay colour or stripe, with graceful external drapery, whilst a smart handkerchief superseded the turban. Priests, with flowing yellow dresses and shaven heads, were very numerous. The temples were full of idols in the sitting or reclining attitude peculiar to Bhûddism, and of gigantic size. In one pagoda, rising high above the town, there were three hundred figures, some of them forty feet long.

The cantonments were large, and occupied by English troops:

The 62nd regiment had just arrived, and many distinguished Peninsular and Indian officers were present.

The business of the Visitation was arranged with Mr. Hamilton, the chaplain, and then promptly carried out.

The regimental hospitals and schools were first visited. Alas! fever extensively prevailed: there were more men sick than well: and all the children had died but twelve. The Government school was next examined, and the confusion of tongues, before referred to, was observable. But the master was a shrewd American, and he had called pictures to his aid: so that when a young child had learned that c—a—t spelt "cat," he was not left for weeks or months in doubt what the word meant:—the picture of a cat was shown him, and the lesson was complete. As each class was called for, the master after his fashion, expressed surprise. He stood upon the principle of equality, and thought the Bishop ought to go to the class, and not the class to the Bishop. He had been one of the band associated with Dr. Judson, who was labouring here amongst the Karens with great success. The Bishop sent the doctor a kind message, expressing deep interest in the work, and inviting intercourse; but from some unknown cause, or misapprehension, it met with no response. Afterwards, however, they became great friends.

The church was then examined and admired as a proof of what great things may be done by well timed energy and skill. In March 1833, Mr. Maingy, the commissioner, had called on the Bishop in Calcutta, and detailed the state of the settlement—the buildings that were rising, and the expenditure going on. He was earnestly requested to ask, amongst other items, for a grant in aid of a building for divine service. He complied with the request; put down in the estimate for government, the sum of five thousand rupees; and the amount, trifling as compared with other charges, was sanctioned without a word. That five thousand rupees (500*l.*), well managed, had built a handsome gothic church ninety feet by fifty, with a small gallery at the end. The walls were of thick teak slabs; each pillar was a teak tree handsomely wrought and fluted; the roof was thatch; verandahs ran all round; the foundations of a tower were laid;

communion rails, pulpit, desk, vestry, were complete: the floor was left unpewed—each worshipper providing his own chair. All was now ready for consecration, and the ceremony was performed on October 25th, 1834: the deeds connected with it being deposited in an iron chest. The church was called St. Matthew. On the following day, being Sunday, the Bishop preached, and the whole settlement assembled. Three clergy were assisting. The officers and troops were present. The missionary chapels were all closed. An immense crowd listened to the words, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. x. 4). It was like unfurling the standard of the Cross in a heathen land. The service concluded with the administration of the Holy Communion.

On Monday the confirmation followed, and the usual addresses were delivered.

Social and kindly intercourse filled up all the intervals between these public services. The Bishop was entertained at the Mess, and by all the authorities in turn: and singular indeed he found it to enter drawing-rooms adorned with richly-bound Albums and Court Guides, and to sit down at tables furnished with all the elegancies and luxuries of civilised life, whilst huge rats ran along the floors, motionless lizards clung to the rafters, and the walls of the rooms consisted of unhewn slabs. Such was the settlement when visited in its early days.

On Tuesday morning, October 28th, a large sailing boat was placed at the Bishop's disposal, and carried him down the river to the steamer anchored at its mouth.

'I have been finishing,' he says, 'the last Sunday of my second year's residence in India by preaching my hundred and fifty-second sermon, before five or six hundred persons of all ranks, in the newly consecrated church of Moulmein. It is a beautiful structure, just such as Augustine built in England at the conversion of the larger cities towards the end of the sixth century. We have been proclaiming the Gospel in the Burman Empire, with China on one side and India on the other: Bhûd, and his monstrous fables, deceiving four

hundred millions on our right; and Brahma, with his metaphysical atheism chaining down one hundred millions on our left; whilst the base impostor Mahomet rages against the deity and sacrifice of the blessed Saviour in the midst of both, with ten or twenty millions of followers. But our DIVINE LORD shall ere long reign: and Bhûddist, and Brahminist, and Mahometan—yea, the infidel, and papist, and nominal Christian throughout Asia, shall unite in adoring his cross.'

These words were written whilst the *Enterprise* was crossing the Bay of Bengal, with her head towards Ceylon. On November 5th the land was seen; and on the 7th, the light-house of Colombo served to guide the vessel slowly to her anchorage.

The sun rose majestically behind Adam's Peak, which though many miles distant, overshadowed the town. From it spurs ran out in all directions. The shore was fringed with cocoa-nut trees. The rich foliage was varied by patches of cultivation. The sweet smell of cinnamon groves perfumed the air. Nothing could surpass the beauty of Ceylon when first unveiled. The Bishop was impatient to land, and grudged official persons their morning sleep. He paced the deck till signs of life appeared. Groups at length gathered on the shore, a carriage was seen to drive up, a boat put off, a salute was fired, and, as he stepped on shore, he was received by a guard of honour, and the cheerful notes of the national anthem. The Governor, Sir Wilmot Horton, was ill; but his lady bade the Bishop welcome: and after calling at Government House, and breakfasting with the Archdeacon, he drove to the house which had been engaged for him.

Heretofore it had been the custom to provide the Bishop with a house, to bear his expenses, and to place a certain sum at his disposal for the Visitation. But economy was now the order of the day. A certain sum (300*l.*) was still allowed: but expenses were to be borne, and a house provided at his own proper charge.

Many urgent matters pressed for settlement, some previously foreseen, some unexpected, but all fraught with embarrassment

and difficulty. These may be enumerated and explained so far as to give the reader some idea of the Bishop's labour, care, and thought during the time allotted to the visitation of this part of the island.

First, there were misunderstandings between the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities: misunderstandings made chronic by lapse of time, bitter by personalities, and complicated by interference. The reference to the Bishop caused him infinite trouble and anxiety. His first wish was to bring about a reconciliation by mutual explanations, concessions, and apology. In this he failed: and in the end was compelled to pass judgment on the case. That this judgment should prove satisfactory to both parties, was impossible: but though it did not heal the wound, it stopped the inflammatory action; and time did the rest.

There was disunion also amongst the clergy. An official complaint in time past had been sent in to the Bishop, against a clergyman, very worthy, but rather sensitive. An opinion upon the case, as thus sent in, had been pronounced. The clergyman fretted under it; and asserted that the complaint against him had not been fairly put, in the first instance. His assertion became known to the congregation amongst whom he ministered, and they rose as one man on his behalf, and memorialised the Bishop. Here was complication of all kinds, which nothing could remove so well as personal intercourse. The consideration of it, therefore, was reserved for the Visitation, and the result was very happy: for when the Bishop's last service in the island was finished, and he was resting in the vestry for a little while, both parties voluntarily came forward, and, without a word, shook hands before him: whilst he silently bent his head in token of approbation, and gave God thanks.

A third matter was of a more personal character, but not less irritating. A young man, highly connected in the colony, and provided with an appointment of some value, sought Priest's Orders to enable him to hold it. A charge, however, hung over him of having written anonymous letters in a newspaper, both personal and libellous. The charge, and the denial were alike unqualified: and the proof was manifestly difficult. The whole was a matter of public discussion and

notoriety; and the Bishop's decision on the young man's application was looked to on both sides with great anxiety. He waited: and whilst waiting, events occurred which tested the young man's spirit, temper, and prudence. He was found wanting: and the Bishop founded his decision—not on what was past, and was, perhaps, incapable of absolute proof, but on what his own eyes had seen, and his own ears heard. Ordination was postponed.

The next question arose from the improper action of the Government. They had assumed authority to issue marriage licences indiscriminately to all applicants, without any reference whatever to ecclesiastical usages. The necessity of the case was the plea and the excuse. But however valid this might be deemed before the establishment of the Bishopric, it was not valid now. Whatever doubt remained on other points, there was no doubt of the dispensing power inherent in all bishops: and the power to dispense with banns involved the power to grant licences. It was, therefore, arranged by mutual consent that all marriage licences henceforth should issue from the Archdeacon's Court in the Bishop's name, whilst the proceeds of a stamp affixed to each would go to increase the revenue and convey the Governor's sanction. Thus the issue of the licence would be legitimate, the authority of the Government would be recognised, and the revenue remain uninjured. A few words thus suffice to narrate, what required many long discussions and letters to arrange.

Widely diverging from this, arose another matter of controversy. There were two different versions of the Bible into Cingalese, and each had many warm and earnest advocates, who desired the mediation and award of the Bishop. Not being conversant with the language, he could only receive evidence on either side. No nation in the world seems to have separated the high and the low, the rich and the poor, by broader lines of demarcation than the Cingalese. The separation extends even to the language. There is one phraseology for the rich, and another for the poor—one for the high, and another for the low—one full of fulsome compliments, the other full of rude familiarity. The question had no reference to caste, or any religious distinctions, but appertained to social

life and intercourse. Men of rank addressed each other in one set of phrases: common persons in another. Into which should the Bible be translated? To speak of our blessed Lord, as "His high Excellency" in almost every verse of the Gospels, would seem to militate against the simplicity of the original: but to drop the phrase altogether would, to the Cingalese ear, be significant of vulgar familiarity, or even contempt. The complimentary translation had hitherto been used, but now a new one had emanated from the Church Missionary Seminary at Cotta, and urged its claims. The difficulty of the question will be at once discovered. If the complimentary phraseology was to be tolerated when addressed to Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, or "The Lord:" could it be tolerated when addressed to Cain, Ahitophel, Demas, and Judas Iscariot? On the other hand, was it possible to speak of high and holy Scripture characters in terms which a well-bred Cingalese would shrink from using to a friend? Neither was there any middle course, or the translator would make himself "a ruler and a judge," to decide who was evil, and who was good—what character was high enough for the language of compliment, what low enough for the language of contempt. This was called the Oba-Wahansey controversy: and thus it came before the Bishop. He knew that he had no authority to decide: neither did he wish to do so: but both parties having applied to him, he recommended that the two versions should be made equally accessible, and that *time* should be the final arbiter. It was of course a Native, and not an English question; and experience would show the leaning of the native mind, and gradually bring about any change that was really desirable in the native churches. Thus the controversy for the time was stilled.

Another question demanded decision, and admitted not of compromise, or even delay. During the time that the Dutch had held the island, the profession of heathenism was made a civil disqualification. No unbaptised person could be legally married, or buried, or hold office, or inherit property. The necessary consequence was that multitudes indiscriminately flocked to the font: and facilities were required for thus filling the island with baptised heathens. In order to this,

certain men, some Dutch, some native, were appointed to reside at different stations, and perform the ceremony (for it was no more) for all applicants. These men were selected by the Government, paid stipends varying from 60*l.* to 100*l.* per annum, and called "Proponents."

When the island was transferred to England, this system, strange to say, was transferred with it: and though the civil disqualification was removed, yet the Proponents and their system remained: so that when the Bishop arrived there were still nine such men in the pay of Government, performing their unauthorised religious services. What was to be done? The Government was not willing to do away with a system which it had found existing, and had engaged to maintain: but it was ready to listen to any proposal the Bishop might make to remove the scandal. Why not then give regularity to that which was confessedly irregular? The salary was there—and the men were there:—why not bestow upon them Deacon's orders, and thus send them forth to teach and to baptise? This seemed the obvious course to be pursued: but there was found to be one insurmountable obstacle to its general application—*the men were unfit.* A careful examination proved that two only possessed the necessary qualifications. On this, then, the decision turned. These two were to be admitted as candidates for Holy Orders, and their admission was to be held up as an incentive and encouragement to the others. None were injured. In any case, the Proponents would hold their offices for life, even though found finally disqualified for Holy Orders: and after death, their places would be supplied by a different order and class of men. Thus the matter was arranged for the time.

It may easily be imagined that the consideration of these anxious matters filled up every interval of time left by the performance of the Bishop's public duties. Those public duties were announced for general information in a "Supplement to the Government Gazette," and were at once entered on. Two days, from November 7th to November 9th, were assigned for the reception of visitors, and on Sunday morning a sermon was preached in the Fort Church to an overflowing congregation from the words, "Unto me, who am less than the

least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach amongst the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." (Ep. iii. 8.) This was followed on Tuesday by the confirmation of one hundred and eight young persons; the words and the final blessing being repeated in four different languages—English, Cingalese, Portuguese, and Tamul.

On Thursday the Visitation was held, and the clergy entertained at the Bishop's house. The charge was the same as that delivered in Calcutta, with adaptations to Ceylon.

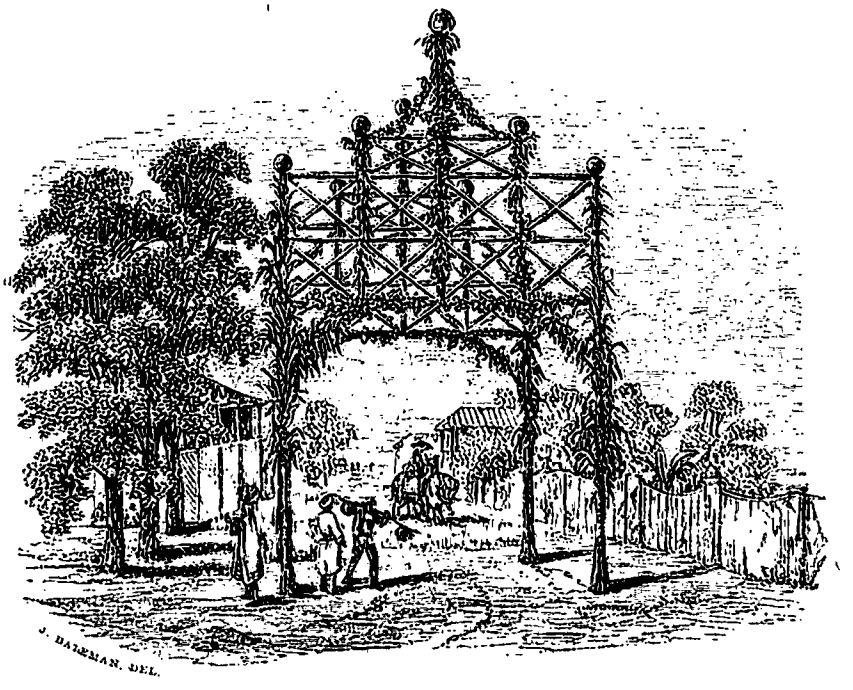
These duties were varied by a visit to the Church Missionary Institution at Cotta, presided over by the Rev. Mr. Lambrick, the senior missionary, whose venerable appearance, long experience, sound learning, and deep piety, admirably qualified him to conduct what might be called a "school of the prophets." The buildings were situated on the banks of an extensive lake, and included a college, a chapel, a printing-press, and missionaries' houses. A whole district, and a wide circle of schools were also attached to the Mission. The Bishop himself describes the effect produced upon his mind by the visit:—

'I must tell you of the exquisite drive we have had through the cinnamon gardens for five miles. Nothing since the garden of Eden, was so beautiful: a vast field of green fragrant bush, with every fibre and branch bursting with cinnamon. But even this extraordinary scene yields to the moral fragrance of this dear missionary station of Cotta, now numbering twelve out-stations, four clergymen, twenty-one native teachers, six hundred average attendants on public worship, twenty-one communicants, nineteen seminarists, sixteen schools, and four hundred and thirty scholars. Our honoured Mr. Lambrick, after eighteen years of steady and holy labour, presides over the whole! Will you believe that I have been examining native youth in the English Scriptures, geography, history, astronomy, mathematics, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew?'

They stood before the Bishop, as he describes, fine young men, clad in white dresses, and with the hair gathered by a high comb at the back of the head in a manner peculiar to both men and women in Ceylon. Their countenances were intelligent, and their answers very satisfactory. When their

examination was ended, they gave place to four hundred younger children gathered in from all the schools, who were addressed in a body. The candidates for confirmation were then separated for a preparatory exhortation, but it being suggested that the administration of the service on the spot would prevent the necessity of a long walk to Colombo, the Bishop at once assented, and in the evening at divine service, fifty-five young natives were confirmed with a great and solemn effect.

The day of Ordination having been fixed, a start was now made for Kandy, the ancient capital of the island, about seventy-two miles distant. The journey was performed in a vehicle called the "Kandy Mail," upon a road which was a triumph of engineering skill, and through the most varied and lovely scenery. What was then temporary and picturesque, may since have become permanent and common-place. A line of boats then spanned the Mahagunza; a rope suspension bridge swung across the valley; every river had its ford; every mountain peak its peculiar shape and name. The ebony tree, and satin-wood, mingled with the palm in its countless varieties, and with the taliput, distinguished by its immense leaf and plume-like flower. All this was seen with the flickering of light and shade caused by cloud, sunshine, and rain, as the mail wound its way slowly for many miles along the mountain sides, and gradually rose to the summit of the Pass, where a tall column commemorates the Governor who directed, and the engineer who accomplished the work. This was in the days of forced labour, when if Government contemplated any important undertaking, the Adigar, or head man of the district, received the order; through him it passed to others equally responsible for its performance; and by them labourers were collected and set to work. The same system ran through all the details of common life. All labour was compulsory, though not unremunerated. If a person in authority wanted bearers for his palanquin, an official was sent out, and the first men met were pressed into the service. Thus also the triumphal arches, so peculiar to Ceylon, rose like magic, on all occasions of joy or ceremony. By the new charter, however, granted to the island, all this forced labour was abolished.



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The temporary inconvenience was much felt, and this, with similar changes, caused great dissatisfaction to all who deemed their rightful privileges destroyed. Hence arose loud and constant complaints, ripening frequently into conspiracy and insurrection.

When the Bishop arrived at Kandy, he took up his quarters at "The King's House," erected by Sir Edward Barnes. Sir John Wilson the commander-in-chief, Mr. Turnour the resident commissioner, and others, gladly received him, and honoured him with many honours. He was poorly and in pain all the time he stayed; but still, in a carriage, was able to move about, accomplish his great objects, and enjoy the magnificent lake and mountain scenery. Dr. Mill still accompanied the party, and his knowledge of Sanscrit served him well. The delight of the native priests on hearing him converse in it was indescribable. Many ancient temples were visited. On the outside of one stood a huge upright mass of stone, which being scarped and smoothed on one side, served as a matrix, or ground, for an inscription in raised letters. It was thus, at once, "the pillar and ground" of the truth it professed to promulgate, and afforded a striking illustration of the expression used by St. Paul, when writing to Timothy, about the Church of the living God (1 Tim. iii. 15).

The palace of the former kings of Kandy still remained. The woodwork was curiously carved with hideous griffins, and a species of bird like a cock, the exclusive sign and seal of Ceylon royalty. Adjoining it was the temple, where the relic, called the tooth of Bhûd, is preserved. Great preparations were made to give all ceremony to the Bishop's visit, and to do him honour. The relic itself is rarely exposed. It is hidden in six cases, one within the other, of precious metals. The exterior case is in the shape of a bell, and stands upon a table in a small dark room, covered with gold chains and strings of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. All these have been offerings in time past, and are now valued at 30,000*l.* by admiring natives; but at much less by sober-minded Europeans. Those who have seen the tooth declare that it is but a small tusk, of two or three inches long, and no human tooth at all. Tradition attaches to its possessor the

government of the island: and hence the care taken to preserve what has been obtained. The first object of every conspiracy has been the seizure of the relic as a pledge of success.

When the present visit was paid, long rows of elephants were drawn up, forming a gigantic and living avenue, martial music was sounded, crowds of natives assembled, priests swarmed; but no indications of respect were required, no shoe was taken off, no hat removed: it was simply a visit as to a curiosity, and was thus regarded on one side, and understood on the other.

It was followed by a visit of ceremony from a body of "Adigars," or men of high rank and ancient lineage, the princes of the island; and of Bhûddist priests. The priests arrived first, silently and unobserved. Fifty of them stood grouped in the verandah, with yellow robes and shaven heads, waiting the approach of the Adigars. Then they joined in the procession, and entered the room, clustering together on one side. The Bishop, previously instructed, held out both hands to the two men of highest rank, merely bowing to the rest. They shook each hand in both their own: bowed, and assumed the place befitting their rank. Their dresses were most strange, and almost grotesque—the girdle being swelled by fold on fold to an enormous size. Runners preceded them, cracking a whip, which had a very short handle and a thong of many feet in length, made of a species of flax, and producing a sound like the report of a pistol. Javelin men, and retainers of all sorts followed them in a confused crowd. Whilst, as a mark of distinction and a partial screen from sun or rain, taliput leaves in the shape of fans, six feet long, were held aloft by their attendants.

The Bishop at once addressed them. He expressed his pleasure at seeing them, and hoped that their intercourse with Europeans would prove advantageous in many important ways. He praised their country, and hoped that one day its moral beauties would surpass the natural. They replied in courteous phrase: and with a most polished mode of address. His lordship was not the first bishop they had seen, and they felt the interview both an honour and a pleasure.

The priests were next saluted. But of the bow made to them, they took no notice. They never bend the head to mortal

man. They stood with fans half hiding their faces, and with their hands, for the most part, on their mouths.

'The great point for all,' said the Bishop, addressing them, 'is the discovery of truth. Nothing can stand, but what is based on truth. The perusal of our literature, and converse with our people, will aid you, I trust, in its discovery, and when discovered, in its reception.'

'Bhûd has said,' was the reply, 'that there are ninety-five religions upon earth. None of them could hope to succeed unless from a conviction that it was based on truth. We rejoice at being allowed to pay our respects. It is an honour in itself, and the desire you have expressed for the interview is an addition to it. Discussion and conversation with a man of liberal mind is like a refreshing shower on parched ground.'

'Like as there is one sun in the heavens,' said the Bishop, 'so there is one, and but one Truth, to enlighten mankind.'

They heard and understood, but with much tact avoided the discussion to which an answer would have led. The chief priest, turning to Mr. Turnour, the Resident, who was an admirable Pâli scholar, and acted as interpreter, said that they would gladly, as a mark of respect, have chaunted one of their sacred hymns as was customary, but understanding that it would not be acceptable, he hoped there would be no harm in wishing the Bishop the protection and favour of the God he worshipped.

The formal interview then ended, and the Bishop retired, and with him the Adigars. But the priests remained, and the conversation was continued. They had complaints to make. They spoke of intruders into their fold. They had, they said, no objection to discussion—none. On the contrary, they invited it. But they could not tolerate missionaries telling the common people, that in worshipping Bhûd they worshipped the devil. It hurt their feelings. On enquiry it was found that it was not of Mr. Browning, the Church missionary at Kandy (who was present), that they complained, but of some Wesleyans, and of some tracts circulated by them calculated rather to

irritate than to convince. They said they had read some of the Bible, and admired it. They would read more: they would read it through, and thus be prepared for discussion. Discussion was like the irrigation of the land—it brought forth fruit. But a knowledge of Cingalese alone would not do. Pâli was the only perfect language. The profundity of Bhûddism could be fathomed by nothing else.

They then withdrew, and the conversation ended.

The main object of the Visitation, meanwhile, had not been forgotten. There was no church at Kandy, and when the Bishop preached on his first arrival, the magistrate was obliged to vacate his seat and break up the court, in order to make room for the congregation. On Sunday the weather was very stormy, and the congregation small. A confirmation was held; and the mission examined with much interest. The missionary was a chastened humble, pious man, cheered in his work by a help-meet for him. The schools were admirable, but the converts, as yet, but few.

The Bishop used every effort to rouse a spirit of church building. He offered to give at once the 300*l.* assigned to him by Government. But the society was almost exclusively military, and consequently moveable: and the response was not encouraging. Having done what he could, he returned to Colombo on Tuesday, November 18th, and then the examination of candidates for Holy Orders commenced, and was quietly continued day by day, whilst the several matters of discussion already referred to were being brought to a conclusion. It was finally held in the Fort Church on the 21st, and amongst the ordained were Mr. Dias and Mr. Ondatzye, the two Proponents. The Rev. Mr. Bailey, senior chaplain, preached, and a large company joined in the Holy Communion.

This was the last sacred act at Colombo, and the Bishop at once embarked and proceeded to Point de Galle. At the house of the Rev. Mr. Wenham, the chaplain, he found one quiet day, which he greatly needed. On the following morning he preached a noble sermon in the old Dutch Church, which was, like all the old churches in Ceylon, roomy and convenient, but with no architectural pretensions. A second service was equally well attended, and the day closed with pleasant converse and

sacred music. Then followed a confirmation, a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, an examination of the Government schools, and a visit to a kind of industrial institution for the natives, carried on by Mrs. Gibson.

An expedition to the Church Missionary Station of Baddegame occupied the next day, and shall be described by the Bishop himself:—

'As we landed from our boat, which had been dragged by twenty-five Coolies against the current, we were received on the shore by the missionaries and the Archdeacon (who had gone on the preceding day) under a triumphal arch of cocoa-nut trees beautifully adorned with the leaves and bark in the native manner. After reposing a little at the first abode, we pushed on to the second Missionaries' house, and there beheld on an adjacent height a noble primitive Christian church, with its comely tower, and a verandah thrown around it, built by the piety of the missionaries, and consecrated by Bishop Heber, in 1825. I had intended to have had divine service, and had appointed Mr. Wenham to preach, and meant afterwards to have repeated my Charge to the four or five clergy who had not heard it. But, lo! I found the whole church filled from end to end with five hundred dear native children, waiting for the Bishop, with their teachers, monitors, parents, friends. I never witnessed such a sight. I immediately changed my plan, desired one of the missionaries to begin the Litany in Cingalese, and then delivered an extempore address, or sermon, with the interpreter upon the pulpit steps rendering clause by clause. Such an affecting scene almost overcame me. The loud clear responses of the children to the suffrages of the Litany, which Mr. Faught read out admirably with the recitative cadence which the natives always use, was very striking; and when I ascended and looked round, and bade the interpreter turn to Luke 15th, and read the parable of "the lost sheep," I could scarcely proceed with my discourse. My first clause was, "These are the words of Jesus Christ;" my second, "Jesus Christ is the good Shepherd;" my third, "The lost sheep are sinners, all the sinners in Ceylon, all the Bhûddists, all you;" and so on. Thus I proceeded in half

sentences for half-an-hour. We afterwards visited the schools, and then at luncheon I addressed the missionaries, and encouraged them concerning their faith—especially urging holy temper, tenderness, patience, watchfulness, and extraordinary discretion in receiving candidates to Baptism.'

At five o'clock the following morning all were on board the steamer, bound for Matura and Trincomalee. The weather was too boisterous to admit of stopping at the former place, and all speed was made to take shelter in Trincomalee. It was but just accomplished, and the finest harbour in the world was but just entered, when a violent storm broke upon land and sea, and raged furiously for some days. Those days were spent in quiet. Within the harbour, which is six miles in circuit, and deep to the very edge, all was calm: and theBishop was lodged in the admiral's house, on one of the hills which stand round about the harbour, and make it a scene of surpassing beauty.

Part of a regiment, and a considerable population, were stationed here, but there was no chaplain. Everything, therefore, had to be done: notices given, candidates instructed, hospitals visited, schools examined, sermons preached, and confirmation administered. This left no idle moment; and when all was done, the Bishop would fain have left, and resumed his voyage to Madras. But this the storm forbade; and not the storm only, but the captain of the steamer also, who reported the boiler damaged for the third time.

This forced delay enabled the Bishop to wind up all the remaining business; and to distribute, through the medium of the Archdeacon, in various channels, the sum allotted to him by Government for his expenses: bearing those expenses cheerfully himself.

And thus the Visitation of Ceylon ended. It had occupied more than three weeks of incessant labour; and if the measure of spiritual blessings vouchsafed seemed less than in other places, it was because the "preparation of the heart" was wanting. The Holy Spirit loves not scenes of strife and contention, and here they abounded. Still it was something to have met the evil, and put things in "the way of peace"; and with this hope the Bishop thanked God and took courage.

J. BATEMAN, DEL

TRINCOMALEE. CEYLON.

He was still, however, a prisoner; and he fretted in the prison-house. No immediate duty occupied him in the station —the weather confined him to the house—the time fixed for his arrival at Madras was passed—his habits of punctuality were disturbed—and it was hard, whilst looking at the quiet sea within the harbour, to realise what was going on without. He eagerly availed himself, therefore, of a half consenting note from the Master Attendant, and fixed December 2nd for the day of his departure.

No sooner had the steamer put her head outside the harbour, than she was caught by the wind and current, driven far south, and forbidden all possible return. She was an old, worn-out vessel, her fabric shaken, her engines weak, her boilers patched, and with no strength left to bear up under what now pressed upon her. Night came on, the wind increased, the sea rose high, and danger soon became apparent. On the second and third day matters grew worse. A gleam of sunshine permitted an observation to be taken, and it was found that, spite of the straining of the engine on her north-western course, the vessel had been driven ten miles south, and three hundred miles east. She began to leak seriously, the tops of her high paddle-boxes were often buried in the sea, sails were blown away, spars split, and at length—the boiler burst, and let sixty tons of water in a moment into the hold. The fires were now extinguished, the engine deck was a foot deep in water, the vessel became nearly unmanageable, and all hands were ordered to the pumps. Two of these were found choked with coal dust: and whilst the other two were working, relays of men baled water out with buckets. "I can do no more," said the captain, "tell the Bishop he had better go to prayers." He was almost disqualified; for he, and all the passengers were exhausted with fatigue, want of rest, and extreme sickness: but thus warned, he roused himself, and with "two or three" he cried unto the Lord "out of the depths," and his "prayer came unto Him, into His Holy Temple." As he read St. Paul's narrative of his shipwreck, recorded in Acts xxvii. 13—36, the roaring of the sea, the groaning of the vessel, and the shouts of the seamen, drowned his voice; but God heard,

and gave him all those that sailed with him. Ere long the wind abated, and the sun shone forth; the water in the vessel was got under, and the boiler repaired; the fires were lit, and once more the vessel's head was pointed in the right course. The sea still wrought and was tempestuous, but the immediate peril had passed away. That it had been most imminent, admitted of no doubt. The ship's log was afterwards copied, and confessed the fact. One leak, at the critical moment, and the vessel must inevitably have foundered, and every soul been lost; for no boat could have lived in such a sea, so many hundred miles from land. But God listened to the cry of his servants, and brought them out of their distresses: He "made the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof were still."

Whilst the result was yet uncertain, the Bishop seems to have retired to his cabin, and opening, as he says, his desk for the first time since leaving Trincomalee, made the following entry:—

'*Friday, December* 4, 1834.

'God's will be done. The Lord sitteth above the water floods, yea, the Lord "abideth a King for ever." When Jesus had compelled his disciples to go into the ship, the storm nevertheless arose, and they were nigh to perishing. But Jesus was on the mountain praying for them. Jesus saw them when in jeopardy. Jesus came to them at the critical moment, saying, "It is I, be not afraid."

'In the same Jesus, everywhere present, and working by His never failing Providence, I would desire to trust. Before Him would I humble myself; His mercy would I implore; confessing my grievous sins, relying on His precious death, and resigning myself into his almighty hands. Lord, save, we perish.

'Afflictions are the portion of the militant church. They humble, lay low, show us our weakness, bring our sins to remembrance, awaken conscience, place eternity at the door. At this moment any increase of storm might expose us to the most direct and imminent danger; whilst, at any instant, Jesus may arise, say, "Peace, be still," and there would be a great calm. This is the moment, then, to glorify Jesus by faith in his power and love, to lie in his hands as clay in the

hands of the potter, to be assured that "all is well," to look with more scrutiny into the heart, and to put away every sin. Heaven is a state of holiness; Christ is the most holy Saviour; God is a holy God. Am I then holy? fit for heaven? really sanctified by the truth? separated from every sin? devoted to the whole will of God? Lord! make me so more and more. Give me the Scriptural evidences of a true faith. Shine upon Thy work in my heart.

'But it is on Thy mercy only I rely. I renounce every other refuge to fly to Thy death and passion. Save me as the chief of sinners. Save my diocese. Save my brethren the clergy. Save my children and grandchildren. Save my friends. Save Thy Church. Save the whole world.'

The wind had lulled, and hour by hour the sea grew calm, and the vessel held on her way. On December 9th the land was sighted; and at three o'clock in the morning of the 10th, the light-house at Madras cast its bright beams upon the waters, filling the heart with gratitude, and the lips with praise. The whole distance from Trincomalee was but two hundred and eighty miles, and it had taken nine days to accomplish it.

At dawn of day the Bishop hastened to leave the ship; and since no preparation could be expected at such an early hour, he resolved to avail himself of a common Masullah boat, which was plying at the ship's side. But landing at Madras is not an easy thing. The coast is open, the whole line of surf runs very high, and the least carelessness, or want of skill, leads to a catastrophe more or less serious.

Thus it happened in the present case. On board the ship the Bishop was careless of costume. Whatever was most comfortable was worn—the loose black crape coat—no cravat —and a hat retaining nothing of episcopacy but the form. But when about to land, all this was changed: and something of stiffness may naturally be supposed to accompany the glossy cassock, the starched cravat, the new hat, and the best coat. Thus arrayed, with his pocket Bible and little atlas as inseparable companions, the Bishop stepped into the boat,

attended by his suite. All Masullah boats are large, high out of the water, rowed by many men, and guided by a steersman who stands upon the same raised deck on which the passengers, with feet suspended far above the bottom, are seated. Silently the shore was neared, upon which some red and black coats in waiting were now discovered. The swell preceding the breakers was felt, the rowers raised their usual cry—now nearing the beach, and now retiring—now pulling, and now backing their oars—waiting for a favourable moment and an encouraging word. The word at last was spoken: but at a wrong crisis. The first wave excited some astonishment; but the second made a clear breach over the boat, and in an instant, Bishop, Chaplain, and Doctor, were swept from their seats, and with hats and books were floating in the water which half filled it. A third wave; and all were safe on shore, and aided by sympathising, and yet half-smiling friends. Dignity agrees not with drenched clothes: and whilst guns were firing, bands playing, and troops presenting arms, the Bishop was hurrying away to find shelter and dry clothes in Government House. "A floundering surf," as he afterwards described it, "finished our calamities with its own petty annoyance."

After all this, a rest of some days was manifestly essential: and in the interval thus afforded it may be well to narrate what brought the Bishop to Madras, and what anxious matters awaited him. This will involve the whole of what is called "The Caste question," the consideration of which has hitherto been reserved, in order to obtain a continuous narrative. It will hereafter prove an epoch of great importance in the history of the native church of India.

The first Protestant Mission was established at Tranquebar, on the eastern coast of Southern India, under the auspices of Frederic IV., King of Denmark, in the year 1705-6. Ziegenbalg and Plutscho were the first missionaries, and they baptised their first converts on May 12th, 1707. Soon after, the Mission became known to the Church in England, and enlisted its warmest sympathies. In the year 1710, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge made grants in aid, both of

money and books; and soon after took a more direct part in its proceedings. The Mission spread, and put out great branches, which reached to Vepery, Cuddalore, Tanjore, Trichinopoly, and Tinnevelly. In the year 1824, the whole charge of the Mission was transferred to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel; and at a later period the Church Missionary Society entered the same wide field. By this instrumentality many thousand Christians had been gathered into the fold of Christ, and it is the insidious working of caste amongst them, which is now under consideration. It had gradually insinuated itself, till like leaven, it had leavened the whole lump. In other parts of India it was unknown. In Bengal and elsewhere, when a native embraces Christianity, all connection with idolatry and idolatrous usages, ceases at once. Caste is at an end; and the Brahmin, Soodra, and Pariah, are "one in Christ." Even Mahometanism admits not of its retention by a proselyte.

And thus it was originally in the southern churches. Caste was unknown to the first converts, and was not tolerated by the first missionaries. There are "Ancient reports" of the Mission still extant, of dates varying from 1712 to 1739, which show that a firm stand was made against the retention and recognition of caste. The following may be read in proof:—

"*Extract from the Ancient and Modern Missionary Reports on the subject of Distinction of Castes. Translated from the German.*

"*Remarks of the Rev. Messrs. Ziegenbalg and Gründler*, 1712.

"When a heathen embraces Christianity he must renounce all superstitions connected with caste: viz.—That no one should intermarry or eat with those of another caste: that every caste should have a distinguishing title, peculiar ceremonies and customs, and a different way of living: that those who acted contrary should lose their caste, and be accounted most despicable wretches. . . . . For we admit of no such distinctions, but teach them that in Christ they are all one, none having a preference before the other. We allow them therefore to intermarry, not in regard to caste, but according to their

own pleasure, if so be, they may be united in a Christian manner. On account of the above superstitions, the heathens are very much surprised to see that those who have embraced Christianity sit together in one church, marry without regard to caste,—live, eat and drink together, and renounce all former distinctions. To rank, derived from official station, we do not object, but take care that good order be observed among our people."[1]

Plutscho soon retired to Europe in shattered health. Ziegenbalg died in 1719: Gründler in 1720. Able men succeeded: but they had less power, or less foresight. Concessions were made to native prejudices. Caste came creeping in. In 1726, we read from the authority already quoted, of separate schools being allowed, because the parents of Soodra children objected to their sitting with Pariah children. In 1727, we read of different places in church being allotted to Christians of different castes. In 1730, we hear of difficulties connected with funeral ceremonies. A catechist called Rayanaicken, a Pariah, but a man of great piety and respectability, attended to read the funeral service over a Christian female of higher caste. Her relatives objected, alleging that pollution would follow the performance of a ceremony by a Pariah: and to prevent it, they burned the body. To avoid this scandal for the future, Soodra catechists were appointed to minister to the Soodras, and Pariah to the Pariahs. In 1738, objections were made by men of the higher caste, to the reception of the Holy Sacrament at the hands of men of the lower caste: and these objections were tolerated.

Now Swartz comes upon the scene. In July, 1750, he landed at Cuddalore, and commenced these admirable labours which lasted nearly half a century. The evil had taken root before he arrived: and he seems to have endeavoured to extirpate it rather by moral suasion, than by direct authority. Extracts from his letters go to prove this:—

'The Catechists are well. I mentioned in my last that Saruvaien had returned. He now appears to intend well. I have again received him as a Catechist. But I never

[1] "Ancient Reports," vol. i. pp. 342-3.

suffer him to go forth alone, always sending two together. Two of the Catechists are Soodras, and two Pariahs: but the Pariahs keep themselves so clean, that they find no difficulty in going about with the Soodras.'

In 1787, he writes to the Christian Knowledge Society as follows:—

'I have carefully avoided all coercive measures, and thus have met with fewer difficulties. Even at the administration of the Sacrament, sometimes one or other of the lower caste has first approached to receive it without producing any unpleasant sensation. Should you visit our church on the Sunday, you would observe with surprise the clean appearance of the lower caste, so that one might often take them for the higher.'

One or two anecdotes of Swartz are confirmatory of this. He was at Timpalaturg, in the house of a heathen, when one of his catechists, who was a Pariah, came to speak to him. "Stop," he cried out, "I will come to you: the Suttirer (people of the higher caste) have not yet learned to be humble: they are proud sinners yet: we must bear with them." The effect was to call forth both kindness and respect to the Catechist.

At another time he was waiting in the antechamber of the palace at Tanjore, when a Brahmin accosted him:—

"Mr. Swartz, do you not think it a very bad thing to touch a Pariah?"

"Oh, yes!" replied the venerable man; "a very bad thing."

The Brahmin perceiving that more was meant than was expressed, asked again, "But, Mr. Swartz, what do you mean by a Pariah?"

"I mean," he replied, "a thief, a liar, a slanderer, a drunkard, an adulterer, a proud man."

"Oh, then," said the Brahmin, interrupting him, "we are all Pariahs."[1]

[1] Schwartz, Life by Pearson, vol ii. p. 155.

Thus he endeavoured to discountenance what, perhaps, he could not all at once eradicate. He died in 1798, and no one caught his mantle as it fell. There were still holy men in the Mission, but none had his single eye and courageous heart, his prudent forethought and extensive influence. Changes were rapid, and in India the past is soon forgotten. In 1809, the missionaries then in Southern India write to the Parent Society from Tanjore, and say:—

"From the commencement of the Mission on this coast, it has been the uniform practice of the missionaries to instruct the converts in the truths of Christianity; to insist upon their living a holy life, and showing that they are Christians, by loving God above all things, by considering all men of whatever denomination as their neighbours; to entertain a hearty good will towards them, and to do them all the good in their power: but never did they insist on any person who wished to embrace Christianity renouncing his caste."

This was said, doubtless, to justify a practice generally adopted. They had tolerated the retention of caste, and now defended it. The Parent Society, meanwhile, stood in doubt. The question was difficult. India was little known in those days. They were unwilling to check the progress of the Mission, but still anxious to maintain the purity of Christianity. In reply to the communication from which the above extract is taken, they say:—

"The Society, of course, does not countenance the adherence of the Christian converts to any former religious restrictions, which are not consistent with their Christian liberty, yet it cannot be in the power or wish of the Society to abolish all distinctions of ranks and degrees in India; nor do they feel themselves entitled to do more than to remind the Christian converts, that with respect to spiritual privileges, there is in Christ Jesus neither bond nor free, neither high nor low; yet that such privileges are no way incompatible with the various distinctions of rank and degrees in society which are recognised in the Gospel itself, where persons of several ranks and

conditions receive, respectively, admonitions and counsel adapted to their state."

Henceforth the progress of the evil was rapid, and it grew too strong to be held in check by the few missionaries in the field of labour, even had such been their desire. Whole districts were left under native catechists; the reins of discipline were loosely held; there was no one to raise the warning voice, or apply the required remedy. The result was certain. The barriers which caste had set up amongst the heathen, separating man from man, and family from family, became incorporated into Christianity. Idolatrous usages were retained. Soodras and Pariahs refused to mingle in the house of God. At the Holy Communion the higher caste first drew near, and would not touch the cup if a low caste man preceded them. A Soodra priest or catechist, whilst not refusing to minister in a Pariah village, would not live in it. And on the other hand, a Soodra would not allow a Pariah priest or catechist to preach the Gospel to him, or baptise his child. Even the missionaries were accounted as unclean, and a native priest of the higher caste has been known to refuse food and shelter to two European missionaries on their journey, lest food and vessels should be defiled. Christians attended at the heathen feasts; they bore the heathen marks upon their foreheads; they prohibited the marriage of widows; they would allow no marriages but in their own caste, and in no less than fifty ways they were assimilated to the heathen.

Had these been matters touching only on civil ranks or distinctions, no interference would have been needful, for Christianity admits of all social distinctions, and is not the author of confusion in the Churches. But caste is religious in its very origin. Its rules are defined and enjoined in the Hindoo Shaster—the Law—the Νομος:—a supposed divine revelation sanctioned by their gods themselves. Its contents are partly religious or ceremonial, and partly civil or political: it was to the former only that the Soodras clung, and for which they strove. And yet their pretensions, when rightly understood, were almost ridiculous. It was not a question of high race, or gentle lineage. These Soodras were of the lowest

caste themselves, and formed but to be the servants of all. The Brahmin sprang from the head of Brahma to rule, the Chattriar from his arms to fight, the Vasyars from his thighs to work, and the Suttirer or Soodra from his feet to serve. Beneath these came the Pariahs, as having sprung from a mingling of castes, and entitled to none. And yet the servile Soodra looked upon the Pariah with as much contempt as he was himself looked upon by the lordly Brahmin!

Neither was there anything in the system analogous to the civil distinctions amongst ourselves. It was not that a Soodra refused to drink water out of the vessel, or draw water out of the well of one who, though a Christian, might be a man of low and dirty habits: it was not that he refused to sit, eat, or receive the Holy Sacrament with such an one; but that he, the Soodra, a beggar perhaps himself, or a man of low, dirty habits, refused on religious grounds to draw water, or to eat, drink, receive the Holy Sacrament, and intermarry with a respectable, educated, wealthy man because he was a Pariah. Civil distinctions, in fact, were overpowered by idolatrous caste; and the Soodra, however low in position or in reputation, stood apart, saying to the Pariah, "Stand by thyself, for I am holier than thou."

The whole matter, as thus explained, was brought before Bishop Heber, when he was about to visit these Southern Churches. He wrote a letter of inquiry to the Rev. D. Schreivogel, one of the missionaries, which is on record; and containing, as it does, all the suggestions that can be made on the other side of the question, it is too important to be omitted. It is as follows:—

'CHILLUMBRUM, *March* 21, 1826.

'I wrote yesterday to Dr. Cœmmerer to express my regret at not being able to visit you at Tranquebar. Since that time, having again looked over your letter to me, as well as that which you sent on the subject of the distinctions of caste, and of other customs yet remaining amongst the native Christians, which you reprobate as heathenish and improper, I have been led to wish for some explanations of those customs, and of your reasons for objecting to them; of which the latter, as

expressed in those papers (to deal freely with you), do not seem to me satisfactory. With regard to the distinctions of caste as yet maintained by professing Christians, it appears that they are manifested in desiring separate seats at church, in going up at different times to receive the Holy Communion, in insisting on their children having different sides of the school, in refusing to eat, drink, or associate with those of a different caste.

'Now, it is desirable to know whether these are insisted upon as religious, or as merely civil, distinctions: whether as arising from a greater supposed purity and blessedness in the Soodras over the Pariahs: or whether they are not badges of nobility and ancient pedigree, such as those which in Spain, even amongst the poorer classes, divide the old Spaniards and Castilians from persons of mixed blood; and in the United States of North America entirely exclude Negroes and Mulattoes, however free and wealthy, from familiar intercourse with the whites. Also, whether the Christians of higher caste adhere to these distinctions, as supposing that there is any *real value* in them, or merely out of fear to lose the society and respect of their neighbours and relatives.

'If these questions are answered in the affirmative (as they have been very solemnly by the Rev. Christian David, in answer to my repeated inquiries), I confess I do not think the evil so great as to be insufferable, or to justify the ministers of Christ in repelling from the communion those who adhere to them, though it may be that the spirit of pride (from which they flow) should, by 'gentle means, be corrected as far as possible.'

He then proceeds, in the same calm tone, but with the same perceptible bias, to enquire with respect to their private meals and social intercourse, their marriage ceremonies, and their presence at heathen festivals: and then concludes as follows:—

"My reasons for asking information on these subjects will be plain when I mention that the question of caste, and of such practices as these, has been referred to my consideration, both by the Christians and missionaries of Vepery: and that

in order to gain more light on the subject, a select committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has been, at my desire, appointed.

'In the meantime, I am most anxious to learn from every quarter, especially from a Christian minister of your experience and high character, the real truth of the case. God forbid that we should encourage or suffer any of our converts to go on in practices either antichristian or immoral: but (I will speak plainly with you as one brother in Christ should with another) I have also some fears that recent missionaries have been more scrupulous in these matters than need requires, and than was thought fit by Swartz and his companions. God forbid that we should wink at sin! But God forbid also, that we should make the narrow gate of life narrower than Christ has made it; or deal less favourably with the prejudices of this people, than St. Paul and the Primitive Church dealt with the almost similar prejudices of the Jewish converts.

'It has occurred to me, that if either you or Dr. Cœmmerer, (to whom pray offer my best wishes and respects) could find time on Easter Monday to come over to meet me at Tanjore, my doubts might be the better cleared one way or the other, and other matters might be discussed in a few words, of much advantage to the cause of Missions in this country.'[1]

This letter by some means obtained publicity, and was deemed a great triumph by the Soodra Christians. Yet it bears its character on its face. It was a letter of inquiry. The Bishop was "in doubt." He dwelt on first impressions, but gave no decision. Alas! that decision was never given. The letter was written March 21st: and on April 3rd, the Bishop was no more.

The steps consequent upon this letter have never yet obtained publicity. It is of great importance to the question that they should now be known.

It will have been observed that Bishop Heber sought an interview with the Rev. D. Schreivogel: and that he had appointed a committee of enquiry. The result of both was as follows:—

[1] Heber's Life, vol. ii. p. 399.

The interview took place; and what passed is described by Mr. Schreivogel himself in a letter to Archdeacon Robinson of Madras, in the year 1828.

'Your letter of October 29th, with the articles of inquiry on the Question of Caste, and a *printed* copy of the letter addressed to me by Bishop Heber, I have duly received, and have now the honour of forwarding to you my answers to the former. But as the native Christians (I think those of Vepery) have been very industrious in communicating that letter of Bishop Heber's, as well as that sent by the Honourable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in which the missionaries were directed not to interfere with Caste, to all our congregations, and getting them translated into Tamul for more general information; and as they are in no small degree rejoiced at the idea that they have triumphed over the missionaries, and that Bishop Heber did, and the Society does, approve of the observance of Caste amongst them; it will therefore be necessary I should mention how far I satisfied his Lordship on the various points of his inquiry.

'When in an interview with his Lordship at Tanjore, I explained to him for what causes, and in what manner, the former missionaries excommunicated some members of their congregation, he declared the proceeding was quite Apostolical, and fully assented to my opinion that those who had been partakers of heathenish feasts and sacrifices would, in the Primitive Christian Church, have been considered as apostates. And when I told him that the dancing girls were prostitutes and servants of the heathen temples, and that the plays which the Christians had acted were so obscene, that the Catechist could not prevail on himself to read them to me, he condemned those practices without hesitation. Regarding my proposal that their marriages should be celebrated with more Christian simplicity, he said he wished not that the missionaries should interfere with it. But when I told him that even for economical reasons it would be desirable to prohibit their mode, by which they not only spend more than they can afford, but even contract debts, to discharge which they are afterwards distressed for years; and that the more reasonable part would be happy

of the sanction of a law to dispense with these useless expenses which they could not conveniently do without such a law; he remained silent. In regard to the distinction of Caste, his Lordship was not able as yet to form a decided opinion, though after I had communicated to him what I had to say on the subject, he did not think it so innocent: and he told me he wished to come to the bottom of this disputed question, and would therefore send inquiries to the missionaries of all societies without distinction: and that even then, he would not be guided by the number of votes for or against, but by the strength of the arguments brought forward.'

Such was the result of the interview. The result of the Committee of inquiry has now to be considered. The death of the Bishop prevented the preparation of any formal report: but articles of inquiry were carefully drawn up and sent out: and the answers were preserved and bound up in a manuscript volume. In that form, they were submitted to the writer of these lines whilst at Madras with the Bishop, and he made a correct analysis of the contents. From that analysis it appears that sixteen questions were addressed to each missionary, arranged under four heads, having reference to— 1. The general bearing of Caste. 2. The native churches. 3. The native schools. 4. Social intercourse.

To these questions very full answers were received from twenty-seven missionaries then labouring in the South. The names of those belonging to the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, were the Rev. Mr. Haubroe, Mr. Kohlhoff, Dr. Rottler, D. Schreivogel, D. Rosen, P. M. D. Wissing.

The names of those belonging to the Church Missionary Society, were the Rev. C. Rhenius, G. T. Barenbruck, J. Kindlinger, S. Ridsdale, T. Norton, B. Schmidt, J. C. T. Winker.

The name of the one belonging to the Royal Danish Mission was the Rev. A. Cœmmerer.

The names of those belonging to the Wesleyan Missionary Society were the Rev. D. Carver, and J. Mowat.

The names of those belonging to the London Missionary

Society were Rev. J. Hands, W. Miller, J. Smith, W. Taylor, J. C. Thompson.

The names of those belonging to some society not mentioned, were J. Dawson, Taylor, and Baynon.

But, in addition to these, it should be mentioned that the Rev. C. Rhenius, who was then in full connection with the Church Missionary Society, had of his own accord, communicated with his fellow missionaries in all parts of India, and had obtained the opinions of thirty-five of different denominations labouring in Bengal, Bombay, and Ceylon. In his communication to the committee he states the fact, and adds that the unanimous opinion of these thirty-five, on the general question, was in accordance with his own.

So that we have in one view the accumulated opinions of the whole missionary body of India, at that time, on the subject of caste amongst native Christians.

Some of the younger missionaries speak with reserve, as having recently arrived; and profess to give their opinion only so far as their observation has extended. Slight differences of opinion also appear as to the degree in which caste partakes of a civil or religious character: and as to the extent of mischief it has wrought in the missions. One thinks—and one only—that it has done no harm, and that it should still be allowed.

But with this exception (in the case of the Danish Mission), and with these modifications in degree, all are unanimously of opinion that if caste be retained, Christianity will be destroyed. Not only do the arguments preponderate, as Bishop Heber required, but the votes also:—and the conclusion is inevitable.

Amidst the mass of evidence, a few facts come out, corroborative of what has gone before. Some may be given here.

Very recently, a Tamul Christian having travelled from Madras to Tanjore, was summoned before a caste tribunal, still existing there amongst the Christians, to answer an accusation brought against him of having on his journey eaten defiled food: that is, food prepared by a low caste man. He only escaped by taking an oath on the Bible that he was guiltless. But it was too generally understood that in doing this, he had perjured himself.

The fact is recorded of a Soodra priest refusing to live in a village with his own congregation, who were Christian Pariahs, and going to live in another village where all were heathen Soodras.

It was stated that the rules of caste amongst the Christians were quite variable: and that what was held to be unlawful in some places, was held to be quite lawful in others.

The question of ceremonial defilement was illustrated by the circumstance that when the floor of the church was uncovered, men of different castes did not object to sit on different sides of it at public worship: but when, as at Tranquebar, the floor was covered with a mat, Christians of the higher caste would not attend church till it was cut in half, and some space left between the two parts.

It was stated that in some places it was customary not only to administer the sacred elements to the Soodras before the Pariahs were permitted to approach, but that the concluding prayers were required to be read and the Soodras dismissed, before the Pariahs communicated. In some places also a separate cup was tolerated, the Soodras using one, the missionaries and Pariahs the other!

Mr. Rhenius stated that a Tanjore Christian had avowed to him solemnly, that he would rather give up his Christianity than his caste.

Such was the complicated state of things when the Bishop entered on the duties of his diocese: but it must not be supposed for a moment that he was cognisant of it. The subject had slept for some years. The mass of evidence had been bound up, and forgotten. The evil wrought silently. He knew that the Missions in the South were in a low state: but was by no means prepared for the startling announcement made to him a few months after his arrival, by the official secretary, that no less than one hundred and sixty-eight Christians had apostatised to heathenism, during the past year. No harsh treatment, no exercise of discipline had wrought this. The retention of caste was the only cause. As it facilitated the reception of Christianity, so it likewise facilitated the return to heathenism. The bridge between the

two had been left standing: and the only conclusion to be drawn was that it must now be broken down. Compromise had been tried in vain; decided measures must now be taken.

The Bishop accepted the responsibility imposed upon him by his office, rejected timid counsels, and disregarded future consequences. He looked at the question simply as a matter of right or wrong; and formed his judgment according to the tenor and commands of Holy Scripture. His mind was soon made up; and he retired to Tittaghur to take prompt action. On July 3rd, 1833, he brought into his chaplain's room several sheets of closely written paper: "Read this," he said; "it is is on the Caste question; and when you have read, tell me whether you think it will do."

No other eye saw, no other ear heard it. The letter was committed to God in earnest prayer, copied, and sent off. The following were its contents:—

To the Reverend Brethren, the Missionaries, in the Diocese of Calcutta, and the flocks gathered by their labours or entrusted to their care.

'Rev. and dear Brethren: Palace, Calcutta, *July 5*, 1833.

'Having heard that some usages of an unfavourable nature prevail in certain of the native churches, and more particularly in the southern parts of the Peninsular, I am led by the obligation of my sacred office to deliver to you this my paternal opinion and advice. My honoured and revered predecessors in this See, now with God, laboured to abate the inconveniences to which I allude. And I am much relieved in discharging my own share of this duty by the memorials of their previous admonitions, which I have had the opportunity of consulting. Their abstinence from any official interference ought to have commended their advice to your cheerful acquiescence, and to have superseded the necessity of my now entering upon the subject. But, as their forbearance and kindness have failed to produce the desired effect, you will not be surprised if I feel compelled, as the Pastor and Bishop of souls, under Christ our Lord, in this diocese, to prescribe to

you what seems to me essential to the preservation of the purity of the Christian faith amongst you.

'The unfavourable usages to which I refer arise, as I understand, from the distinction of castes. These castes are still retained—customs in the public worship of Almighty God, and even in the approach to the Altar of the Lord, are derived from them—the refusal of acts of common humanity often follow—processions at marriages, and other relics of heathenism, are at times preserved—marks on the countenance are sometimes borne—envy, hatred, pride, alienation of heart are too much engendered—the discipline and subjection of the flock to its shepherd are frequently violated—combinations to oppose the lawful and devout directions of the missionaries are formed. In short, under the name of Christianity, half the evils of Paganism are retained.

'These various instances of the effects of the one false principle, the retention of Caste—might be multiplied. They differ, no doubt, in different places. In some stations they are slight and few; in others, numerous and dangerous. Many, many native congregations, are, as I trust, free from them altogether. Many have nearly accomplished their removal. I speak therefore generally, as the reports have reached me. I throw no blame on individuals, whether ministers or people. It is to the system that my present remarks apply: and it is in love I proceed to give my decision.

'The distinction of castes, then, must be abandoned, decidedly, immediately, finally; and those who profess to belong to Christ must give this proof of their having really "put off, concerning the former conversation, the old man," and having "put on the new man" in Christ Jesus. The Gospel recognises no distinctions such as those of castes, imposed by a heathen usage, bearing in some respects a supposed religious obligation, condemning those in the lower ranks to perpetual abasement, placing an immoveable barrier against all general advance and improvement in society, cutting asunder the bonds of human fellowship, on the one hand, and preventing those of Christian love, on the other. Such distinctions, I say, the Gospel does not recognise. On the contrary, it teaches us, that God "hath made of one blood all the nations of men:"

it teaches us that whilst "the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them," it must not be so amongst the followers of Christ; but that, "whosoever will be great amongst them, is to be their minister; and whosoever will be chief among them, is to be their servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

'The decision of the Apostle is, accordingly, most express. "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." For if the strong separation between the holy nation and the Gentiles, which was imposed by God himself, and had subsisted from the first legation of Moses, was abolished, and the wall of division dug down, and all the world placed on one common footing under the Gospel; how much more are heathen subdivisions, arising from the darkness of an unconverted and idolatrous state, and connected in so many ways with the memorials of polytheism, to be abolished?

'Yet more conclusive, if possible, is the holy Apostle's language in another Epistle,—"Seeing ye have put off the old man with his deeds; and have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him: where" (in which transition, when this mighty change has taken place) "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all." So overwhelming is the flood by which all petty distinctions of nation, caste, privilege, rank, climate, position in civilisation are effaced—and one grand distinction substituted, that between those who are renewed after the image of God, and those who remain in the state of fallen nature.

'Imagine only the blessed Apostle to visit your Churches—suppose him to follow you in your distinctions of Caste—to go with you to the Table of the Lord—to observe your domestic and social alienations—to see your funeral and marriage ceremonies—to notice these and other remains of heathenism, hanging upon you, and infecting even what you hold of Christianity—to hear your contemptuous language towards

those of inferior caste to yourselves—to witness your insubordination to your pastors, and your divisions, and disorders. Imagine the holy Apostle, or the blessed and divine Saviour himself to be personally present, and to mark all this commixture of Gentile abominations with the doctrine of the Gospel—what would they say? Would not the Apostle repeat his language to the Corinthians, "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." And would not the adorable Redeemer say again, what he pronounced when on earth, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me: and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

'There are two objections, dearly beloved, which may be raised against this statement. The one, that St. Paul "became all things to all men, that by all means he might save some." The other, that civil distinctions are recognised in the New Testament, and prevail in all Christian nations.

'To the first, I answer, that the Apostle did, indeed, for a time tolerate the Jewish prejudices in favour of the Mosaic law, which had been itself of divine institution, and was not wholly abolished till the destruction of Jerusalem and the dissolution of the Jewish polity; but that this lends no support to a distinction heathenish in its origin, and inconsistent with the equal privileges to which all are, under the Gospel, admitted. A divine law introductory to Christianity, though at length superseded by it—and a cruel institution which sprang at first from idolatry, and is opposed to the whole spirit of Christianity, are totally different things. Nor are we to forget, that even during the brief period that the Jewish law was permitted to retain any force, the Apostle denounced it in the strongest manner, and directed the whole Epistle to the Galatians against the fatal error of trusting to it before God. All the mildness and gentleness of the Apostle, therefore, we desire to imitate in the wise and gradual instruction of the new convert; but an inveterate evil, spread through large bodies of professed

Christians, and going on to evaporate the whole force of the Gospel, we must carefully eradicate.

'The other objection is answered in a word. The civil distinctions of rank amongst Christians form no hindrance to the intercourse and offices of charity. There is no impassable barrier. The first noble in the land will enter the abode, and administer to the wants of the poorest cottager. There is nothing to hinder any one from rising, by industry and good conduct, to the loftiest elevations of society. The shades and gradations of rank are shifting perpetually. Birth condemns no class of men, from generation to generation, to inevitable contempt, debasement, and servitude. The grace of Christ, charity, the Church, the public worship of God, the Holy Communion, various circumstances of life, and occasions of emergency, unite all, as in one common fold, under one common Shepherd. "The rich and the poor," under the Gospel, "meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." Distinctions in civil society the Gospel acknowledges and retains only when they are the natural result of differences of talents, industry, piety, station, and success.

'The decision, therefore, remains untouched by these objections, and in the necessity of making it I am confirmed by two circumstances; the one, that in Bengal no distinction of castes is known amongst the converts—it is renounced in the very first instance: the other, that apostasies to heathenism, have been of late but too frequent in the congregations where the distinction is permitted to remain.

'In the practical execution, however, of the present award, dear brethren, much wisdom and charity, united with firmness, will be requisite.

'1. The catechumens preparing for Baptism must be informed by you of the Bishop's decision, and must be gently and tenderly advised to submit to it. Of course, the minister informs the Bishop or archdeacon a week previously to the intended baptism of each convert, agreeably to the directions given by my honoured predecessor, in his Charge delivered at Madras, in November, 1830: and this will afford opportunity for each particular case being well considered.

2. The children of native Christians will, in the next place,

not be admitted to the Holy Communion without this renunciation of castes:—their previous education being directed duly to this, amongst other duties of the Christian religion, no material difficulties will, as I trust, arise here.

'3. With respect to the adult Christians already admitted to the Holy Communion, I should recommend that their prejudices and habits be so far consulted as not to insist on an open, direct, renunciation of caste. The execution of the award in the case of all new converts and communicants, will speedily wear out the practice.

'4. In the mean time, it may suffice that overt acts which spring from the distinction of Castes, be at once and finally discontinued in the Church; whether places in the church be concerned, or the manner of approach to the Lord's Table, or processions in marriages, or marks on the forehead made with paint or mixtures, or differences of food and dress—whatever be the overt acts, they must, in the church, and so far as the influence of ministers goes, be at once abandoned.'

He then goes on to describe the essential characteristics of the Gospel, and their adaptation to the restoration of decayed Churches: and concludes as follows:—

'Full of love to you all, is the heart which dictates these lines. I long to be able myself to visit you, and see the effects of this my pastoral letter upon you. Think me not too harsh, severe, or rigid. God knows the tenderness with which I would cherish you, as a nurse cherisheth her children. It is that very tenderness which induces me to grieve you for a moment, that you may attain everlasting consolations. Faithless is the shepherd who sees the wolf coming, and fleeth, and leaveth the sheep. So would be the Bishop, who, hearing of the enemy of souls ravaging amongst you, shunned, from a false delicacy, to warn you of the danger. Rather, brethren, both ministers and people, I trust that my God will give an entrance to His word, by however weak and unworthy an instrument, into your hearts. Rather, I trust, you will "suffer the word of exhortation." Rather, I hope you will be ready, before you read these lines, "to put away from you" these

practices, which weaken your strength, and dishonour the "holy name wherewith you are called." "Yes," let me hear you say, "It is the voice of the good shepherd that we hear—we will follow the call—we will rejoice to renounce for Christ's sake our dearest objects of affection—we will offer our Isaac upon the altar—we will give up ourselves without reserve, not only in these instances, but in every other, to Him who hath "lived, and died, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living."

'To the grace of this adorable Saviour I commend you, and am,

'Your faithful Brother,

'(Signed) DANIEL CALCUTTA.'

This letter came upon a people dwelling at their ease, and it found the missionaries few in number, and scarcely equal to the crisis. It was not at first made public. The explanation of certain passages was required, and a careful translation had to be made. This led to further correspondence, and the Bishop wrote short letters on November 19th and December 2nd, and at greater length on January 17th, 1834.

The last of these was addressed to the Rev. D. Schreivogel and his congregation at Trichinopoly, and went much into detail. It stated, also, that after due notice and entreaties, and the lapse of convenient time, all employments, aids of money, and other missionary encouragements, would be withdrawn from all who continued to "walk disorderly." The following are the most important extracts:—

'I continue in the same mind as when I first wrote, that Caste must be renounced, decidedly, promptly, finally.

'But I need scarcely say that in the manner of doing this, your ministers will strive to unite, with firmness and decision, all that love, and forbearance, and consideration of circumstances, and extreme tenderness, which the nursing mother exercises towards her infant babe. Yes, beloved brethren in the ministry, if ever the "meekness and gentleness of Christ" were needful for you, it is on this occasion, when the evil habits of a century have so infixed themselves, as to be removed only

with pain and difficulty. All harshness of tone, all severity, all warmth in return for ill behaviour, all selfish petty feelings of conceit or importance must be watched against, especially in those of you who are young, in order that the firmness and the mildness of Christ may equally appear in you. Then will the flocks, seeing the wisdom and fortitude of the shepherds, follow their holy guidance with steady and obedient steps.

'One uniform method should be, as much as possible, followed in all the Churches. The following are amongst the particulars which should be insisted on by degrees:—

'1. The converts sit all together in church.

'2. They come without distinction to the Lord's table.

'3. The Country-Priest and Catechist receives into his house any one that comes to him on a religious errand or business, of whatever caste.

'4. The congregation admit into their houses the Catechists who are duly appointed to instruct them and read with them.

'5. The Country-Priest does not refuse to remain in the village where he is appointed, because there are none but those who were formerly of inferior castes.

'6. God-fathers and God-mothers are taken indiscriminately from whatever caste; and if one be of a different caste from the rest, no objection is taken.

'7. When the congregation is called together about any matter, all that can come are welcome, if only they are baptised.

'8. In the churchyard no separate place is allotted for the interment of those of the higher castes as they were called.

'Many similar topics will probably occur to your own minds, but these suggested themselves to me and appear material.'

When it was found from these letters that the Bishop's mind was firm and unalterable, the missionaries took immediate steps to make his decision known to their flocks. The smaller stations of Cuddalore, Combaconum, and the Coleroon river, seemed inclined to follow the lead of others. As soon as all misunderstandings were cleared away, they acquiesced. But far more difficulty was experienced in the larger stations of Trichinopoly, Vepery, and Tanjore. At Trichinopoly the

Bishop's first letter was not read publicly in the church; but Mr. Schreivogel assembled the Soodras in his house. Having there explained the matter to them, he afterwards circulated the letter. When the second letter arrived, it was translated and read publicly in the church. Only five Soodra families were present at the time. Of these, three conformed; whilst the general body not only refused, but withdrew altogether from public worship, and from any communication with the missionary. All was done quietly, however. No disturbance of any kind took place, nor were any complaints heard of insolence on the part of the Pariahs, or threatenings on the part of the Soodras. After the lapse of a considerable time, the Christian servants of the Mission were warned of the consequences, if they persisted in disobedience. Another month was allowed them for consideration. They were then assembled at the Mission House, and on their refusal to conform, were dismissed. Of the whole congregation, only seven Soodra families remained, but divine service and the usual duties of the station continued as heretofore, till the Bishop arrived.

At Vepery, near Madras, the first letter having been carefully translated by Mr. Dent, who was an admirable Tamul scholar, was publicly read in the church in the month of January, 1834. Its contents had previously transpired. Great crowds were assembled. The missionary was somewhat nervous, and his sermon being ended, he commenced the reading in a low indistinct voice. The tenor of the letter was, however, well understood, and after two or three pages had been turned, the main body of the Soodras, men, women, and children, rose without remark, and retired from the church. A few who were attached to the Mission remained seated, until a message came to them from without, when they obeyed the call, and joined the others. The Catechist Adikalam alone remained in church, but he also subsequently declined to conform. It looked like a concerted plan, in order to manifest their disapproval of the letter; but this was afterwards denied. The reason assigned was, that whilst the reading was going on, a Pariah man had risen up, left his side of the church, and mingled with the Soodras. This affront they could not brook, and left the church accordingly.

But they did not return. The usual services went on, whilst only Pariahs attended. The Soodras drew up a paper, declaring that they would not yield to the missionary, nor attend church, nor send their children to school. They signed their names to this "Caste-bond," and posted a peon, or watchman, at the door both of the church and school, to see that none transgressed it. Moreover, they made preparations for a separate service, and commenced it on Whit-Sunday. It soon fell through, and then they applied to a missionary of the London Missionary Society for the use of his chapel. Strange to say, it was at once granted them, though all the circumstances of the case were perfectly well known, and the missionary himself had been one to deprecate strongly the retention of caste. They did not join his congregation, neither did he take part in their service, but he sat in a chair at the gate of the chapel watching their entry and exit, and observing their proceedings.

It is but justice to add that this conduct, when brought to the notice of the Madras Committee of the London Society, was decidedly condemned. A select committee was appointed to investigate the whole matter, and the following was their report:—

"We respect the alleged motives of Mr. Taylor in the admission of these persons to worship in his chapel, but we entirely disapprove of the step. We consider that although he might have tendered advice to the Vepery Christians on their application to him, yet that to permit them to worship at a distinct time, and as a separate congregation, in his own chapel, and to administer to them the ordinance of Baptism, was an interference of one Society with the discipline of another, which we altogether condemn; and the more so, because this step was taken by Mr. Taylor without the slightest reference to Mr. Irion their pastor, the first person with whom he was imperatively bound to confer in such a matter. Whatever be the opinion of Mr. Taylor as to the countenance given to Caste by this mode of procedure, we consider that the admission of a body of men acting in direct opposition to their spiritual guides, to exclusive worship in

the very manner which their own pastor condemned, is a real, though unacknowledged approval of Caste. We the more condemn Mr. Taylor's conduct in this matter, because the attempt made by the Society with which these persons are connected, to destroy the distinction of Caste, has been made, to the best of their judgment, after they have been for years censured by other societies, for the countenance they have given to it.

"(Signed) W. H. DREW, Secretary."

The result was, that a separate service in that chapel was no longer allowed, but permission was given to join the general congregation. The Soodras refused this, withdrew altogether, and attended no service of any kind. Meanwhile, those who had been employed by the Society, after receiving due notice, and being allowed an interval of many weeks for consideration, were dismissed. Five months passed, and then symptoms of wavering began to appear. Some catechists and schoolmasters came forward, acknowledged their error, and promised to conform. They were received into communion with the Church, but their places having been filled up in the Mission, they were compelled to wait for vacancies. The children also dropped into the schools. The congregation began again to increase. Five trees in the churchyard which had marked the distinctive burial-places of Soodras and Pariahs, were cut down without offence. And though considerable shyness and a feeling of alienation remained, yet all was ready for submission and restoration when the Bishop arrived.

Tanjore was the more important place. There were in that mission four native priests, one hundred and seven catechists, schoolmasters and servants, and seven thousand native Christians. The Bishop's first letter was carefully translated, and read from the pulpit, after a short sermon (Matt. vii. 21), by the venerable Mr. Kohlhoff, on Sunday, November 10th, 1833. The moment he had finished reading it, and before the service was concluded, all the Soodra men rose up, and one began to speak. One of the other missionaries, who was in the church, came forward and reminded him that he was in

the house of God, and that the service was not finished. There was in consequence a momentary pause, but a crowd of Soodras soon gathered round him, and some clamour was raised. They were told that on the next day they should be heard, but that all interruption of divine service was wrong, and would render them liable to punishment. A paper was then presented to the younger missionary, which he was desired to read. This showed premeditation, and it was refused. The following is the account given by the missionary when relating what had passed:—

"'Not to-day,' I said, 'not to-day, but to-morrow. Come to the Mission House to-morrow, and we will read it and hear all you have to say.' 'To-day, to-day, to-day!' they all cried out, forcing the paper into my hands. I intentionally let it fall. They picked it up, and again forced it upon me, clamouring vociferously as before. I again said, 'To-morrow, to-morrow;' but when they would not hear, I tore the paper before them, and cast it from me."

Then arose a scene of great confusion and loud tumult. Mr. Kohlhoff was assisted from the pulpit, and whilst this was being done, they gathered round his frightened wife, and grossly insulted her. The missionaries warned them, and then left the church followed by a storm of groans and hisses. A man outside remonstrated: "You ought to be ashamed. You act worse than the heathen." They fell upon him and severely beat him.

Now many of these persons were catechists, school-masters, and pensioners, employed and supported by the funds of the Mission. Their conduct could not be tolerated; and two, who had made themselves particularly prominent, were at once suspended. This rather daunted the others, and for some days nothing was done save the inditing of a letter, bidding the Pariahs not be lifted up, but continue willingly to be governed by the "excellent distinction" of caste.

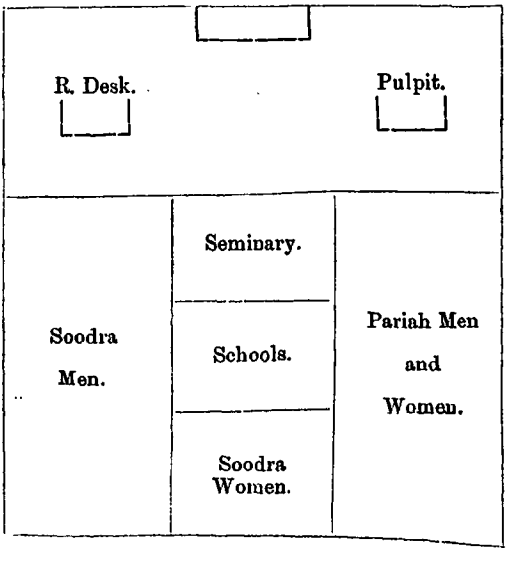
After some delay, and a communication with the Bishop, as to whether a verbal or a written assent should be required, all the servants of the Mission of every class received the

following notice, signed by the four missionaries then present at the station:—

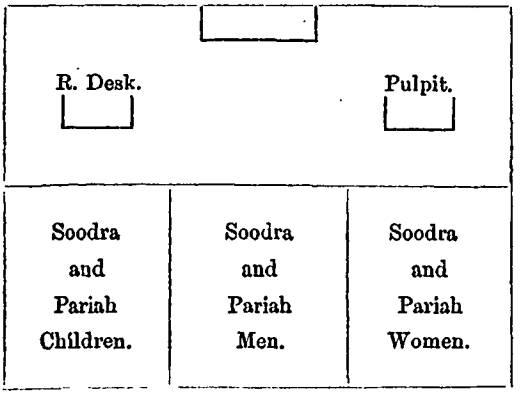
'*January*, 10*th*, 1834.

'We remind you that you are required to decide upon your obedience to the Bishop's letter respecting Caste on or before the 22nd day of this month. You have had already sufficient time to consider whether you will submit to lawful and scriptural discipline. You have been informed that you cannot continue in the service of this Mission unless you entirely conform to its regulations. This is the last notice you will receive on the subject. In case of your refusal to comply, or neglecting to answer this, you will be no longer in the service on the 31st. The Bishop has sent another letter to you, and very affectionately, as your father and Bishop, enquires after your conduct, and hopes that you have yielded to his admonitions as faithful and dear children. It is our prayer that you may enable us by your filial obedience, to return a favourable answer, and cause him to rejoice with us over your spiritual welfare.'

The interior of the church was also re-arranged to meet the emergency. Hitherto it had been arranged in the manner below:—



It was now altered as in the accompanying plan, the sexes being still separate, and one mat covering the whole church.



The answers to the letter of the missionaries were in due course received. With singular inconsistency almost all the writers acknowledged the lawfulness of the Bishop's wishes, and their conformity to Holy Scripture; but some thought they were unsuited to their country and people; some felt that they involved a burden too heavy to be borne; some said that the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak; some would be unable if they complied to marry their children; some feared relations; some asked for delay; all begged to be excused.

Of the four native priests, one (Nyana-pragasen) conformed, one was absent and did not answer, two refused.

Of the five superintending catechists, three conformed, two refused.

Of the general body, all, with about ten exceptions, who just sufficed to keep life in the mission, refused.

On the 29th January, all the recusants received a letter dismissing them, as threatened, from their several posts. This startled them: for they thought their unanimity would have prevented any serious action on the part of the missionaries. The native priests were addressed separately, as follows:—

'*January* 31, 1834.

'It gives us much pain to be obliged by your refusal to obey the discipline of the Lord Bishop, and the regulations of

the Mission, to send you the enclosed dismissal from the service of the Mission. Your refusal will be immediately communicated to the Lord Bishop, and to the Madras Committee; and we affectionately entreat you, before their decision confirms what we have done, to re-consider the subject, and not to separate from your brethren in the ministry: but in the love of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to count with us all things but loss for his sake, and the benefit of his people, for whose edification you were ordained. And we entreat you at this important crisis not to suffer your example to promote schism and disobedience, and we join in prayer for your spiritual health.

'Signed by J. C. KOHLHOFF,
A. C. THOMPSON,
E. J. JONES,
T. C. SIMPSON.'

On February 5th, a circumstance occurred which caused much heart-burning, and showed the sad spirit prevalent. A Soodra woman died, and was to be interred in the mission churchyard. To avoid all occasion of offence, the conforming priest, himself a Soodra, was appointed to read the funeral service. He instantly fell sick. Failing in the emergency to find such a substitute as was desired, a highly respectable native catechist of the lower caste was sent. The body was borne on a hired stage, after the heathen fashion; the bier kept for the use of the mission having been declined, and the money granted that very morning by the missionaries for funeral expenses thus misapplied. A large crowd assembled in the churchyard: the catechist was excluded: and a person selected by the parties themselves prepared to read the service. The missionaries, perceiving what was about to be done, came forward and bade their catechist proceed; but they were immediately surrounded by angry men, threatening personal violence, and commanding silence.

No further resistance was offered at the time, but it was thought right to bring the outrage before the proper authorities, and that for the following reasons:—

1st. To disabuse the minds of the natives of the idea that the missionaries might be insulted and threatened with impunity.

2nd. To prevent further encroachments; since, if the churchyard could be claimed and forcibly used, why not the church-mission house, and schools?

These ends were attained, and the offending parties punished; but additional bitterness was infused into the quarrel.

A second case occurred, similar in its general features; but now the Roman Catholic burial-ground was used, and no application made to the missionaries. A subscription was also raised to build a school, and the services of one of the dissentient priests were made available for divine service. Marriages were performed according to the ceremonies of the heathen, and a disposition was manifested to throw off episcopal control altogether.

The Bishop was kept acquainted with everything that passed. He advised that individuals should be dealt with, and that the intercourse should be gentle, friendly, personal, and persuasive. He was informed, in reply, that this had been attempted, but in vain, for that all the people were inextricably mingled together, and bound by ties of all kinds: and an instance was mentioned in which inquiry had shown that the family of one dismissed catechist was related, more or less closely, with forty-three other families. To untie such knots was impossible.

The difficulty was increased by the interference of Europeans. Individuals of high rank and in high command could be mentioned, who encouraged the native Christians in their resistance, and assured them of eventual success. Government also began to move. The dismissed catechists and schoolmasters had memorialised the Resident at Tanjore, in the first instance, complaining bitterly of the treatment they had received. They next applied to the Governor of Madras, and, finally, to the Governor-General. The matter assumed an aspect of the utmost gravity; and the Governor-General seemed at one time strongly inclined to interfere. The memorial addressed to him was sent to the Resident, with the margin covered with

pencil notes of inquiry which clearly showed the bias of his own mind. It must be remembered also that the matter was not simply one of discipline as between the Bishop and the native Christians. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was deeply interested, and its approval and support (which were, indeed, most honourably tendered) were indispensable.

It may easily be imagined that all these things pressed heavily upon the Bishop's mind at this crisis. Had he faltered or hesitated, everything would have rushed to confusion; and the influence of the missionaries, the purity of Christianity, the future hopes of the Church, would have vanished in a moment. But he neither hesitated nor faltered.

To the missionaries he wrote as follows:—

To the Rev. Brethren, the Missionaries in the South of India, especially at Vepery, Tanjore, and Trichinopoly, grace and peace be multiplied.

'PALACE, CALCUTTA, *March* 27, 1834.

'I have received, dear brethren, your important letters and reports concerning the affairs of the Native Churches. I highly approve all you have done. The removal of those who refused to yield to the will of our Lord and Saviour in renouncing the distinctions of caste in the Christian Church, as expressed to them by their Pastors and Bishop, I in the strongest manner confirm. They have separated themselves from "the Lord that bought them," they have preferred Belial to Christ, they have resolved to mix the doctrine of the Holy Jesus with the dogmas of a heathenish superstition. Therefore, none of the offices in the Church, none of the funds of the Mission, none of the aids intended for the comfort of the faithful, can be any longer conferred upon them. They have been affectionately warned of the greatness of the sin, and of the consequences which would follow their persisting in it, and they have had full space allowed them for consideration and repentance. They must now "eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices."

'The angry, captious spirit manifested by some of these misguided persons, who oppose the gracious order of Christ's

household—the rude and calumnious language in which others speak of their pastors—the artful and disingenuous manner of a third class—the vain appeal which has been made by others to a letter of one of my honoured and revered predecessors now with God, as if it finally decided on the merits of the case, whereas it was only an address of inquiry and suggestion—the proud, contemptuous, worldly temper apparent in almost all the documents—and the tumult which was, in some instances, attempted—all these things proclaim the necessity of the decisive step which I have been compelled to take. The various methods of mildness used by my honoured predecessor above referred to, and others the Bishops of this See, having failed, the time seemed come when all the Native Churches would be in danger of relapsing into heathenism and idolatry, unless the religious distinctions connected with Caste were at once and finally abandoned. Abandoned, therefore, they must now be. We must no longer attempt to "serve two masters." Christ and idols are contradictory to each other. Those who retain their Caste are not properly and truly members of Christ's body at all. They "halt between two opinions." No wonder that so many have relapsed openly to heathenism and renounced even the name of Christian, when they were, in fact, only half Christians before, and were already too much "mingled amongst the heathen and learned their works."

'The removal of such offenders from the Native Churches, painful though it be, is, like the separation of a diseased limb, indispensable to the safety of the body. Such disobedient persons declare themselves to be no longer of the divine fold, but to have chosen other pastures; they cannot, then, complain if "the porter no longer openeth unto them." I confirm, therefore, Rev. Brethren, all the sentences of removal you have pronounced.

'If any should begin to relent, and God should "give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the truth," and they should desire to be "delivered from the snare of the Devil, who have been taken captive by him at his will," you will know how to act. The tender shepherd, who is going after the lost sheep, if he find it, "lays it on his shoulder rejoicing." The blessed Apostle St. Paul bids those who "have been overtaken

in a fault," to be restored "in the spirit of meekness." But there must be no compromise on your part. Those who continue to disobey, must "bear their judgment, whatsoever it be." Christ must now at length be "all in all" to those who profess his name. The distinctions founded on heathenism, and connected with the pollutions of idolatry, must at length be renounced; and the system of pride, exclusion, and debasement interwoven with the impassable barriers of Caste must be abandoned, in order that brotherly love may unite the whole body of Christ in one fellowship, and that, in the mystical communion of His precious body and blood, "we, being many," may like the Corinthian converts, "be one bread and one body, being all partakers of that one bread."

'The spiritual, heartfelt union in the Church being established, the various civil differences arising from station, office, age, talent, rank, birth, diligence, success, piety, and influence, will begin to appear in their gentle and natural relations. No fixed degradation will be branded on any class of our brethren in the Lord; but the easy and salutary distinctions of human society will have their operation, to the edification of the whole body of the faithful, and the advancement of every honest word and work. Thus will the truth of the Gospel, as I trust, be restored. But even if the blessed Saviour should see fit, in his just displeasure, to "remove the candlestick out of its place," as regards any of these once flourishing Churches, because they refuse to repent, we must not alter our course. We must not provoke the great Master by new transgressions. Other Churches will be raised up to bow to the divine will. Thousands and thousands of Heathen will, I yet hope, "hear the word of the Gospel and believe." The funds left for the support of Native Churches and Schools will be easily transferred to the same holy purposes in other places; and Christ will be glorified as "Lord of all."'

To the native Christians themselves, who had sent him many memorials and letters, he wrote as follows:—

'THE RESTORATION OF YOUR CHURCHES TO THE FAITH AND HOLINESS OF THE GOSPEL is my great object and fervent

prayer. The question of Caste is a subordinate one in itself. It is as a symptom that it is important. It proves the diseased and feeble state of the spiritual life amongst you. I have given my judgment against it, therefore, in the most solemn manner, because it is the grand impediment to that deep repentance, that lively faith, that holy love to Christ, that due sense of the value of the soul, that genuine charity to all our fellow-members in the body of the faithful, that utter disregard and disesteem of all idolatrous distinctions and usages, which are essential to Christianity. I entreat you to submit cheerfully, then, to this necessary decision, in order that the power of Christ our Lord may be again known amongst you, delivering you from the miseries of a dark and declining state, and raising you to the holiness and consolations of an enlightened and prosperous one.'

Then, having attempted to remove some of their misapprehensions, he adds:—

'Evils enough will remain always in this sinful world to contend against in the strength of Christ. Evils enough will always cleave to our hearts to be watched over and eradicated. But I shall for ever praise God if, by firmness and decision now, this one enormous and unnecessary evil be no longer added to the rest—the evil of a voluntary tie kept up with the pagan world—the evil of a retreat to idolatry left open to the the weak convert—the evil of a temptation to a lapse from Christianity to heathenism presented by perpetual association with unbelievers and intermixture in their usages, festivals, and vices.'

To the Government he wrote many letters, as the question assumed its various phases. The tenor of them all was firm and uncompromising. He asserted that the matter was one for spiritual cognisance alone, and fell under ecclesiastical authority: that the Missions in the south were wholly independent of the Government: that the complaints of the "Tamul Christians" were groundless: that the punishment of some of them was the just retribution for turbulent conduct:

that the missionaries were acting under his direction: that he was endeavouring to mitigate evils of long continuance by striking at the root of them: that the funds were not diverted from the Mission, but only transferred from disobedient to obedient servants: and that the evil, once removed, religion and civilisation would again have free course.'

Government delayed their decision for a long time, and the very delay proved injurious to the settlement of the question. But the ground was taken away from under them. The above reasoning was unanswerable, and left them no pretence for interference. This they finally acknowledged; and in their answer to the memorialists, stated, that the matters of complaint were not such as fell within their cognisance.

Even the Honourable Court of Directors themselves came into the arena. But the slow process of reference, usual at that time, carried on their final decision respecting matters transacted in the year 1834, to the year 1839. It is, however, given here, in order to prevent the necessity of a recurrence to the subject. The paragraph from the despatch of the Court of Directors, No. 1, of 1839, was as follows:—

"8. We fully approve of the conduct of the Resident of Tanjore on this occasion. The subject appertains to the Ecclesiastical authorities, who state that they have paid proper attention to it. And as those authorities are fully aware of our positive orders for abstaining from any interference with the distinctions of Caste, we are content to leave the subject in their hands, trusting that they will not take any measures that are likely (in being carried into effect) to require the aid of the civil authority."

The result of all these stringent regulations, and these unsuccessful appeals upon the minds of the Tanjore Christians, was not desirable. They seemed to be settling down into a dull, dead, reckless state; and many hundreds, if not thousands of them, were hanging on to Christianity merely by name and outward profession. The Bishop's presence was manifestly and urgently needed; and it will be now evident

why he had visited Madras, and what must have been uppermost in his mind during the few days allotted for recovery from his "perils by water." One comfort was vouchsafed to him. On the very first Sunday morning after landing, a letter was put into his hands from Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury. With his usual calmness he discussed this very Caste question, now pressing for decision. He approved of all the Bishop had done, and promised to uphold him in such other measures as he might deem necessary for the extirpation of that great evil from the Churches. And this he promised, not only as Archbishop, but as President of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

"To the strengthening of my hands," says the Bishop in a letter to the Society, "in this arduous work, the despatch of His Grace the President, contributed in a degree it is impossible for me to express. I did, indeed, thank God, and take courage."

On leaving the steamer, the Bishop parted company with Dr. and Mrs. Mill, who returned in it to Calcutta, and was received into Government House, where in the absence of Sir F. Adam, every arrangement had been made to promote his personal comfort, and further the objects of his Visitation. Whilst staying at Madras, he delivered sixteen sermons and addresses, held five confirmations wherein six hundred and seventeen young persons were admitted to the full communion of the Church, repeated his Charge to the assembled clergy, and attended large committee meetings of the different religious societies. He was also in constant communication with the native Christians of Vepery. Whenever they came, whether singly, or in bodies, or as deputations, they were kindly received, reasoned with, and persuaded. But no concessions were granted. Their restoration was made to turn upon their willing obedience. Twice he preached to them in their noble church at Vepery. But this was to bring the power of the Gospel to bear upon their hearts, and not as yet to form a test of their compliance with his wishes. They were allowed to sit or stand as they pleased during divine service, and to come up as they pleased to receive the Holy Communion. To a common

eye no distinction was observable. The whole building was filled with apparently a most devout and attentive audience, receiving the Word and Sacrament in common. But an experienced eye could see the Soodras all standing apart during service, and all retiring from the Holy Communion. The evil still existed; and the steps to be taken for restraining it were left till the return from Tanjore.

Towards that place the Bishop now hastened, treading in the steps of his predecessor, and accompanied by Archdeacon Robinson, whose society was as pleasant as his experience was valuable. Madras was left on December 29th, and on the 31st at Atcherawauk the following words were written:—

'Our ten miles march is over, out of which I rode four on my Pegu poney. The close of another year calls to consideration of the end of life, labours, usefulness, projects, designs. The track of the holy and beloved Heber is solemn and affecting indeed! Poor fellow! The thermometer, as he journeyed, sometimes stood at 112°; and even in his tent, the Archdeacon, who accompanied him, says they could not get it lower than 97°. It was the very worst season of the year for the South (March to April, 1826). Sir Thomas Munro again and again warned him that the end of January was the last moment he should have left Madras. God's holy will, however, is thus accomplished in us and in the Church. Two things strike me: (1) Bishop Heber's sudden death was necessary to seal his doctrine, to awaken all India, to turn his astonishing popularity and loveableness into an attachment to the cause in which he died, to fix England and India in one gaze of interest. (2) His death after two and a half years of residence and journeys, saved him all the odium, misrepresentation, conflict with the worldly, envy of the wicked, and jarring with religious societies. All was thus *couleur du rose;* and as to influence after his decease, he died at the exact moment.'

On January 10th, 1835, at seven o'clock in the morning, the pagodas of Tanjore first appeared in sight; and at a ford over

one of the branches of the river Cavery, a large number of native Christians and school children were assembled. The venerable missionary Kohlhoff was at their head, and crowds of heathen stood around. The river was soon passed, and the Bishop immediately alighted from his palanquin; but before he could salute them, a hymn of praise rose on the morning air, sounding most sweet from native tongues. When it was ended, mutual greetings were interchanged. The native priest, Nyana-pragasen (the effulgence of glory), eighty-three years of age, drew near and was presented. His long white robe, combining in one garment both gown and cassock, harmonised well with the snowy hair falling on his shoulders, and gave him a most venerable appearance. He took the Bishop's offered hand between both of his, and blessed God for bringing him amongst them; adding a hope, that as Elijah brought back the stiff-necked Israelites to God, so he might overcome the obstinacy of this people.

After a few more kind words, the Bishop bade them farewell, and hastened on to the Residency, where Colonel Macleane and his admirable family were ready to receive and entertain him.

'Here I am, entering into this once flourishing Church, O Lord, in Thy name, and with a single eye to Thy glory and the purity of Thy Gospel over all India.' Grant me Thy meekness, Thy wisdom, Thy firmness, Thy fortitude, Thy discretion, Thine address in treating with men. To thee do I look up. As to myself and human power, my heart faileth me. For what can I do with seventeen hundred revolters, and ten thousand uninformed and prejudiced Christians? Lord, undertake for me.' Such were the first secret aspirations of his soul!

At breakfast Mr. Kohlhoff came in, and the Bishop embraced him, asking his blessing. "Nay, my lord," he replied, "you must bless me." Discussion followed, and all matters seemed very unpromising. Eighty Mission servants were still unemployed. Widows and female pensioners were labouring for their bread. Seventeen hundred Soodras had withdrawn

from public worship, and never came near the church. Meetings were held in a native house, where Pakeyanaden the non-conformist priest, officiated. A school had been formed for Soodra children. Feeling was much embittered. Pride, obstinacy, and anger were all combined. The state of morals was deplorable. The missionaries were very unpopular. Nothing could be more hopeless than the report of things, so far as man was concerned. After two hours' consultation this became apparent, and refuge was sought in God. All with one accord knelt down to seek mercy and grace, by turns, in this hour of need. The Bishop prayed, not that he might have his own way and compass his own ends, but that he might be guided to what was for the real good of the Church; and Mr. Kohlhoff prayed with admirable simplicity to "Jesus Christ."

At five o'clock the same afternoon, a large mixed body of native Christians, with about fifty school-children, assembled in the Residency grounds. Two native priests were with them: the one as being of very doubtful character was passed unnoticed; the other being respectable, though a strong dissentient, was addressed. The Archdeacon and Bishop's chaplain mingled with the people, conversing with, and welcoming them; and finally they were introduced to the Bishop. He received as many as could be accommodated, in the room, and the rest stood round the doors and windows. It was an interesting but anxious sight. The Bishop addressed John Pillay, the native priest, and begged him to tell all the assembled Christians that his heart was full of love, and he was most glad to see them. He had come to inquire into their grievances, and to explain the purport of his directions. But being now tired with his journey, he would hear what they had to say, but not talk himself. All might speak but those whose character was bad. Such he would not hear.

John Pillay, in reply, said (speaking English fluently) that they were very glad to see his lordship, and to have him examine into their desolate state. Truly they had been in despair, but now they began to hope on hearing such kind words. But since the Bishop was weary, they would not at this time trouble him.

The Bishop said he was too tired to talk much, but not too tired to listen.

An old man immediately rose and said he had been deprived of his pension, at the age of sixty-nine years, after having been long employed in the Mission.

The Bishop directed his name to be at once taken down, and said he would inquire into the particulars of his case. He felt that to such an old man the deprivation would be a great hardship; he should feel it himself, and he would deal with the petitioner, if all was clear and right, as he would wish to be dealt with himself.

Another man now rose, as old as the other, but also blind. His story was listened to, and his case dealt with in the same way.

The village doctor followed with his tale: his salary also had been withdrawn.

The Bishop said he honoured medical men: he looked upon them as next to ministers. His case should be considered.

A schoolmaster then rose, speaking quickly and angrily, but in excellent English.

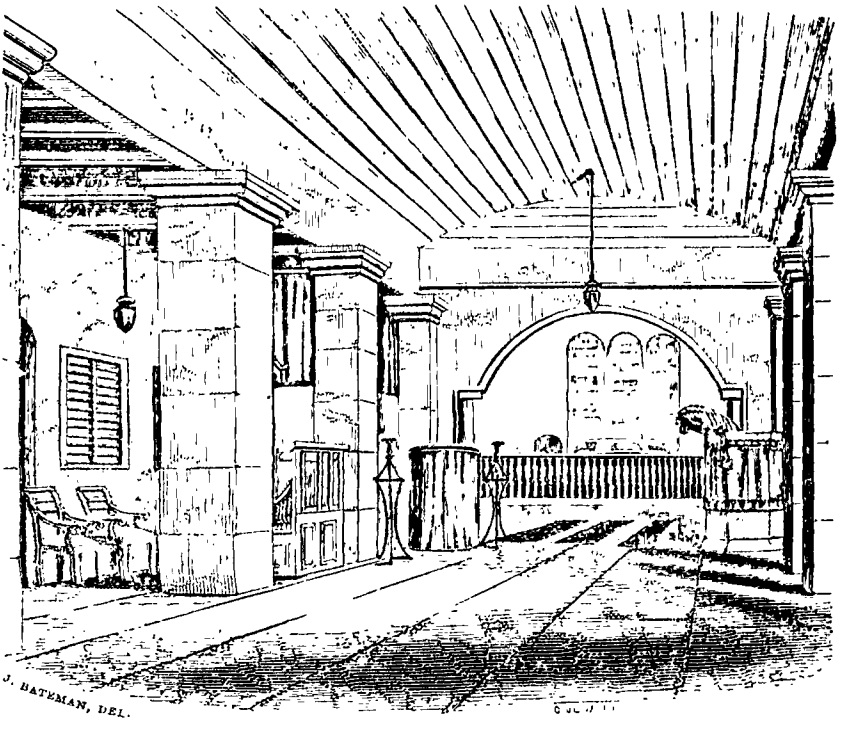
The Bishop took no notice of the haste and anger, but complimented him on his English.

Several others had their names thus taken down for inquiry. The native priest then produced a copy of a petition, which he said he had sent to the Bishop some time back. He wished to know if it had been received. Others pressed forward with similar papers and similar inquiries.

The Bishop said that he had received so many petitions and memorials, that it was quite impossible to answer all. He had no doubt they had been received; but, to make sure, they should now be read. They were read accordingly; and then, the interview having lasted two hours, the body of Christians rose, joined in singing a Tamul hymn, made their salaams, and retired.

The interview was satisfactory, so far as it went; but there was some fear lest conciliation should be mistaken for concession.

The Bishop told them before they left, that he should preach on the morrow, and bade them come. They said they would



INTERIOR OF THE MISSION CHURCH AT TANJORE, WITH THE GRAVES OF SWARTZ AND OTHER EARLY MISSIONARIES.

gladly come, if they might sit as formerly. They were told that, on this occasion, they might do as they pleased.

The next day, being Sunday, the Bishop preached in the morning to the English congregation. Divine service was in the Mission Church—a hallowed spot, where Swartz and other venerable men had ministered through life, and found a resting-place at death; where many souls, rescued from heathenism, had been added unto the Lord; and where some of Heber's last loving words had been spoken. In the evening, from the same place, the native Christians were addressed. The service necessarily was in Tamul; and young Mr. Cœmmerer, who was a catechist, and spoke it admirably, acted as the Bishop's interpreter. Seven hundred and fifty persons were counted, sitting after their manner, on the floor of the church, of whom more than three hundred were Soodra men and women; whilst uncounted crowds stood round the doors and windows. The Bishop's text was, "Walk in love, as Christ also loved us," (Ep. v. 2); and he dwelt upon two points, the love of Christ to us, and our love to one another. He was very affectionate and very earnest, and the effect was perceptible: the whole congregation was moved. Towards the conclusion, he dwelt upon the character of the "Good Samaritan," as illustrative of the love we should bear to one another. He described the meeting with the "certain man" of the parable; the seeing him in distress; not asking who he was; not dreaming of defilement by contact with him; but meeting the present duty; pouring in oil and wine; putting him on his own beast; taking care of him:—and all because he was in trouble, and because he was a neighbour.

"And what," asked the Bishop, rising from his seat, and with outstretched arms bending over the congregation which sat beneath him; "what did our blessed Master and Saviour say concerning this? What was His doctrine? What was His command? What were His words? 'GO, AND DO THOU LIKEWISE.'" A long pause of motionless and breathless silence followed—broken only when he besought every one present to offer up this prayer: "Lord, give me a broken heart, to receive the love of Christ and obey his commands." Whilst the whole congregation were repeating these words aloud in Tamul, he

bowed upon the cushion; doubtless entreating help from God; and then dismissed them with his blessing.

On Monday the Mission churches and buildings were inspected; the room in which Swartz died, and all the other places of interest, were visited; and then another conference was held, at which it was resolved to invite all native Christians who might wish it to private conversation, and thus hear their difficulties, and help in their removal.

Notes of what passed at several of these occasions follow. The words of the natives only are given: those on the other side may be easily supposed. At these conversations, the Bishop of course was not present.

Thomas, the former senior superintending catechist, and Vepery Pakey, a catechist, applied to the Bishop's chaplain, and, after prayer had been offered for divine guidance, commenced by saying, that they had much liked their former position, but were dismissed in consequence of non-compliance with the Bishop's wishes. Those wishes were doubtless in accordance with Holy Scripture; but to receive the Holy Sacrament in common with Pariahs was contrary to usage. They felt very uncomfortable in their present state of separation, and hoped now that the Bishop was come all would be set right. If his mind could but be softened, it would be a mercy. It was quite true that Holy Scripture, and duty, should have the first place; but many inconveniences would follow from compliance. He had a daughter married to a dissentient, who would send her home the moment conformity was shown by her parent. The native priests were leaders and superiors; if they obeyed, obedience would be easier to others. If all were to agree, no inconvenience of any kind would result from compliance. The heathen might despise; but amongst themselves, as Christians, all would be well; and even if a very large body agreed, they themselves would join.

They then signed their names to a written paper as follows:

"We sincerely, and in the presence of God, declare that we are ready to comply when a large body of the other separatists come over."

The discussion continued. They would be much happier if all went to church, and it was filled with worshippers. The Bishop's sermon was very awakening and edifying: they understood well the points he insisted on. They feared to lose the respect formerly paid them by the Pariahs, and the outward civility shown them by the heathen. They acknowledged that a good man would rise up, and a bad man sink down; that the clever would be at the top, and the stupid at the bottom, whether Soodra or Pariah. But still they feared the consequences of conformity. The children would not salute them, and they should lose respect.

On another occasion three individuals presented themselves, two of whom were dismissed catechists, and one a Tranquebar Christian.

They had heard the Bishop, and thought what he said very instructive. They were not happy, and had no peace; religion had died in their hearts; but the difficulties of compliance were great. One had three daughters, and if he did as was wished they would never be married. He was a poor man, and would thus be burthened with them. Another belonged to a family which had always married and intermarried within itself, and he must continue the custom. A third was ready to give himself, and his family of eight souls, up to the Bishop, to do with them as he pleased. The opposition of the wives was the greatest difficulty they had to encounter. Still many were willing to conform, and they knew of eleven heads of families who were so. The Bishop did not feel the difficulty as they did. They would take care not to be deceived by his kind manner, as if he was about to change his purpose; and would endeavour to come to a decision before he left.

The native priest Pakeyanaden was also seen alone. He understood the Bishop's wishes perfectly, and was willing to take the Sacrament according to his rank in life; but if he took it after a Pariah he should lose respect. He knew he ought to set a good example, and if the other native priest (Vivasanaden) consented, he would not refuse. He would not sign

any paper to that effect. He acknowledged that if a Pariah catechist visited a sick Soodra, he was not admitted to the house, but the sick man was taken out into the verandah, and there they conversed. This was to avoid defilement; and certainly could not be called Christian love. When twenty years old he was converted from popery by Swartz; and, after forty years' service, he felt it hard to be dismissed. He declared that both Swartz and Kohlhoff had Soodra cooks; but admitted that it might be because they understood their business, and were clean; not because they were Soodras. He felt that he was committing himself by what he was saying, and begged to withdraw.

Meanwhile visits of ceremony were interchanged with the Rajah, to whom much interest was attached as the son of Serfogee Rajah, and the pupil of Swartz. Every possible display of Eastern magnificence took place, but the details may fairly be omitted as beside the present purpose.

Much business was also transacted, connected with the secular affairs of the mission, with a view to its greater efficiency: and the interference of the native priests was forbidden by the Bishop in the present crisis.

And now a most important conference was held, at which the Bishop himself presided. About one hundred and fifty Soodras were present, and all were at liberty to speak in turn. It lasted three hours and a half the first day, and was resumed on the second. The reader may wish to know the exact sentiments of the speakers; they are therefore given, avoiding repetitions, as they were taken down at the time. The necessity of translating each sentence and reply allowed this easily to be done: though perhaps by being translated the native sentiments may have lost some of their point.

The Bishop began by saying that he had been praying for them: that the love of Christ had constrained him to visit them: that he was willing to forget the past and make all as easy as possible for the future: that he would take particular care of the old and blind: and that by cheerful submission they would become as happy as in times that were passed. 'To myself,' he added, 'this matter can make no difference:

but for yourselves it is most important. It is most important that your divisions should be healed, and that you should be brought back to Christ. And my heart's desire and prayer is that this may be the result of our present conference. And I say this—as the blessed Apostle did—"even weeping."'

'I will tell you,' said the Bishop, after a pause, slowly rising to his feet, 'what causes all this strife. IT IS THE FALLEN HEART OF MAN. And this difficulty is to be overcome only by consideration, self-humiliation, and prayer for grace. To get your own way and do your own will is no sign of grace. If, after complying with my directions, you do not find yourselves happier, I will undo them all again. But they are so scriptural, so fair, so benevolent, so much for the honour of Tanjore, so much for the reputation of Father Swartz now in heaven, and so much for the glory of God, that I have no fear. Difficulties at times arise in every Church, because we are fallen creatures. Then after a time God's providence appears —a bishop is sent, hearts are softened, eyes are opened, and difficulties vanish. Thus I trust it will be now.'

Pakeyanaden, Native Priest.—These people wish to explain their grievances.

Archdeacon.—Did they understand the sermon on Sunday night?

Bishop.—When I asked them openly whether they agreed to what I said, and they answered "Yes:" did they mean it?

Native Priest.—They wish for a more particular explanation.

Bishop.—I have often explained what I wrote: but I will do it again. All heathen customs arising from Caste, must be removed from the Church and people of God. All the distinctions of rank, station, and office, will remain. The doctor will be respected as a doctor; the Moonshee as a Moonshee; the priest as a priest; the catechist as a catechist; the rich as rich; the aged as aged: and so on. What then do I want altered? Only that which Satan and the proud heart of man would wish to retain; viz., that the impassable barrier of heathenish caste should be removed, and all Christians be one in Christ. I would have every one capable of rising by

their industry, their merit, their office, their piety, their honesty, their truthfulness; so that if a man is honest, industrious and able, he may rise in rank accordingly. The impassable barrier which Caste presents to this, must be removed. There must be no impassable barrier when you sit at Church: but a pious, cleanly, learned Pariah catechist, must be allowed to sit where he pleases without offence. There must be no impassable barrier at the holy table. If seven or eight Soodras were kneeling there, a Pariah must be allowed to come up and kneel too without confusion or dissension. All this is so simple and clear, that when agreed to and carried out practically, you will wonder why you made so much difficulty about it. Then also the country priest will receive all who come, and will live amongst his flock. The catechist will do the same. When meetings are held on Church matters, all may attend. When godfathers and godmothers are wanted, the choice must not turn on their caste. The burial-ground also will be common to all the dead. I do not interfere with your national customs, or with matters of dress and food. But old heathenish customs must be relinquished. It appertains to me to arrange this, and I deem it indispensable. I see by your looks that you are convinced of the truth of what I say, and recognise the Christian law of love. Why, that doctor who sits before me—do you suppose I would refuse to receive medicine at his hands? Not at all: I should be perfectly ready. I know of no distinction in such a matter, but that of superior skill. I would employ the doctor who was most clever, not the man of higher Caste. Now I have explained the matter as you wished.

Devasagyam.—In these parts Heathenism is like the sun shining strongly. Christianity is only a feeble light. It meets great hindrances from friends and foes, and if it is to spread, it must not be made difficult, and subject its converts to persecution. We do not mind being called professors of the religion of God: but we do not like to be called Pariahs. As God first threatened Nineveh and then pardoned it; so we hope you who have threatened, will now excuse, spare, pardon us.

Rayappen Santappen.—You wish we should all come to the

Lord's table without distinction. There has been no such rule from the time of our fathers. We find it very hard, and hope you will not insist upon it. Europeans have distinctions. They have family vaults.

Bishop.—And so may you have them. I have not the least objection. There is no heathenism in that.

Nyanapragasan Arroordapan.—Our Lord before his sufferings bade three disciples watch and pray, and then he went away. When He came back, He found them sleeping. And He did this again and again. So we wish you to overlook us this time. When He came the third time, He said, "Sleep on now, and take your rest:" that is what we want you to say to us.

Alroondamy.—Among my relations, a man died. We applied to the missionary to bury him. Two were there at the appointed time: but another person was directed to read the service. We found a man of our own company and caste on the ground, and him we employed. For this we were punished: and being poor people were obliged to mortgage our jewels to pay the fine. We had no hope of redress, but now we have. Since the news of your lordship's arrival came, two have been buried. The missionaries preach the Gospel, and say that if a man smites me on one cheek I am to turn the other. Do they do that themselves?

Moodhaiakam.—I am a writer. I wish to know whether the missionaries are to work amongst us or amongst others. If amongst us, why do they not learn to speak Tamul, and thus perform their duty. After the funeral spoken of, I went to the Mission House. The missionaries had a string under the table and were going to tie and flog me! I begged them not: and then they set a dog on me and hunted me home!

Rahgendrum.—I was a catechist, and was concerned in this funeral. The missionaries wrote to the judge, and said, "Put these four men in prison." We were fined twelve rupees each.

Vivasanaden.—I am a native priest, and know about this funeral. There was a quarrel a long time back with Mr. Haubroe the missionary. On that occasion, these three men who have last spoken, were set up to speak evil of the missionary. They did then as they have done now.

A Native (name unknown).—The missionaries give very false accounts of the native servants.

Bishop.—Well, then, do you give a right account. I am here. I hear.

Native.—We were offended by what was said last Sunday about drunkards and adulterers.

Bishop.—Why? If none are drunkards or adulterers, why should any be offended? But what about compliance with my wishes?

Native.—We are willing to submit so far as our former customs go: but not to make any alteration.

Bishop.—Sit down.

Another Native.—I belong to the Cowkeeper tribe. Swartz converted my father, who lived to the age of ninety-eight. He endeavoured to convert others, and I have followed in his steps. My wife is dead. If I look out for another, they will say, "He is a Pariah." "We won't give him a wife." The rules are very heavy. I hope they will be lightened. I gave fifty rupees to get a wife for my brother-in-law: and even then she would eat only with the heathen and not with the family. If you make us Pariahs we can get no wives.

Amoordapa Pillay.—I am a writer, employed by the Rajah. Caste does not spring from heathenism. You are misinformed. Caste is not a superstition. It is something by which respect is commanded and obtained. It is necessary for us. Pariahs are servants and slaves, who perform degrading offices. We are dishonoured by their coming near us. We can never submit. We cannot take the Sacrament with them.

Awasagayah.—I was formerly mission doctor. I perceive that you have come from a great distance to seek our welfare. If we submit, the surrounding heathen will deprive us of employment; and what good shall we get? I wait to hear.

Bishop.—I have already told you.

Christian Maryanen.—I was a schoolmaster. There are three persons in one Godhead, and when the disciples were sent out by Christ, they were to preach and baptise in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. So that there are distinctions in heaven, as well as different castes on

earth. I beg to inform you that rather than submit, I prefer to be considered a non-conformist.

Rayappen (again).—Amongst the Pariahs even, there are four or five castes. They will not eat indiscriminately They have separate doctors and separate customs; so that even amongst these slaves, distinctions exist. They work for Soodras, perform menial offices, remove dead cattle, announce deaths; and they are paid for what they do. We love them very much. When a wedding is celebrated, we often give them a dinner. There are amongst them the washermen Pariahs, the scavenger Pariahs, and the pandaram or priest Pariahs.

Bishop.—I am glad to hear it, because they also will have something to give up, as well as the Soodras. But if a Pariah, by God's blessing, becomes learned, acquires property, buys an estate, has good manners and cleanly habits—where is the difference in God's sight between him and a Soodra? In that case all must be one in Christ.

Rayappen.—How can we make the heathen understand this? Swartz preached amongst them: some embraced Christianity: some did not. Those who did are subject to insults. The heathen will not associate with them.

Bishop.—What objection is there to that? Christians have nothing to do with heathens. They are commanded to "come out and be separate, and not touch the unclean thing." "Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you."

Rayappen.—The heathens will not even give us water to drink.

Bishop.—Will you give water to a Pariah, or drink with him?

Rayappen.—No: I will not.

Bishop.—Wherein, then, are you better in that respect than a heathen?

Rayappen.—I wish to bring in all the heathen: but your orders are a hindrance.

Devasagyam Pakey.—I hope you will hear me kindly. I want to know whether there would be any blessing for a Soodra who, with an unclean mind, received the Sacrament with a Pariah.

This man went on, and added something so coarse and

indecent that Mr. Cœmmerer refused to translate it. The expression was mentioned to the Archdeacon: and on his report the Bishop rebuked the man, and bade him leave the room. When he rose to go, all rose with noise, clamour, and violent gesticulations, and pressed towards the door. Many left. The Bishop sat quite still, merely saying, "Only that one man was to go." As they crowded round the door, loudly vociferating, one angry man stopped the way, and said, "When it is written in the Scriptures that we are to take the Sacrament with Pariahs, we will do it, and not before." He was proceeding with his speech, keeping all the rest motionless, when the Bishop said, "Sit down, that all may hear." All at once sat down. But the conference was virtually closed, and the hopes of general compliance at an end. They had come with minds made up, and plans arranged—not to comply with the Bishop's directions, but to get them cancelled. It was desirable, however, that the utmost calmness should be maintained, and no outbreak caused. The visit was not made without risk. Threats had not been wanting. When they heard of the Bishop's coming, they were reported to have said, "Some of the party will not return alive." An unmoved demeanour was therefore necessary, and all remained quiet and attentive. The old native priest (Nyana-pragasen) who conformed, now rose, and addressed the remnant that remained, "You are all my brethren and my children," he said; "I have been instrumental in bringing many of you to Christ. With weeping and sorrow I beg to admonish you. If you will hear me I will go on. If not, I will sit down." He then, with animated gestures, reproached them for their conduct, and bade them pray to God to take away the hardness of their hearts, and bring them to repentance. But they listened angrily, and rudely interrupted him; and since his words seemed to increase the irritation, he was not encouraged to proceed.

The Bishop concluded all by rising calmly, and saying, 'I have borne all, and heard all that has been said, except such words as ought not to have been spoken. The man who spoke them I sent away. Those who went with him were like men turning their backs upon the truth. I have listened long, and

am very weary. You break my heart with sorrow. I came only for your good. Instead of listening to what I say, one tells me one thing, and one another, which are nothing to the purpose. I can only mourn over you before God. It would be far easier for me to gratify you: but what can I do? Jesus Christ tells me one thing; and your habits and customs are contrary to it.

'A few things only I will add. No one will lose any honour and respect worth having by following my directions: but, on the other hand, he will gain honour and respect, and be far happier. I repeat that the impassable barrier of Caste must be removed. The way of improvement must be thrown open. The law of love must be obeyed. Not that Pariahs are to be insolent and rude. Any one that is so must be put out of the Church. They must be taught humility as well as others. The barrier is to be removed from the Church of God; but distinctions are allowed in civil society. With that I have nothing to do. And remember that what must be done will be done gently, and kindly, and gradually. If there has been any harshness in time past, I am sorry for it. Some of the missionaries have been but a short time here, and have not had time to learn the language: but what they do is from love to souls, and it demands your gratitude and obedience. I commend you all to God. Christ has died for you, and you must take up your cross and follow him.'

They then rose to go: but as they went said, "We cannot come to church." "You will please yourselves," replied the Bishop, and withheld his blessing.

One of the native priests lingered behind to say that he would conform if he might always receive the Sacrament before the people. This was of course allowable, and his offer was not discouraged. The moment he perceived this, he began to reckon up the arrears of salary that would be due to him from the time he was suspended; and to request that an order might be made for payment. He was, however, bowed out for the time.

On the following morning, divine service was celebrated in the Mission Church, and the Bishop preached; but not more

than forty Soodras were present. A confirmation in the Fort Church followed, when one hundred and sixty persons, chiefly natives, were confirmed and addressed as usual. The Fort itself was afterwards examined, with the Rajah's palace, schools, and menagerie. Flaxman's magnificent statue of the late Rajah Serfojee stood in one of the courts, but the natives, thinking the turban somewhat too large, had removed it, and substituted one by a native artist of a different coloured marble, with silk tassels and a tuft of black feathers! The Bishop preached twice in the Fort Church on the following Sunday. The morning service was in English. A manuscript containing a few notes in the handwriting of Swartz, on the text, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), had been found in the Mission House. It bore date, "Fort St. George, July 12, 1778." The Bishop took it up into the pulpit as his sermon. A few natives who understood English were present, and amongst them one of the dissentient native priests. He remarked afterwards, with tears, to the Resident, "It was the sweetest sermon I ever heard in my whole life." In the evening, a Tamul congregation listened to a discourse upon the two masters; the two services; and the impossibility of joining them, from Matt. vi. 24.

Meanwhile, all the intervals between these public duties and services, had been filled up with pleasant social intercourse, an examination of every part of the Mission, arrangements for strengthening the hands of the missionaries, and short excursions in the neighbourhood. Mr. Kohlhoff himself was a very interesting character, as having been a pupil of Swartz, and forming a link between the older missionaries and the younger. He was now advanced in years, with an open, honest, German countenance, somewhat florid, rather stout and short, speaking with a foreign accent, with long grey hair falling over his shoulders; wanting perhaps in power of argument, discernment of character, firmness and some of the higher qualities of the missionary, but simple-minded, amiable, kind, gentle, and an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile. His conversation and his preaching was of "Jesus Christ." It was not "God commands this," or "God forbids that;" but "Jesus Christ commands this," and "Jesus Christ forbids that." His old master Swartz was often

on his lips, and he was full of pleasant reminiscences of him. To all these the Bishop inclined his ear, delighted to draw out one anecdote after another, and enter them in his note-book. It appeared that Swartz was at once a Father, a Minister, a Judge, and a Master to his native flock. When any of them had offended, the alternative was proposed, "Will you go to the Rajah's Court, or be punished by me?" "Oh, Padre! you shall punish me," was the uniform reply. "Give him then twenty strokes," said Swartz, and they were immediately given.

His habits were most simple; Kohlhoff, when a young man beginning his missionary course, lived with him. His mother used sometimes to send over a few cakes and a bottle of wine. Swartz gave him the cakes, but took away the wine, saying he did not need it. It was kept for the communion and the sick. One glass of wine a week was all that Swartz allowed himself in middle life; and that was taken between the services which occupied almost every hour of the Sunday. His diet was of the plainest kind. Some tea in a jug with boiling water poured over it, and dry bread broken into it, made a breakfast which lasted about five minutes, and sufficed for young Kohlhoff and himself. Dinner, at one o'clock, consisted of broth or curry, with occasionally a little fry. Some meal, or gruel, at eight, served for supper.

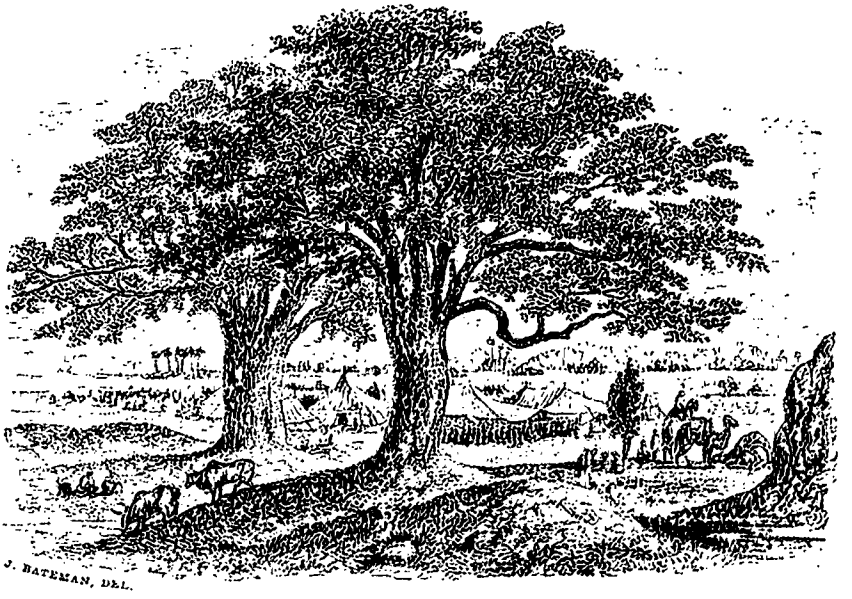
His study was constantly in the Holy Scriptures, which he read only in the original Hebrew and Greek. Each morning his native priests and catechists were assembled at early prayers, and went thence to their daily duties:—"You go there;" "You do this;" "You call on certain families;" "You visit such a village:" These were his directions. About four o'clock all returned and made their report. He then took them with him, and sitting in the churchyard, or some public place, or in the front of the Mission House, according to the season of the year, invited the surrounding heathen to converse, or hear the Scriptures read and explained. He was mild in manner, but very authoritative; and would brook neither idleness nor disobedience. A little pleasant humour mingled with his piety. Colonel Wood, the Resident at Tanjore, was about to give a ball, and Mr. Chambers was invited. He consulted Swartz, who was his great

friend, as to the propriety of accepting the invitation. "Come," said Swartz, "sit down, and let us ask St. Paul." He opened the Bible, and read Romans 7th, which shows how widely the pleasures of the world differ from the pleasures of the believer. Mr. Chambers decided at once, and declined the invitation. Colonel Wood and his lady were much offended, and meeting Swartz soon after, reproached him with having kept back Mr. Chambers and spoiled their party. "I assure you, Sir, I assure you, Madam," said Swartz, "it was not my doing. I did not keep him back. I did not even say a word. It was not me. It was St. Paul. You must blame him."

"Once," said Mr. Kohlhoff, continuing his reminiscences (many of which have found a record in Dr. Pearson's admirable Life of Swartz) a fire took place where Mr. Swartz was, and communicated to a small powder magazine which blew up. Great fears were entertained lest the explosion should extend to a much larger magazine near at hand. "Now," said Mr. Kohlhoff, "there was a vag (wag) and he ran to Mr. Swartz, crying out—'Mr. Swartz, Mr. Swartz, the magazine is going to blow up. We must run away, or we shall soon be in heaven!' 'God forbid!' replied Mr. Swartz: 'God forbid!'—And then, my Lord, this wag, this wicked, wicked wag, went about, and told everybody that Mr. Swartz had said, 'God forbid that he should go to heaven.' Ah! he was a wicked wag. He made a laugh at Mr. Swartz."

A few relics of "the Missionary" were found and treasured up: his pocket Testament—a lock of his silver hair—an old chair. This last, the Bishop ordered to be repaired. It was an old Danish chair, with round back and rattan sides, in which Swartz used to sit and study. It found a place in the library at Calcutta, and doubtless remains there still.

On Wednesday, January 21st, the Bishop set out on a visit to Trichinopoly; proposing on his return to make final arrangements at Tanjore. He left the Native Christians there in sore perplexity. They had found him both kinder, and firmer, than they expected. He had yielded nothing, and hurried nothing. His final departure was at hand. There was little hope



MISSIONARY SCENE AT MUTTOOPUTTY ON THE COLEROON RIVER.

that he would change his mind. The tie which bound them to their heathen friends drew one way, the fear of losing their employments and being left without resource, the other. Men of influence amongst them, who had talked loudly, were now silent. Two native priests had conformed. Many were inclined to yield. All these things caused "great searchings of heart."

Meanwhile the Bishop was on his way to Trichinopoly. He stopped at a place called Muttooputty, the largest station belonging to the Christians on the Coleroon river. It was out of the common track, many swollen rivers had to be forded, the night was very dark, and some of the party were nearly drowned. But there was ample compensation in what followed. Natives from all parts came crowding to the encampment. Their chapel was far too small; so that the largest double tent was prepared for divine service. The cords of it were lengthened and the stakes strengthened, so as to admit the hundreds who crowded under its shelter. No question of Caste troubled any mind. All sat as they came; and after prayers in Tamul, the Bishop preached from the words "Christ is all and in all." (Col. iii. 11.) The Holy Sacrament was then administered to two hundred and forty-seven native communicants. The service lasted nearly four hours, and was repeated in the evening:—the baptismal service being substituted for the evening prayers, and sixteen little frightened infants received into the ark of Christ's church.

'Never,' says the Bishop, recalling this day, 'had I such grace given me since I have been in Orders, now thirty-four years, as is now vouchsafed; that I, who am indeed "less than the least of all saints," should be permitted to preach amongst the Gentiles "the unsearchable riches of Christ." If God carries me through this series of duties and labours, I may say truly, "Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." One such day as we have just passed, is worth years of common service. I really almost wish I might resign Calcutta, and take the See of Madras. These Native Churches require just the care I should delight to give.'

On Friday, January 23rd, he arrived at Trichinopoly, a large and important station, having good roads, handsome houses, two large churches, and at least fifty thousand inhabitants. Here Bishop Heber "finished his course." To see the house where he lived, and the bath in which he died, were primary duties; and the Archdeacon, with a sad heart, pointed out each spot. The bath was a building separated from the house, and standing quite alone. It was entered by a door, and lighted by windows, cut diamond-wise in stone, but unglazed. In the floor yawned the deep excavation called a bath, measuring fifteen feet in length, by eight in breadth. The descent into it was by stone steps. The Bishop went down and stood at the bottom. When there, he had to raise his hands above his head, in order to reach the narrow ledge running round the room. So that it must have been six or seven feet deep, and was always kept quite full of water. It caused a shudder to look down, whilst listening to the exaggerated stories told by the native servant—for the Archdeacon could not enter. Alas! it needed no exaggeration to fill the mind with sadness. From the excitement of missionary scenes—from preaching to the Native Christians—from conversation as to the best means for promoting their highest interests—from earnest prayer on their behalf, this devoted Bishop had retired for the refreshment of the bath. His friends waited for him in the house: his servant sat outside. They alike wondered at the deep silence, and the long delay. Then followed the search, the discovery, the loud outcry, the hasty plunge, and the withdrawal of the lifeless body. To stand upon the verge of that tomb-like bath, and to realise these things, was deeply affecting; and words of Scripture rose spontaneously in every mind, meditating on the mysteries of God's providence:—"I was dumb: I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." (Psalm xxxix. 9.)

On Sunday morning the Bishop preached in St. John's Church to a large congregation, and on the next day he visited five hospitals, and examined the Regimental Schools. His comment is as follows:—

'TRICHINOPOLY, *January* 26, 1835.

'I have preached in the pulpit; I have stood at the self-

same altar; I have placed my foot on the very spot which contains the remains of the holy and beloved Heber. On April 2nd, 1826, he preached there: the next morning he was a corpse, in the prime of life and dawn of usefulness. Such are the mysteries of the kingdom of God.'

The Caste-question here again met him, and he hastened to the encounter. The very day after his arrival, he preached in the Mission Church, taking no notice of the Soodras, who were present, clustering together as a separate body. For nine months previously, not one of them had been near the church. They had a native priest amongst them, and he, as well as many of the congregation, being possessed of independent property, were apparently determined to stand out. It was necessary, however, that the matter should be at once brought to an issue, for the Bishop had but a few days to stay, and he would return no more. Here, therefore, he resolved for the first time, to carry out the purpose he had formed. There was no hope that, in any case, the whole dissentient body would comply with his wishes. The evil lay too deep, the prejudices and habits were too strong. But a nucleus might be formed, round which others might gather from time to time, and to which all new converts might be added. If this nucleus could be formed in each station, and arranged upon the basis of the Bishop's directions:—then time, patience, and watchfulness, by God's grace, would do the rest. This therefore was the Bishop's purpose, and to accomplish it, notice was given of Divine Service and the administration of the Lord's Supper, for the very morning of his departure. All seemed impressed with the importance of the occasion, and the church was thronged. When the Bishop in his robes left the vestry in order to proceed to his seat at the communion table and commence the service, he saw many scattered groups of natives standing apart from the main body of the congregation who were seated on the floor. Fully aware of the cause, he joined one group, and taking two Native Christians by the hand, he gently led them forward to a vacant place in front, and seated them. His chaplain, following in the surplice, by his directions, did the same. Others who were present, were bid to

assist. It was all done quietly and kindly, and no sort of resistance was made. The Soodra sat by the Pariah, and the Pariah by the Soodra, and both were intentionally intermingled with many of the authorities, and influential Europeans of the station. When all was quiet, the service commenced; and in the course of it, forty natives came up without distinction, and were confirmed. Then followed the sermon from the words "Preaching peace by Jesus Christ" (Acts x. 36). When the Holy Sacrament was about to be celebrated, the Bishop quietly gave directions as to the mode of administration. A Soodra catechist received it first, then two Pariah catechists, then a European gentleman, then a Soodra, then some East Indians. The gentry of the station, having been much interested in the matter, had placed themselves at the Bishop's disposal: and at the special request of the lady of the highest rank, a Pariah knelt and communicated between her and her husband. This facilitated the arrangement; and silently, but most effectually, the barrier which had existed for so long a time was broken down, and one hundred and forty-seven partook of the Lord's Supper, without distinction. A precedent was thus set. This was the nucleus of the Native Church of the future. Every wanderer, every dissentient, might join it: but always in this way and according to this rule. New converts also, and every one who was confirmed, would know what was expected from them. Dead leaves would gradually drop off, these were to be the new buds. Of course many Soodras had retired from the church before the sacrament was administered, and all had been free to do so. But it was found that nine families of influence had conformed, and were well content. These, with the large body of Pariahs, were sufficient for the purpose; and the Bishop thanked God and took courage. He preached once more, and made a collection, which Bishop Heber's death had prevented his doing nine years before, for the Propagation Society, and then took his departure. He called at the missionary station of Boodalore in his way; and arrived at Tanjore again on Wednesday morning, January 28th.

No great change had taken place during his absence. Minds were wavering. The precedent set at Trichinopoly was at once known, and something similar was anticipated; but

what would be the result none could foresee. An Ordination (the first ever held in Tanjore) gave breathing time. It was held on Saturday, Jan. 31st, when the Rev. Messrs. Thompson, Jones, Simpson, and Coombes, were admitted to Priest's orders; and Mr. Irion, who had long been in the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, acting on Lutheran orders, was, at his own desire, admitted into the Deacon's orders of our Church. The Archdeacon preached an admirable sermon; and at the Bishop's desire, the East India Company's chaplain of Trichinopoly, the Rev. Mr. Kohlhoff a Lutheran, the Rev. Mr. Müll of the Danish Episcopal Church, Nyana-pragasen the native priest of Tanjore, and his own domestic chaplain, joined in the "laying on of hands." The service was in English, and the whole station was present. Many hundred natives also crowded the church, and seemed deeply impressed. The Bishop asked old Mr. Kohlhoff after the service whether he was over-fatigued. "No," was his reply, "this is the day the Lord hath made. We will rejoice and be glad in it."

Sunday, February 1st, was appointed for the native service. It was the last time the Bishop could meet them, and would serve to show the effect produced by all that he had done. In anticipation of it, he wrote as follows:—

'Reason, religion, conscience, the future peace and purity of the native churches, the Bishop's presence and unalterable resolution, are all set in array against (1) ignorance, (2) obstinacy, (3) habit, (4) standing well with the heathen, (5) the point of honour, (6) pride, (7) wives and kindred, (8) the world, (9) Satan.

'If I could hope to reckon in my favour, the Love of Christ, the Holy Spirit's grace, gratitude for Redemption, and a sense of the ennobling privileges of the Gospel:—If I could reckon these as my helpers, I should not fear for a moment the nine (or nineteen, or twenty-nine) enemies. God only can work a work of mighty grace amongst them.'

The day began auspiciously by the receipt of a letter from the native Christians at Vepery, signed by seven in the name,

and on behalf of all, confessing past errors, and promising unfeigned and unconditional obedience for the future. The morning prayers were read in Tamul at eight o'clock; and at half-past ten all were assembled for the sermon and Holy Sacrament. They seated themselves as they pleased; a few sat apart; but the greater number were mingled together. About six hundred were present. The Bishop did not interfere, as at Trichinopoly. After the Litany, he preached from the words, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" (Matt. iii. 26.) The whole congregation seemed to remain for the Holy Sacrament; for though some had retired, yet the church looked full. The Resident and ladies of his family first approached—then some Soodras and Pariahs intermingled—then some Europeans—then natives and Europeans mingled—then natives and East Indians mingled—then one or two missionaries and natives. All was voluntary, and all was perfectly understood. The only remaining peculiarity, and that was fairly allowable, and perhaps desirable, was that amongst the natives, men and women communicated separately—the men first, the women after. The whole number of communicants on this occasion was three hundred and forty-eight. Of these, sixty-two were Europeans, and two hundred and eighty-six native Christians, amongst whom forty-three were Soodras from Tanjore and the neighbourhood. Here, again, God gave success. The number thus conforming certainly was small, as compared with the many non-conformists, but it was sufficient for a precedent. It afforded a rallying-point; and the Bishop was content. The result was better than at one time he had anticipated. Henceforth all depended on strengthening the mission, watching over new converts, and instructing the rising generation.

'A nucleus is now formed,' he said, 'as I hope, in all the stations for a sound and permanent Christian doctrine and discipline. One of the grand artifices of Satan is, I trust, discovered and laid bare. The new converts before they are baptised, and the catechumens before confirmation, will readily submit from the first, to the undeviating rule now established. The whole congregation will be treated with the extraordinary

tenderness, which the habits of India for three thousand years, and their own low state of Christian faith require. It will suffice as to them that all overt acts, as respects the Church and the public worship of God, be discontinued. For the rest we must wait. In proportion as new missionaries come out, and true Christianity revives and spreads amongst their flocks, they will understand the grounds of my conduct, and rejoice in the paternal, though strong, resolution which dictated it.'

The next morning was spent in committee, and all matters of detail were finally arranged. Every petition was read and discussed. Six pensioners were restored, not for conformity, but because of age, blindness, and infirmity. The recipients of the Rajah's yearly bounty were not to be interfered with; but in recommending fresh names to him, those who conformed were, *cæteris paribus*, to be preferred. Six conforming Soodras were immediately restored to office and pay. All who followed their example before Easter, were to be dealt with in like manner; whilst all who delayed beyond that time, were to be received into the Church indeed, but not reinstated in office.

Thus the Bishop had done what he could; and if no further discussion appears in these volumes, it is because the subject belongs henceforth rather to the history of the Indian Church, than to the Life of its first Metropolitan. He was shortly after freed from all control and all responsibility respecting it, by the arrival of Bishop Corrie in his diocese. Different opinions on such a complex subject there will always be, and different modes of treating it will suggest themselves to different minds. But the above narrative has been given at such length, in order to expose the magnitude of the evil, and in the hope that no false charity, and no short-sighted policy will ever be permitted to build again the things that have been destroyed. Caste may still perhaps remain, but it never should be tolerated, or like a parasite, it will sap the very life of the goodly tree to which it clings.

The Bishop delivered a Charge to the missionaries before he left Tanjore. But this will fitly introduce a new chapter, and

may be preceded by extracts from some of the Correspondence which took place during the year 1834—35.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM JOWETT.

'CALCUTTA, *April* 4, 1834.

'I can assure you it is sweet to retrace former days with Mr. Pratt and yourself, and my older friends. I need all help: and transcendently that GRACE, that seasonable grace, which alone can really help. Yes, my beloved friend, seventeen months' residence at a distance of sixteen thousand miles from England, her religious privileges, and her Church, have sufficed to endear to me old friendships.

'Your letter is amongst the most welcome I have received, because it is the most honest, and the most really simple and friendly. It does me good. I want to be reminded. I want to be stirred up. I want the comparison of minds in other latitudes. It is a strong and fatal temptation to be placed by age and circumstances of station, out of the reach of admonition, and that perfect freedom of caution and advice which we all need; and then most, when we think we can dispense with them.

'I well remember what you have cited from me as reported of my old tutor, the Rev. J. Crouch, "that he never knew how to congratulate any one on any new station, till he saw how he behaved himself in it." And I may add to this the saying of Fenelon to Harlai when made Archbishop of Paris, "This day, when you are receiving the congratulations of France on your appointment, is very different from that when you must give an account to God of your administration."'

TO THE REV. J. PRATT.

'OFF CEYLON, *November* 26, 1834.

'As long as my hand can move shall I write with delight to my old friend and tutor, and now brother in the Gospel. Tenderly do I recal all the scenes of my youth when I first came to you as pupil in 1798, and earnestly do I remember

the example and advice of Mr. Cecil and yourself. I ever trace to that connection, under God's blessing, the right direction of my mind and studies when I entered college: as I trace to Mr. Scott's sermons and writings the guidance of them for the two preceding years. I pray you write to me from time to time. Now is the hour of temptation and trial to me. Now I have to act in circumstances of which you can have little conception—complicated, new, unexpected.

'I am labouring to understand my dispensation, as Mr. Cecil would say. I am labouring to detect my most dangerous points. Two things I am sure of:—To preach the Gospel of my blessed Master must be right; therefore, I lose no opportunity of setting forth with all boldness the name and grace of Jesus, His person, incarnation, atonement, glory, kingdom, love, obedience. The other is to keep the heart:—This again must be right; to keep it with all diligence, above all keeping, as that which commands the issues of life. In other matters doubts as to the particular course of duty will arise. They are generally governed much by particular circumstances, particular obligations and relations. But the mighty universal doctrine of Christ is everywhere the same, and the tender conscience, the broken heart, the watchfulness of the soul before God, is everywhere equally difficult and indispensable.'

TO A JUNIOR CHAPLAIN.

'Calcutta, 1834.

'You are seldom long from our minds and conversation. We are encompassed here with difficulties of all kinds. The three great spiritual adversaries have under their control many, many others. Sanballat and Tobiah are everywhere. But Christ is greater than a thousand such foes. Preach, pray, live, in the spirit of Christ more and more—all his doctrine, all his grace, all his holiness. Allow me to remind you of the great vigilance needful to lay the foundation of good Church habits and associations, which are, abstractedly speaking, just as good as others; but which are endeared to us, and bound indeed upon our consciences by the blood of our martyred Reformers, and the vows of our Ordination. I

speak in love, and only generally, as I would wish you to speak to me, if our circumstances were altered: my business is exhortation.'

TO A SENIOR CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'Happy shall I be to visit your station the moment duty will allow. Preach a crucified Saviour, my dear friend. Be grave, dignified, consistent in your whole carriage. Walk with Christ. Live near the cross. Let all your sermons be dipped in the heart, and bedewed with prayer. Plead with souls. Look up to the Holy Spirit for success—and expect it.'

TO A NEWLY ARRIVED CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'A close and confidential intercourse with my reverend and honoured brethren is what I begin with each, as soon as they arrive, and carry on with my very best judgment for the advancement of the glory of Christ, and the good of souls in this vast diocese. All is here dependent on personal character, personal influence, personal doctrine, personal effort. The Establishment does not support us, but we it—as in all newly planted Churches.

'My registrar mistook me when he supposed I wished him to convey to you the sense of disapprobation I entertained of your sermon. My design was to convey that sentiment with my own hand; for I certainly do disapprove of your printed discourse in several respects. I disapprove altogether of a presbyter of the Church of England treating in the pulpit those matters of which the people in general can be no judges, and which may go to loosen their reverence and attachment to the Establishment, especially in a day like the present, and in this unsettled and distant diocese.

'The question, again, about coroners' inquests, is a grave subject for consideration with the Bishop, but surely not a topic for pulpit invective. You have deprived yourself of the fair advantages you might have derived from a private correspondence with myself, by this indecorous proceeding; and, in

fact, thrown back any attempts I may be making to set the matter right by this your imprudent assault.'

TO A DISTANT CHAPLAIN.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'I pray you to study more and more the Second Epistle to Timothy, and the Epistle to Titus, as the minister's manual; the Epistle to the Romans and Galatians as the apostolical exposition of the Gospel; the Epistles to Ephesus, Philippi, and Colosse, as a specimen of instruction for advanced churches; those to Corinth for disorderly churches; that of St. James for antinomian professors; and that to the Hebrews as the key to the Old Testament. On this groundwork build all you gather from the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the entire volume of the Old Testament. The Holy Spirit is the only real interpreter of these his own inspired words, as he is the only effectual author of life in the souls of our hearers. In both he is the Comforter, Representative of Christ, advocate, conductor, and guide of the otherwise comfortless Church.'

TO A CHAPLAIN ENGAGED IN CONTENTION.

'CALCUTTA, 1834.

'I must once more urge you to peace and submission. It is our office, honour, duty. The world expects it of us. I entreat you to address a line of apology for whatever has passed to disoblige the Commanding Officer of your station. Make no explanations, enter into no particulars; but in a candid manner express your regret if anything has unintentionally given him offence. You perceive, dear Sir, what an amazing deal of trouble, a slight omission of etiquette has occasioned. Let this be the last. Win with kindness and attention the respect and regard of the Brigadier-General. Let all your communications be such as become your respective positions in the station; and let me have the comfort of knowing that your distant sense of duty is as remarkable for peace and harmony, as I fear it has been for the contrary."

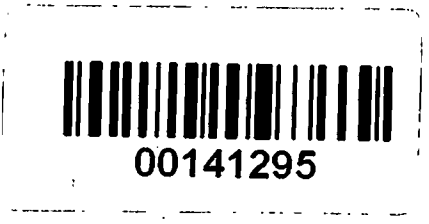
TO THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, NEW SOUTH WALES.

'CALCUTTA, *August*, 1834.

'Your forty years of labour amongst Heathens and Christians put to the blush my few months' of residence here. I honour you in the Lord. Your letter of May 2nd, just received, delights my inmost soul. You ask if Mr. Wood would have a prospect of obtaining ordination if he came to Calcutta. I answer, yes, yes, yes. Send any one with your deliberate judgment of his talents, piety, competent knowledge, respectability, and attachment to the Church; and your name shall be a passport with me. Two things only are necessary, a title, and means of support after Ordination. My next Ordination will probably be Trinity Sunday, 1835, if I live to return from the present division of my Visitation. And now may the Lord, even the Lord who bought us with His own blood, bless, comfort, and sanctify us in our distant scenes of duty. I suppose the Archdeacon's absence occasions his non-concurrence with you in the application for Mr. Wood.'

END OF VOL. I.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.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